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# HOMER

translated by Geo: Chapman

Volume the Second



# THE ILIADS OF HOMER

PRINCE OF POETS

NEVER BEFORE IN ANY LAN-  
GUAG TRUELY TRANSLATED  
WITH A COMMENT UPON SOME  
OF HIS CHIEFE PLACES; DONNE  
ACCORDING TO THE GREEKE

BY GEORGE CHAPMAN

BOOKS XIII TO XXIV

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NAWAB SALAR JUNG BAHADUR.





# THE THIRTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS

## THE ARGUMENT.

NEPTUNE (*in pittie of the Greeks hard plight*)  
*Like Calchas, both th' Ajaces, doth excite*  
*And others; to repell, the charging foe.*  
*Idomeneus, bravely doth bestow*  
*His kingly forces; and doth sacrifice*  
*Othryoneus to the Destinies;*  
*With divers other. Faire Deiphobus,*  
*And his prophetique brother Hellenus*  
*Are wounded. But the great Priamides,*  
*(Gathering his forces) hartens their addresse*  
*Against the enemy; and then, the field,*  
*A mightie death, on either side doth yeeld.*

## ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

*The Greeks with Troyes bold powre dismaide,*  
*Are chear'd by Neptunes secret aide.*

THE THIRTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS



JOVE HELPING HECTOR, AND HIS HOST;  
 THUS CLOSE TO TH'ACHIVE FLEET,  
 HE LET THEM THEN THEIR OWN STRENGTHS TRY;  
 AND SEASON THERE THEIR SWEET

With ceaselesse toils, and grievances. For now he turned his face,  
 Lookt down, and viewd the far-off land, of welrode men in *Thrace*.  
 Of the renown'd \*milk-nourisht men, the *Hippemolgians*,  
 Long-liv'd; most just, and innocent. And close-fought *Mysians*:  
 Nor turnd he any more to *Troy*, his ever-shining eyes:  
 Because he thought, not any one, of all the Deities;  
 (When his care left th' indifferent field) would aide on either side.  
 But this securitie in *Jove*, the great *Sea-Rector* spide,  
 Who sate aloft, on th' utmost top, of shadie *Samothrace*,  
 And viewd the fight. His chosen seate, stood in so brave a place,  
 That *Priams* cittie, th' *Achive* ships, all *Ida* did appeare,  
 To his full view; who from the sea, was therefore seated there.  
 He tooke much ruth, to see the *Greeks*, by *Troy*, sustaine such ill,  
 And (mightily incenst with *Jove*) stoopt strait from that steepe hill;  
 That shooke as he flew off: so hard, his parting prest the height.  
 The woods, and all the great hils neare, trembled beneath the weight  
 Of his immortall moving feet: three steps he onely tooke,  
 Before he far-off *Ægas* reacht; but with the fourth, it shooke  
 With his drad entrie. In the depth, of those seas, he did hold  
 His bright and glorious pallace built, of never-rusting gold;  
 And there arriv'd, he put in Coach, his brazen-footed steeds,  
 All golden man'd, and pac't with wings; and all in golden weeds  
 He cloth'd himselfe. The golden scourge, (most elegantly done)  
 He tooke, and mounted to his seate: and then the God begun  
 To drive his chariot through the waves. From whirlepits every way  
 The whales exulted under him, and knew their king: the Sea  
 For joy did open; and his horse, so swift, and lightly flew:  
 The under-axeltree of *Brasse*, no drop of water drew.  
 And thus, these deathlesse Coursers brought, their king to th' *Achive* ships.

*Neptunes  
prospect.*

NAWAB SALAR JUNG BAHADUR,

*The horse of  
Neptune.*

Twixt th' *Imber* Cliffs, and *Tenedos*, a certaine Caverne creepes  
 Into the deepe seas gulphie breast, and there th' earth-shaker staid

*Chorographia.*

*Neptune goes to  
the Greekes.*

*Neptune to the  
two Ajaces.*

*Simile.*

*Ajax Oileus to  
Ajax Telamo-  
nus.*

His forward steeds: tooke them from coach, and heavenly fodder laid  
In reach before them. Their brasse hoves, he girt with gives of gold  
Not to be broken, nor dissolv'd; to make them firmly hold  
A fit attendance on their king. Who went to th' *Achive* host,  
Which (like to tempests, or wild flames) the clustring *Trojans* tost;  
Insatiably valourous, in *Hectors* like command;  
High sounding, and resounding shouts: for *Hope* chear'd every hand  
To make the *Greek* fleete now their prise, and all the *Greeks* destroy.  
But *Neptune* (circler of the earth) with fresh heart did employ  
The *Grecian* hands. In strength of voice, and body, he did take  
*Calchas* resemblance, and (of all) th' *Ajaces* first bespake;  
Who of themselves were free enough: *Ajaces?* you alone  
Sustaine the common good of *Greece*, in ever putting on  
The memorie of *Fortitude*: and flying shamefull *Flight*.  
Elsewhere, the desperate hands of *Troy*, could give me no affright,  
The brave *Greeks* have withstood their worst: but this our mightie wall  
Being thus transcended by their powre; grave *Feare* doth much appall  
My carefull spirits, lest we feele, some fatall mischief here;  
Where *Hector* raging like a flame, doth in his charge appeare,  
And boasts himselfe the best Gods sonne. Be you conceited so,  
And fire so, more then humane spirits; that God may seeme to do  
In your deeds: and with such thoughts chear'd, others to such exhort,  
And such resistance: these great minds, will in as great a sort,  
Strengthen your bodies, and force checke, to all great *Hectors* charge,  
Though nere so spirit-like; and though *Jove* still, (past himselfe) enlarge  
His sacred actions. Thus he toucht, with his forckt scepters point  
The breasts of both; fild both their spirits, and made up every joynt  
With powre responsive: when hawk-like, swift, and set sharpe to flie,  
That fiercely stooping from a rocke, inaccessible, and hie,  
Cuts through a field, and sets a fowle, (not being of her kind)  
Hard, and gets ground still: *Neptune* so, left these two; eithers mind  
Beyond themselves raisd. Of both which, *Oileus* first discern'd  
The masking Deitie: and said, *Ajax?* some God hath warn'd

Our powres to fight, and save our fleet. He put on him the hew  
 Of th' Augure *Calchas*: by his pace (in leaving us) I knew  
 (Without all question) twas a God: the Gods are easly knowne:  
 And in my tender breast I feele, a greater spirit blowne,  
 To execute affaires of fight: I find my hands so free  
 To all high motion; and my feete, seeme featherd under me.  
 This, *Telamonius* thus receiv'd: So, to my thoughts, my hands  
 Burne with desire to tosse my lance; each foote beneath me stands  
 Bare on bright fire, to use his speed: my heart is raisd so hie,  
 That to encounter *Hectors* selfe, I long insatiately.

*The two Ajaces  
 to one another.*

While these thus talkt, as, over-joyd, with studie for the fight,  
 (Which God had stird up in their spirits) the same God did excite  
 The *Greekes* that were behind at fleet, refreshing their free hearts  
 And joynts; being even dissolv'd with toyle: and (seeing the desprate parts  
 Playd by the *Trojans*, past their wall) *Griefe* strooke them; and their eyes  
 Sweat teares from under their sad lids: their instant destinies  
 Never supposing they could scape. But *Neptune* stepping in,  
 With ease stird up the able troopes; and did at first begin  
 With *Teucer*, and *Penelus*; th' Heroe *Leitus*;  
*Deipirus*, *Meriones*, and yong *Antilochus*;  
 All expert in the deeds of armes: O youths of *Greece* (said he)  
 What change is this? In your brave fight, I onely lookt to see  
 Our fleets whole safetie; and if you, neglect the harmefull field;  
 Now shines the day, when *Greece* to *Troy*, must all her honours yeeld.  
 O griefe! so great a miracle, and horrible to sight,  
 As now I see; I never thought, could have prophan'd the light:  
 The *Trojans* brave us at our ships, that have bene heretofore,  
 Like faint and fearefull Deare in woods; distracted evermore  
 With everie sound: and yet scape not, but prove the torne-up fare  
 Of *Lynces*, *Wolves*, and *Leopards*; as never borne to warre:  
 Nor durst these *Trojans* at first siege, in any least degree,  
 Expect your strength; or stand one shocke, of *Grecian* Chivalrie.  
 Yet now, farre from their walles they dare, fight at our fleet maintaine;

*Neptune to the  
 Greekes.*

All by our Generals cowardise, that doth infect his men;  
 Who (still at ods with him) for that, will needs themselves neglect;  
 And suffer *Slaughter* in their ships. Suppose there was defect  
 (Beyond all question) in our king, to wrong *Æacides*;  
 And he, for his particular wreake, from all assistance cease:

Good minded  
 men apt to for-  
 give.

We must not cease t' assist our selves. Forgive our Generall then;  
 And quickly too: apt to forgive, are all good minded men.

Yet you (quite voide of their good minds) give good, in you quite lost,  
 For ill in others: though ye be, the worthiest of your host.

As old as I am, I would scorne, to fight with one that flies,  
 Or leaves the fight, as you do now. The Generall slothfull lies,  
 And you (though slothfull to) maintaine, with him, a fight of splene.

Out, out, I hate ye from my heart; ye rotten minded men.

In this, ye adde an ill thats worse, then all your sloths dislikes.

But as I know, to all your hearts, my reprehension strikes;

So thither let just shame strike to; for while you stand still here,

A mightie fight swarms at your fleete, great *Hector* rageth there,

Hath burst the long barre and the gates. Thus *Neptune* rowsd these men;

<sup>b</sup> And round about th' *Ajaces* did, their Phalanxes maintaine,

Their station firme; whom *Mars* himselve, (had he amongst them gone)

Could not disparage; nor *Joves* Maide, that sets men fiercer on:

For now the best were chosen out, and they receiv'd th' advance

Of *Hector* and his men so full, that lance, was lin'd with lance;

Shields, thickned with opposed shields; targets to targets nail'd:

Helmes stucke to helmes; and man to man, grew; they so close assail'd:

Plum'd caskes, were hang'd in eithers plumes: all joyn'd so close their stands;

Their lances stood, thrust out so thicke, by such all-daring hands.

All bent their firme breasts to the point; and made sad fight their joy

Of both: *Troy* all in heapes strooke first, and *Hector* first of *Troy*.

Simile.

And as a round peece of a rocke, which with a winters flood

Is from his top torne; when a showre, powr'd from a bursten cloud,

Hath broke the naturall bond it held, within the rough steepe rocke;

And jumping, it flies downe the woods, resounding everie shocke;

And on, uncheckt, it headlong leapes, till in a plaine it stay:  
 And then (though never so impeld) it stirs not any way.  
 So *Hector*, hereto throated threats, to go to sea in blood,  
 And reach the *Grecian* ships and tents; without being once withstood:  
 But when he fell into the strengths, the *Grecians* did maintaine,  
 And that they fought upon the square, he stood as fetterd then.  
 And so, the adverse sons of *Greece*, laid on with swords and darts,  
 (Whose both ends hurt) that they repeld, his worst; and he converts  
 His threats, by all meanes, to retreats; yet, made as he retir'd  
 Onely t' encourage those behind; and thus those men inspir'd:

*Hector to his friends.*

*Trojans? Dardanians? Lycians?* all warlike friends, stand close;  
 The *Greeks* can never beare me long, though towre-like they oppose;  
 This lance (be sure) will be their spoile: if, even the best of Gods,  
 (High-thundring *Junos* husband) stirres, my spirite with true abodes.

*Deiphobus his valor.*

With this, all strengths and minds he mov'd; but yong *Deiphobus*,  
 (Old *Priams* sonne) amongst them all, was chiefly vertuous.  
 He bore before him his round shield; tript lightly through the prease,  
 At all parts coverd with his shield: And him *Meriones*  
 Charg'd with a glittering dart, that tooke, his bul-hide orbie shield,  
 Yet pierc't it not, but in the top, it selfe did peecemeale yeeld.

NAWAB SALAR JUNG BAHADUR

*Teucers valor.*

*Deiphobus* thrust forth his targe, and fear'd the broken ends  
 Of strong *Meriones* his lance, who now turn'd to his friends;  
 The great Heroe, scorning much, by such a chance to part  
 With lance and conquest: forth he went, to fetch another dart  
 Left at his tent. The rest fought on, the *Clamor* heightned there  
 Was most unmeasur'd; *Teucer* first, did flesh the *Massacre*,  
 And slue a goodly man at armes, the souldier *Imbrius*,  
 The sonne of *Mentor*, rich in horse; he dwelt at *Pedasus*  
 Before the sonnes of *Greece* sieg'd *Troy*; from whence he married  
*Medesticasté*, one that sprung, of *Priams* bastard bed.  
 But when the *Greeke* ships, (double oar'd) arriv'd at *Ilion*,  
 To *Ilion* he return'd, and prov'd, beyond comparison  
 Amongst the *Trojans*; he was lodg'd, with *Priam*, who held deare



*Simile.*

His naturall sonnes no more then him; yet him, beneath the eare  
 The sonne of *Telamon* attain'd, and drew his lance. He fell  
 As when, an Ash on some hils top, (it selfe topt wondrous well)  
 The steele hewes downe, and he presents, his young leaves to the soyle:  
 So fell he, and his faire armes gron'd; which *Teucer* long'd to spoyle,  
 And in he ranne; and *Hector* in, who sent a shining lance  
 At *Teucer*; who (beholding it) slipt by, and gave it chance  
 On *Actors* sonne *Amphimachus*, whose breast it strooke; and in  
 Flew *Hector*, at his sounding fall, with full intent to win  
 The tempting helmet from his head; but *Ajax* with a dart,  
 Reacht *Hector* at his rushing in, yet toucht not any part  
 About his bodie; it was hid, quite through with horrid brasse;  
 The bosse yet of his targe it tooke, whose firme stuffe staid the passe,  
 And he turnd safe from both the trunks: both which the *Grecians* bore  
 From off the field; *Amphimachus*, *Menestheus* did restore,  
 And *Stichius*, to th' *Achaian* strength: th' *Ajaces* (that were pleas'd  
 Still most, with most hote services) on *Trojan Imbrius* seasd:

*Simile.*

And, as from sharply-bitten hounds, a brace of Lions force  
 A new slaine Goate; and through the woods, beare in their jawes the corse  
 Aloft, lift up into the aire: so, up, into the skies  
 Bore both th' *Ajaces*, *Imbrius*; and made his armes their prise.

Yet (not content) *Oileades*, enrag'd, to see there dead  
 His much belov'd *Amphimachus*; he hewd off *Imbrius* head,  
 Which (swinging round) bowle-like he tost, amongst the *Trojan* prease,  
 And full at *Hectors* feete it fell. *Amphimachus* decease  
 (Being nephew to the God of waves) much vext the Deities mind;  
 And to the ships and tents he marcht: yet more, to make inclinde  
 The *Grecians*, to the *Trojan* bane. In hasting to which end,  
*Idomeneus* met with him, returning from a friend,  
 Whose hamme late hurt, his men brought off; and having given command  
 To his Physitians for his cure, (much fir'd to put his hand  
 To *Troyes* repulse) he left his tent. Him (like *Andremons* sonne,  
 Prince *Thoas*, that in *Pleuron* rulde, and loftie *Calidon*,

Th' *Ætolian* powres; and like a God, was of his subjects lov'd)

*Neptune* encountred: and but thus, his forward spirit mov'd.

*Idomeneus*, Prince of *Crete*? O whither now are fled

*Neptune* to  
*Idomen*.

Those threats in thee, with which the rest, the *Trojans* menaced?

O *Thoas* (he replide) no one, of all our host, stands now

In any question of reproofe (as I am let to know)

And why is my intelligence false? We all know how to fight,

And (*Feare* disanimating none) all do our knowledge right.

Nor can our harmes accuse our sloth; not one from worke we misse:

The great God onely workes our ill, whose pleasure now it is,

That farre from home, in hostile fields, and with inglorious fate,

Some *Greeks* should perish. But do thou, O *Thoas* (that of late

Hast prov'd a souldier, and was wont, where thou hast *Sloth* beheld,

To chide it, and exhort to paines) now hate to be repeld,

And set on all men. He replied, I would to heaven, that he

Who ever this day doth abstaine, from battell willinglie,

May never turne his face from *Troy*, but here become the prey

And skorne of dogs. Come then, take armes, and let our kind assay

Joyne both our forces: though but two, yet being both combinde,

The worke of many single hands, we may performe; we finde

That *Vertue* coaugmented thrives, in men of little minde:

But we, have singly, matcht the great. This said, the God again

(With all his conflicts) visited, the ventrous fight of men.

The king turnd to his tent; rich armes, put on his brest, and tooke

Two darts in hand, and forth he flew; his haste on made him looke

Much like a fierie Meteor, with which, *Joves* sulphurie hand

Opes heaven, and hurles about the aire, bright flashes, showing aland

Abodes; that ever run before, tempest, and plagues to men:

So, in his swift pace, shew'd his armes: he was encountred then

By his good friend *Meriones*, yet neare his tent; to whom

Thus spake the powre of *Idomen*: What reason makes thee come,

(Thou sonne of *Molus*, my most lov'd) thus leaving fight alone?

Is't for some wound? the Javelins head, (still sticking in the bone)

Desir'st thou ease of? Bring'st thou newes? or what is it that brings  
Thy presence hither? Be assur'd, my spirite needs no stings  
To this hote conflict. Of my selfe, thou seest I come; and loth  
For any tents love, to deserve, the hatefull taint of *Sloth*.

He answerd, Onely for a dart, he that retreat did make,  
(Were any left him at his tent:) for, that he had, he brake  
On proud *Deiphobus* his shield. Is one dart all? (said he)  
Take one and twentie, if thou like, for in my tent they be;  
They stand there shining by the walls: I tooke them as my prise  
From those false *Trojans* I have slaine. And this is not the guise  
Of one that loves his tent, or fights, afarre off with his foe:  
But since I love fight, therefore doth, my martiall starre bestow  
(Besides those darts) helmes, targets bost, and corslets, bright as day.

So I (said *Merion*) at my tent, and sable barke, may say,  
I many *Trojan* spoiles retaine: but now, not neare they be,  
To serve me for my present use; and therefore aske I thee.  
Not that I lacke a fortitude, to store me with my owne:  
For ever in the formost fights, that render men renowne,  
I fight, when any fight doth stirre: and this perhaps, may well  
Be hid to others, but thou know'st, and I to thee appeale.

I know (replide the king) how much, thou weigh'st in everie worth,  
What needst thou therefore utter this? If we should now chuse forth  
The worthiest men for ambushes, in all our fleet and host:  
(For ambushes are services, that trie mens vertues most;  
Since there, the fearefull and the firme, will, as they are, appeare:  
The fearefull altering still his hue, and rests not any where;  
Nor is his spirit capable, of th'ambush constancie,  
But riseth, changeth still his place, and croucheth curiously  
On his bent hanches; halfe his height, scarce seene above the ground,  
For feare to be seene, yet must see: his heart with many a bound,  
Offering to leape out of his breast, and (ever fearing death)  
The coldnesse of it makes him gnash, and halfe shakes out his teeth.  
Where men of valour, neither feare, nor ever change their lookes.

From lodging th'ambush till it rise: but since there must be strokes,  
 Wish to be quickly in their midst:) thy strength and hand in these,  
 Who should reprove? For if, farre off, or fighting in the prease,  
 Thou shouldst be wounded, I am sure, the dart that gave the wound  
 Should not be drawne out of thy backe, or make thy necke the ground;  
 But meete thy bellie, or thy breast; in thrusting further yet  
 When thou art furthest, till the first, and before him thou get.  
 But on; like children, let not us, stand bragging thus, but do;  
 Lest some heare, and past measure chide, that we stand still and wooe.  
 Go, chuse a better dart, and make, *Mars* yeeld a better chance.

This said, *Mars*-swift *Meriones*, with haste, a brazen lance  
 Tooke from his tent; and overtooke (most carefull of the wars)  
*Idomeneus*. And such two, in field, as harmfull *Mars*,  
 And *Terror*, his beloved sonne, that without terror fights;  
 And is of such strength, that in warre, the frighter he affrights;  
 When, out of *Thrace*, they both take armes, against th' *Ephyran* bands;  
 Or gainst the great-soul'd *Phlegians*: nor favour their owne hands,  
 But give the grace to others still. In such sort to the fight,  
 Marcht these two managers of men; in armours full of light.

And first spake *Merion*: On which part, (sonne of *Deucalion*)  
 Serves thy mind to invade the fight? is't best to set upon  
 The *Trojans* in our battels aide, the right or left-hand wing,  
 For all parts I suppose employ'd. To this the *Cretan* king,  
 Thus answerd: In our navies midst, are others that assist,  
 The two *Ajaces*, *Teucer* too; with shafts, the expertest  
 Of all the *Grecians*, and though small, is great in fights of stand.  
 And these (though huge he be of strength) will serve to fill the hand  
 Of *Hectors* selfe, that *Priamist*, that studier for blowes:  
 It shall be cald a deed of height, for him (even suffring throwes  
 For knocks still) to out labour them: and (bettring their tough hands)  
 Enflame our fleet: if *Jove* himselfe, cast not his fier-brands  
 Amongst our navie; that affaire, no man can bring to field:  
 Great *Ajax Telamoni*us, to none alive will yeeld,

That yeelds to death; and whose life takes, *Ceres* nutritions  
 That can be cut with any iron, or pasht with mightie stones.  
 Not to *Æacides* himselfe, he yeelds for combats set,  
 Though cleare he must give place for pace, and free swinge of his feete.  
 Since then, the battell (being our place, of most care) is made good  
 By his high valour; let our aid, see all powres be withstood,  
 That charge the left wing: and to that, let us direct our course,  
 Where quickly, feele we this hote foe, or make him feele our force.

This orderd; swift-*Meriones*, went, and forewent his king;  
 Till both arriv'd, where one enjoynd: when in the *Greeks* left wing,  
 The *Trojans* saw the *Cretan* king, like fire in fortitude;  
 And his attendant in bright armes, so gloriously indude,  
 Both chearing the sinister troopes: all at the king adrest,  
 And so the skirmish at their sternes, on both parts were increast:  
 That, as from hollow bustling winds, engenderd stormes arise,  
 When dust doth chiefly clog the waies, which up into the skies  
 The wanton tempest ravisheth; begetting *Night of Day*;  
 So came together both the foes: both lusted to assay,  
 And worke with quicke steele, eithers death. Mans fierce *Corruptresse Fight*  
 Set up her bristles in the field, with lances long and light,  
 Which thicke, fell foule on eithers face: the splendor of the steele,  
 In new skowrd curets, radiant caskes, and burnisht shields, did seele  
 Th'assailers eyes up. He sustaind, a huge spirit that was glad  
 To see that labour, or in soule, that stood not stricken sad.

Thus these two disagreeing Gods, old *Saturns* mightie sonnes,  
 Afflicted these heroique men, with huge oppressions.  
*Jove* honouring *Æacides*, (to let the *Greeks* still trie  
 Their want without him) would bestow, (yet still) the victorie  
 On *Hector*, and the *Trojan* powre; yet for *Æacides*,  
 And honor of his mother Queene, great Goddess of the seas,  
 He would not let proude *Ilion* see, the *Grecians* quite destroid:  
 And therefore, from the hoarie deepe, he sufferd so imploid  
 Great *Neptune* in the *Grecian* aid; who griev'd for them, and storm'd

*Simile.*

Extremely at his brother *Jove*. Yet both, one Goddesses form'd,  
 And one soile bred: but *Jupiter*, precedence tooke in birth,  
 And had more \* knowledge: for which cause, the other came not forth  
 Of his wet kingdome, but with care, of not being seene t' excite  
 The *Grecian* host, and like a man, appeard, and made the fight.  
 So these Gods made mens valours great; but equald them with warre  
 As harmefull, as their hearts were good; and stretcht those chaines as farre  
 On both sides as their lims could beare: in which they were involv'd  
 Past breach, or loosing; that their knees, might therefore be dissolv'd.  
 Then, though a halfe-gray man he were, *Cretes* soveraigne did excite  
 The *Greeks* to blowes; and flew upon, the *Trojans*, even to flight:  
 For he, in sight of all the host, *Othryoneus* slew,  
 That from *Cabesus*, with the fame, of those warres, thither drew  
 His new-come forces, and requir'd, without respect of dowre,  
*Cassandra*, fair'st of *Priams* race; assuring with his powre,  
 A mightie labour: to expell, in their despite from *Troy*  
 The sons of *Greece*. The king did vow, (that done) he should enjoy  
 His goodliest daughter. He, (in trust, of that faire purchase) fought,  
 And at him threw the *Cretan* king, a lance, that singl'd out  
 This great assumer; whom it strooke, just in his navils stead;  
 His brazen curets helping nought, resign'd him to the dead.  
 Then did the conquerour exclaime, and thus insulted then:  
*Othryoneus*, I will praise, beyond all mortall men,  
 Thy living vertues; if thou wilt, now perfect the brave vow  
 Thou mad'st to *Priam*, for the wife, he promis'd to bestow.  
 And where he should have kept his word, there we assure thee here,  
 To give thee for thy Princely wife, the fairest, and most deare,  
 Of our great Generals femall race, which from his *Argive* hall,  
 We all will waite upon to *Troy*; if with our aids, and all,  
 Thou wilt but race this well-built towne. Come therefore, follow me,  
 That in our ships, we may conclude, this royall match with thee:  
 Ile be no jote worse then my word. With that he tooke his feete,  
 And dragg'd him through the fervent fight; In which, did *Asius* meete

\* The Empire of  
*Jove* exceeded  
*Neptunes* saith  
*Plut.* upon this  
 place) because  
 he was more an-  
 cient, and excel-  
 lent in knowledg  
 and wisdom.  
 And upon this  
 verse, viz. ἄλλ' αὖ  
 Ζεὺς πρότερος,  
 &c. sets downe  
 this his most  
 worthy to be  
 noted opinion:  
 viz. I thinke al-  
 so that the bles-  
 sednesse of eter-  
 nall life, which  
 God enjoyes is  
 this; that by any  
 past time he for-  
 gets not notions  
 presently apprehended:  
 for other-  
 wise the know-  
 ledge & under-  
 standing of things  
 taken away; Im-  
 mortality should  
 not be life, but  
 Time, &c. *Plut.*  
*de Iside &*  
*Osiride.*  
*Idomens* insul-  
 tation on *Othry-*  
*oneus.*

The victor, to inflict revenge. He came on foote before  
 His horse, that on his shoulders breath'd; so closely evermore  
 His coachman led them to his Lord: who held a huge desire  
 To strike the King, but he strooke first; and underneath his chin,  
 At his throats height, through th' other side, his eager lance drave in;  
 And downe he busl'd, like an Oake, a Poplar, or a Pine,  
 Hewne downe for shipwood, and so lay: his fall did so decline  
 The spirit of his chariotere; that lest he should incense  
 The victor to empaire his spoile, he durst not drive from thence  
 His horse and chariot: and so pleas'd, with that respective part  
*Antilochus*, that for his feare, he reacht him with a dart,  
 About his bellies midst; and downe, his sad corse fell beneath  
 The richly-builed chariot, there labouring out his breath.  
 The horse *Antilochus* tooke off; when, (griev'd for this event)  
*Deiphobus* drew passing neare, and at the victor sent  
 A shining Javelin; which he saw, and shund; with gathring round  
 His body, in his all-round shield; at whose top, with a sound,  
 It overflow; yet seising there, it did not idly flie  
 From him that wing'd it; his strong hand, still drave it mortally  
 On Prince *Hypsenor*; it did pierce, his liver, underneath  
 The veines it passeth: his shrunk knees, submitted him to death.  
 And then did lov'd-*Deiphobus*, miraculously vant:  
 Now *Asius* lies not unreveng'd, nor doth his spirit want  
 The joy I wish it; though it be, now entring the strong gate  
 Of mightie *Pluto*: since this hand, hath sent him downe a mate.  
 This glorie in him griev'd the *Greeks*, and chiefly the great mind  
 Of martiall *Antilochus*; who, (though to grieve inclin'd)  
 He left not yet his friend, but ran, and hid him with his shield;  
 And to him came two lovely friends, that freed him from the field:  
*Mecisteus*, sonne of *Echius*; and the right nobly borne  
*Alastor*, bearing him to fleet, and did extremely mourne.  
*Idomeneus* suncke not yet, but held his nerves entire;  
 His mind much lesse deficient, being fed with firme desire

*Asius slaine.*

*Antilochus  
slaughters the  
chariotere of  
Asius.*

*Deiphobus at  
Antilochus, and  
kils Hypsenor.*

*Deiphobus his  
Brave.*

To hide more *Trojans* in dim night, or sinke himselfe, in guard  
 Of his lov'd countrimen. And then, *Alcathous* prepar'd  
 Worke for his valour; offering fate, his owne destruction.  
 A great Heroe, and had grace, to be the loved sonne  
 Of *Æsietes*, sonne in law, to Prince *Æneas* Sire;  
*Hippodamia* marrying: who most inflam'd the fire  
 Of her deare parents love; and tooke, precedence in her birth,  
 Of all their daughters; and as much, exceeded in her worth  
 (For beautie answerd with her mind; and both, with housewiferie)  
 All the faire beautie of young Dames, that usde her companie;  
 And therefore (being the worthiest Dame) the worthiest man did wed  
 Of ample *Troy*. Him *Neptune* stoopt, beneath the royall force  
 Of *Idomen*; his sparkling eyes, deluding; and the course  
 Of his illustrious lineaments, so, out of nature bound,  
 That backe, nor forward, he could stirre: but (as he grew to ground)  
 Stood like a pillar, or high tree, and neither mov'd, nor fear'd:  
 When strait the royall *Cretans* dart, in his mid breast appear'd;  
 It brake the curets that were prooffe, to everie other dart,  
 Yet now they cleft and rung; the lance, stucke shaking in his heart:  
 His heart with panting made it shake. But *Mars* did now remit  
 The greatnesse of it, and the king, now quitting the bragge fit  
 Of glorie in *Deiphobus*, thus terribly exclam'd:

NEWTON JUNG BAHADUR.

*Idomeneus to  
Deiphobus.*

*Deiphobus*, now may we thinke, that we are evenly fam'd,  
 That three for one have sent to *Dis*. But come, change blowes with me,  
 Thy vaunts for him thou slew'st were vaine: Come wretch, that thou maist see  
 What issue *Jove* hath; *Jove* begot, *Minos*, the strength of *Crete*:  
*Minos* begot *Deucalion*; *Deucalion* did beget  
 Me *Idomen* now *Cretas* king, that here my ships have brought,  
 To bring thy selfe, thy father, friends, all *Ilions* pompe to nought.

*Deiphobus* at two wayes stood, in doubt to call some one  
 (With some retreat) to be his aide, or trie the chance alone.  
 At last, the first seem'd best to him; and backe he went to call,  
*Anchises* sonne to friend; who stood, in troope the last of all,



*Æneas angrie  
being ever dis-  
graced by Priam.*

Where still he serv'd: which made him still, incense against the king,  
That, being amongst his best, their Peere, he grac't not any thing  
His wrong'd deserts. *Deiphobus*, spake to him, standing neare:

*To him Deipho-  
bus.*

*Æneas*? Prince of *Trojans*? if any touch appeare  
Of glorie in thee: thou must now, assist thy sisters Lord,  
And one, that to thy tendrest youth, did carefull guard afford,  
*Alcathous*, whom *Cretas* king, hath chiefly slaine to thee;  
His right most challenging thy hand: come therefore follow me.

*Simile.*

This much excited his good mind, and set his heart on fire,  
Against the *Cretan*: who child-like, dissolv'd not in his ire,  
But stood him firme: As when, in hils, a strength-relying Bore,  
Alone, and hearing hunters come (whom *Tumult* flies before)  
Up thrusts his bristles, whets his tusks, sets fire on his red eyes,  
And in his brave-prepar'd repulse, doth dogs and men despise.  
So stood the famous for his lance; nor shund the coming charge  
That resolute *Æneas* brought; yet (since the ods was large)

*Idomeneus cals  
his friends to aid.*

He cald, with good right, to his aide, war-skild *Ascalaphus*,  
*Aphareus*, *Meriones*, the strong *Deipyryus*,

And *Nestors* honorable sonne: Come neare, my friends (said he)  
And adde your aids to me alone: *Feare* taints me worthilie,  
Though firme I stand, and shew it not: *Æneas* great in fight,

*Æneas yet a  
youth as Virgil  
makes him.*

And one, that beares youth in his flowre, (that beares the greatest might)  
Comes on, with aime, direct at me: had I his youthfull lim  
To beare my mind, he should yeeld *Fame*, or I would yeeld it him.

This said, all held, in many soules, one readie helpfull mind,  
Clapt shields and shoulders, and stood close. *Æneas* (not inclind  
With more presumption then the king) cald aid as well as he:  
Divine *Agenor*; *Hellens* love; who followd instantly,  
And all their forces following them: as after Bellwethers  
The whole flocks follow to their drinke; which sight the shepheard cheres.  
Nor was *Æneas* joy lesse mov'd, to see such troopes attend  
His honord person; and all these, fought close about his friend.  
But two of them, past all the rest, had strong desire to shed

The blood of either; *Idomen*, and *Cythereas* seed.

*Æneas and Idomeneus in conflict.*

*Æneas* first bestowd his lance, which th' other seeing, shund;  
And that (throwne from an idle hand) stucke trembling in the ground.

But *Idomens* (discharg'd at him) had no such vaine successe,  
Which *Oenomaus* entrailles found, in which it did impresse  
His sharpe pile to his fall: his palms, tore his returning earth.

*Idomeneus* strait stept in, and pluckt his Javelin forth,  
But could not spoile his goodly armes, they prest him so with darts.

And now the long toile of the fight, had spent his vigorous parts,  
And made them lesse apt to avoid, the foe that should advance;

Or (when himselfe advanc't againe) to run and fetch his lance.

And therefore in stiffe fights of stand, he spent the cruell day:

When (coming softly from the slaine) *Deiphobus* gave way  
To his bright Javelin at the king, whom he could never brooke;

*Ascalaphus the sonne of Mars slaine by Æneas.*

But then he lost his envie too: his lance yet, deadly, tooke  
*Ascalaphus*, the sonne of *Mars*; quite through his shoulder flew  
The violent head, and downe he fell. Nor yet by all meanes knew

Wide throated *Mars*, his sonne was falne: but in *Olympus* top  
Sat canapied with golden clouds. *Joves* counsell had shut up  
Both him, and all the other Gods, from that times equall taske,

Which now about *Ascalaphus*, *Strife* set; his shining caske

*Deiphobus* had forc't from him: but instantly leapt in

*Mars*-swift *Meriones*, and strooke, with his long Javelin,

*Deiphobus wounded by Meriones.*

The right arme of *Deiphobus*, which made his hand let fall

The sharp-topt helmet; the prest earth, resounding therewithall.

When, Vulture-like, *Meriones*, rusht in againe, and drew

(From out the low part of his arme) his Javelin, and then flew

Backe to his friends. *Deiphobus* (faint with the bloods excesse

Falne from his wound) was carefully, convaيد out of the preasse

By his kind brother, by both sides, (*Polites*) till they gat

His horse and chariot, that were still, set fit for his retreat;

And bore him now to *Ilion*. The rest, fought fiercely on,

And set a mightie fight on foote. When next, *Anchises* sonne,

*Aphareus Caletorides* (that ran upon him) strooke  
Just in the throate with his keene lance, and strait his head forsooke  
His upright cariage; and his shield, his helme, and all with him,  
Fell to the earth: where ruinous death, made prise of everie lim.

*Antilochus* (discovering well, that *Thoons* heart tooke checke)  
Let flie, and cut the hollow veine, that runs up to his necke,  
Along his backe part, quite in twaine: downe in the dust he fell,  
Upwards, and with extended hands, bad all the world farewell.

*Antilochus* rusht nimbly in; and (looking round) made prise  
Of his faire armes; in which affaire, his round set enemies  
Let flie their lances; thundering, on his advanced targe,  
But could not get his flesh: the God, that shakes the earth, tooke charge  
Of *Nestors* sonne, and kept him safe: who never was away,  
But still amongst the thickest foes, his busie lance did play;  
Observing ever when he might, far-off, or neare, offend;  
And watching *Asius* sonne, in prease, he spide him, and did send  
(Close coming on) a dart at him, that smote in midst his shield;  
In which, the sharpe head of the lance, the blew-hair'd God made yeeld,  
Not pleasd to yeeld his pupils life; in whose shield, halfe the dart  
Stucke like a trunchion, burnd with fire; on earth lay th' other part.  
He seeing no better end of all, retir'd; in feare of worse;  
But him, *Meriones* pursude; and his lance found full course  
To th' others life: it wounded him; betwixt the privie parts  
And navill; where (to wretched men, that wars most violent smarts  
Must undergo) wounds chiefly vexes. His dart, *Meriones*  
Pursude, and *Adamas* so striv'd, with it, and his misease,  
*As doth a Bullocke puffed and storme; whom, in disdaind bands,*  
*The upland heardsmen strive to cast: so (false beneath the hands*  
*Of his sterne foe) Asiades, did struggle, pant, and rave,*  
But no long time; for when the lance, was pluckt out, up he gave  
His tortur'd soule. Then *Troys* turne came; when with a *Thracian* sword  
The temples of *Deipyrus*, did *Hellenus* afford  
So huge a blow; it strooke all light, out of his cloudie eyes,

*Simile.*

And cleft his helmet; which a *Greeke*, (there fighting) made his prise,  
 (It fell so full beneath his feet.) *Atrides* griev'd to see  
 That sight; and (threatning) shooke a lance, at *Hellenus*; and he  
 A bow, halfe drew, at him; at once, out flew both shaft and lance:  
 The shaft, *Atrides* curets strooke, and farre away did glance:  
*Atrides* dart, of *Hellenus*, the thrust out bow-hand strooke,  
 And through the hand, stucke in the bow; *Agenors* hand did plucke  
 From forth the nailed prisoner, the Javelin quickly out;  
 And fairely with a little wooll, enwrapping round about  
 The wounded hand; within <sup>e</sup> a scarffe, he bore it; which his Squire  
 Had readie for him: yet the wound, would needs he should retire.

*Hellenus wounded.*

*Pysander* to revenge his hurt, right on the King ran he;  
 A bloodie fate suggested him, to let him runne on thee  
 O \* *Menelaus*, that he might, by thee, in dangerous warre,  
 Be done to death. Both coming on, *Atrides* lance did erre:  
*Pisander* strooke *Atrides* shield, that brake at point, the dart  
 Not running through; yet he rejoyc't; as playing a victors part.  
*Atrides* (drawing his faire sword) upon *Pisander* flew:  
*Pisander*, from beneath his shield, his goodly weapon drew;  
 Two-edg'd, with right sharpe steele, and long; the handle Olive tree,  
 Well polisht; and to blowes they go; upon the top strooke he  
*Atrides* horse-hair'd-featherd helme; *Atrides*, on his brow  
 (Above th' extreme part of his nose) laid such a heavie blow,  
 That all the bones crasht under it, and out his eyes did drop  
 Before his feete, in bloodie dust; he after, and shrunke up  
 His dying bodie: which the foote, of his triumphing foe  
 Opened; and stood upon his breast, and off his armes did go:  
 This insultation usde the while: <sup>d</sup> At length forsake our fleete,  
 (Thus ye false *Trojans*) to whom warre, never enough is sweet:  
 Nor want ye more impieties; with which ye have abusde  
 Me, (ye bold dogs) that your chiefe friends, so honourably usde:  
 Nor feare you hospitable *Jove*, that lets such thunders go:  
 But build upon't, he will unbuild, your towres, that clamber so;

\* *Scoptiæ.*

*Menelaus  
 most ridicu-  
 lous insulta-  
 tion.*

For ravishing my goods, and wife, in flowre of all her yeares,  
 And without cause; nay when that faire, and liberall hand of hers  
 Had usde you so most lovingly; and now againe ye would,  
 Cast fire into our fleet, and kill, our Princes if ye could.  
 Go too, one day you will be curb'd (though never so ye thirst  
 Rude warre) by warre. O Father *Jove*, they say thou art the first  
 In wisdom, of all Gods and men; yet all this comes from thee;  
 And still thou gratifiest these men, how lewd so ere they be;  
 Though never they be cloyd with sinnes: nor can be satiate  
 (As good men should) with this vile warre. Satiety of state,  
 Satiety of sleepe and love, Satiety of ease,  
 Of musicke, dancing, can find place; yet harsh warre still must please  
 Past all these pleasures, even past these. They will be cloyd with these  
 Before their warre joyes: never warre, gives *Troy* satieties.

This said, the bloody armes were off, and to his souldiers throwne,  
 He mixing in first fight againe: and then *Harpalion*,  
 (Kind King *Pylemens* sonne) gave charge; who, to those warres of *Troy*,  
 His loved father followed; nor ever did enjoy  
 His countries sight againe; he strooke, the targe of *Atreus* sonne  
 Full in the midst, his javelins steele; yet had no powre to runne  
 The target through: nor had himsele, the heart to fetch his lance,  
 But tooke him to his strength, and cast, on every side a glance,  
 Lest any his deare sides should dart: but *Merion* as he fled,  
 Sent after him a brazen lance, that ranne his eager head,  
 Through his right hippe, and all along, the bladders region,  
 Beneath the bone; it settl'd him, and set his spirit gone,  
 Amongst the hands of his best friends; and like a worme he lay,  
 Stretcht on the earth; which his blacke blood, embrewd and flow'd away,  
 His corse the *Paphlagonians*, did sadly waite upon  
 (Reposd in his rich chariot) to sacred *Ilion*.  
 The king his father following, dissolv'd in kindly teares,  
 And no wreake sought for his slaine sonne. But, at his slaughterers  
 Incensed *Paris* spent a lance (since he had bene a guest,

*Meriones slayes  
Harpalion.*

To many *Paphlagonians*) and through the preasse it prest.  
 There was a certaine Augures sonne, that did for wealth excell,  
 And yet was honest; he was borne, and did at *Corinth* dwell:  
 Who (though he knew his harmefull fate) would needs his ship ascend;  
 His father (*Polyidus*) oft, would tell him, that his end  
 Would either seise him at his house, upon a sharpe disease;  
 Or else amongst the *Grecian* ships, by *Trojans* slaine. Both these  
 Together he desir'd to shun; but the disease (at last,  
 And lingring death in it) he left, and warres quicke stroke embrac't:  
 The lance betwixt his eare and cheeke, ran in; and drave the mind  
 Of both those bitter fortunes out: *Night* strooke his whole powres blind.

Thus fought they like the spirit of fire, nor *Jove-lov'd Hector* knew  
 How in the fleets left wing, the *Greekes*, his downe-put souldiers slew  
 Almost to victorie: the God, that shakes the earth, so well  
 Helpt with his owne strength, and the *Greeks*, so fiercely did impell.  
 Yet *Hector* made the first place good, where both the ports and wall,  
 (The thicke rancke of the *Greeke* shields broke) he enterd, and did skall,  
 Where on the gray seas shore, were drawne (the wall being there but sleight,) *Protesilaus* ships, and those, of *Ajax*, where the fight  
 Of men and horse were sharpest set. There the *Bæotian* bands,  
 Long-rob'd *Laones*, *Locrians*, and (brave men of their hands)  
 The *Phthian*, and *Epeian* troopes, did spritefully assaile,  
 The God-like *Hector* rushing in; and yet could not prevaile  
 To his repulse, though choicest men, of *Athens*, there made head:  
 Amongst whom, was *Menesthius* Chiefe; whom *Phidias* followed:  
*Stichius*, and *Bias*, huge in strength. Th' *Epeian* troopes were led  
 By *Meges*, and *Philides* cares, *Amphion*, *Dracius*.  
 Before the *Phthians*, *Medon* marcht, and *Menepolemus*;  
 And these (with the *Bæotian* powres) bore up the fleets defence.  
*Oileus*, by his brothers side, stood close, and would not thence  
 For any moment of that time: but as through fallow fields,  
 Blacke Oxen draw a well-joyn'd plough, and either, evenly yeelds  
 His thriftie labour; all heads coucht, so close to earth, they plow

By *Laons* for  
*Ionians*) he in-  
 tends the  
*Athe* nians.

The names of the  
 Captaines at  
 the fight at  
 the wall, and  
 their souldiers.

Simile, wherein  
 the two *Ajaces*  
 are compared to  
 two draught  
 oxen.

The fallow with their hornes, till out, the sweate begins to flow;  
The stretcht yokes cracke, and yet at last, the furrow forth is driven:  
So toughly stood these to their taske, and made their worke as even.

But *Ajax Telamonius*, had many helpfull men,  
That when sweate ran about his knees, and labour flow'd, would then  
Helpe beare his mightie seven-fold shield: when swift *Oileades*

*The Locrians  
whihc Oileus  
Ajax led, were  
all Archers.*

The *Locrians* left, and would not make, those murthrous fights of prease,  
Because they wore no bright steele caskes, nor bristl'd plumes for show,  
Round shields, nor darts of solid Ash; but with the trustie bow,  
And jackes, well<sup>e</sup> quilted with soft wooll, they came to *Troy*, and were  
(In their fit place) as confident, as those that fought so neare;  
And reacht their foes so thicke with shafts, that these were they that brake  
The *Trojan* orders first; and then, the brave arm'd men did make  
Good worke with their close fights before. Behind whom, having shot,  
The *Locrians* hid still; and their foes, all thought of fight forgot;  
With shewes of those farre striking shafts, their eyes were troubled so:  
And then, assur'dly, from the ships, and tents, th'insulting foe,  
Had miserably fled to *Troy*, had not *Polydamas*

*Polydamas to  
Hector.*

Thus spoke to *Hector*. *Hector* still, impossible tis to passe  
Good counsell upon you: but say, some God prefers thy deeds:  
In counsels wouldst thou passe us too? In all things none exceeds.

*Polydamas ad-  
vice to Hector.*

To some, God gives the powre of warre; to some the sleight to dance;  
To some, the art of instruments; some doth for voice advance:  
And that far-seeing God grants some, the wisdom of the minde,  
Which no man can keepe to himselfe: that (though but few can finde)  
Doth profite many, that preserves, the publique weale and state:  
And that, who hath, he best can prise: but, for me, Ile relate  
Onely my censure what's our best. The verie crowne of warre  
Doth burne about thee; yet our men, when they have reacht thus farre,  
Suppose their valours crownd, and ceasse. A few still stir their feet,  
And so a few with many fight; sperst thinly through the fleet.  
Retire then, leave speech to the route, and all thy Princes call;  
That, here, in counsels of most weight, we may resolve of all.

If having likelihood to beleewe, that God will conquest give,  
 We shall charge through; or with this grace, make our retreat, and live:  
 For (I must needs affirme) I feare, the debt of yesterday  
 (Since warre is such a God of change) the *Grecians* now will pay.  
 And since th' insatiate man of warre, remaines at fleet, if there  
 We tempt his safetie: no howre more, his hote soule can forbear.

This sound stuffe *Hector* lik't, approv'd, jumpt from his chariot,  
 And said; *Polydamas*? make good, this place, and suffer not  
 One Prince to passe it; I myselfe, will there go, where you see  
 Those friends in skirmish; and returne (when they have heard from me,  
 Command, that your advice obeys) with utmost speed: this said,  
 With day-bright armes, white plume, white skarffe, his goodly lims arraid,  
 He parted from them, like a hill, removing, all of snow:  
 And to the *Trojan* Peres and Chiefes, he flew; to let them know  
 The Counsell of *Polydamas*. All turnd, and did rejoyce;  
 To haste to *Panthus* gentle sonne, being cald by *Hectors* voyce.  
 Who (through the forefights making way) lookt for *Deiophobus*;  
 King *Hellenus*, *Asiades*, *Hyrtasian Asius*:

*Hector for his  
 goodly forme  
 compared to a  
 hill of snow.*

Of whom, some were not to be found, unhurt, or undeceast;  
 Some onely hurt, and gone from field. As further he addrest,  
 He found within the fights left wing, the faire-hair'd *Hellens* love,  
 By all meanes moving men to blowes; which could by no meanes move  
*Hectors* forbearance; his friends misse, so put his powres in storme:  
 But thus in wonted terms he chid: You, with the finest forme,  
 Impostor, womans man: Where are (in your care markt) all these?  
*Deiphobus*, king *Hellenus*, *Asius Hyrtacides*?

*Hector chideth  
 Paris.*

*Othryoneus*, *Acamas*? now haughtie *Ilion*  
 Shakes to his lowest groundworke: now, just ruine fals upon  
 Thy head, past rescue. He replyed; *Hector*, why chid'st thou now  
 When I am guiltlesse? other times, there are for ease I know,  
 Then these; for she that brought thee forth, not utterly left me  
 Without some portion of thy spirit, to make me brother thee.  
 But since thou first brought'st in thy force, to this our navall fight:



I, and my friends, have ceaslesse fought, to do thy service right.  
 But all those friends thou seek'st are slaine, excepting *Hellenus*,  
 (Who parted wounded in his hand) and so *Deiphobus*;  
*Jove* yet averted death from them. And now leade thou as farre  
 As thy great heart affects; all we, will second any warre  
 That thou endurest: And I hope, my owne strength is not lost,  
 Though least, Ile fight it to his best; nor further fights the most.

This calm'd hote *Hectors* spleene; and both, turnd where they saw the face  
 Of warre most fierce: and that was, where, their friends made good the place  
 About renown'd *Polydamas*, and God-like *Polyphet*,  
*Palmus*, *Ascanius*; *Morus*, that, *Hippotion* did beget;  
 And from *Ascanias* wealthie fields, but even the day before  
 Arriv'd at *Troy*; that with their aide, they kindly might restore  
 Some kindnesse they receiv'd from thence: and in fierce fight with these,  
*Phalces* and tall *Orthæus* stood, and bold *Cebriones*.

And then the doubt that in advice, *Polydamas* disclosd,  
 To fight or flie, *Jove* tooke away, and all to fight disposd.

Simile.

And as the floods of troubled aire, to pitchie stormes increase  
 That after thunder sweepes the fields, and ravish up the seas,  
 Encountring with abhorred roares, when the engrossed waves  
 Boile into foame; and endlesly, one after other raves:

The Trojan  
 host, and *Hector*  
 glorified.

So rank't and guarded, th' *Ilians* marcht; some now, more now, and then  
 More upon more, in shining steele; now Captaines, then their men.  
 And *Hector*, like man-killing *Mars*, advanc't before them all,  
 His huge round target before him, through thickn'd, like a wall,  
 With hides well coucht, with store of brasse; and on his temples shin'd  
 His bright helme, on which danc't his plume: and in this horrid kind,  
 (All hid within his worldlike shield) he everie troope assaid  
 For entrie; that in his despite, stood firme, and undismaid.

*Ajax* his speech  
 to *Hector*,  
 Scoptied.

Which when he saw, and kept more off; *Ajax* came stalking then,  
 And thus provokt him: O good man, why fright'st thou thus our men?  
 Come nearer; not *Arts* want in warre, makes us thus navie-bound,  
 But *Joves* direct scourge; his arm'd hand, makes our hands give you ground:

Yet thou hop'st (of thy selfe) our spoile: but we have likewise hands  
 To hold our owne, as you to spoile: and ere thy countermands  
 Stand good against our ransackt fleete; your hugely-peopl'd towne  
 Our hands shall take in; and her towres, from all their heights pull downe.  
 And I must tell thee, time drawes on, when, flying, thou shalt crie  
 To *Jove*, and all the Gods, to make, thy faire-man'd horses flie  
 More swift then Falkons; that their hoofes, may rouse the dust, and beare  
 Thy bodie, hid, to *Ilion*. This said, his bold words were  
 Confirm'd, as soone as spoke; *Joves* bird, the high flowne Eagle tooke  
 The right hand of their host, whose wings, high acclamations strooke,  
 From foorth the glad breasts of the *Greeks*. Then *Hector* made replie: *Hector to Ajax*  
 Vaine-spoken man, and glorious; what hast thou said? would I  
 As surely were the sonne of *Jove*, and of great *Juno* borne;  
 Adorn'd like *Pallas*, and the God, that lifts to earth the Morne;  
 As this day shall bring harmefull light, to all your host; and thou,  
 (If thou dar'st stand this lance) the earth, before the ships shalt strow,  
 Thy bosome torne up; and the dogs, with all the fowle of *Troy*,  
 Be satiate with thy fat, and flesh. This said, with showting joy  
 His first troopes follow'd; and the last, their showts with showts repeld:  
*Greece* answerd all, nor could her spirits, from all shew rest conceald.  
 And to so infinite a height, all acclamations strove,  
 They reacht the splendors, stucke about, the unreacht throne of *Jove*.

## COMMENTARIUS.

\* Ἄγαυῶν Ἱππημολγῶν, &c. illustrium Hippemolgorum: Γλακτοφάγων, Lacte Vescantium, &c. Laurentius Valla, and Eobanus Hessus, (who I thinke translated Homer into Hexameters out of Vallas prose) take ἄγαυῶν, the Epithete to Ἱππημολγῶν, for a nation so called, and Ἱππημολγῶν Γλακτοφάγων, ἀβίων τε, translates, ut quæ sine ullis divitiis, equino victitat lacte; intending gens Agavorum: which he takes for those just men of life likewise, which Homer commends: utterly mistaking ἄγαυός signifying preclarus, or illustris, whose genitive case plurall is used here: and the word, Epithete to Ἱππημολγῶν; together signifying, Illustrium Hippemolgorum, and they being bred, and continually fed with milke (which the next word γλακτοφάγων signifies) Homer calls most just, long-lived and innocent, in the words ἀβίων τε Δικαιοτάτων ἀνθρώπων. ἄβιος, signifying longævus; ab α epitatico, & βιος vita. But of some inops, being a compound ex α privat. & βιος victus: and from thence had Valla his interpretation: ut quæ sine ullis divitiis, but where is equino lacte? But not to shew their errors, or that I understand how others take this place different from my translation, I use this note, so much as to intimate what Homer would have noted, and doth teach; that men brought up with that gentle, and soft-spirit-begetting-milke, are long lived, and in nature most just and innocent. Which kind of food, the most ingenious and grave Plutarch, in his oration, De esu carni-um, seems to prefer before the foode of flesh: where he saith, By this meanes also, Tyrants laide the foundations of their homicides: for, (as amongst the Athenians) first, they put to death the most notorious or vilest Sycophant Epitedeus; so the second and third: then being accustomed to blood, they slue good, like bad: as Niceratus, the Emperour Theramenes, Polemarchus the Philosopher, &c. So at the first, men killed some harmfull beast or other, then some kind of fowle, some fish; till taught by these, and stirred up with the lust of their pallats, they proceeded to slaughter of the laborious Ox, the man clothing, or adorning sheepe, the house guarding cocke, &c. and by little and little cloyed with these: warre, and the foode of men, men fell to, &c.

<sup>b</sup> Ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' Αἴαντος &c. Circum autem Ajaces, &c. To judgement of this place Spondanus calleth all sound judgements, to condemnation of one Panædes a Judge of games on Olympus: whose brother Amphidamas being dead, Gamnictor his son celebrated his funerals, calling all the most excellent to contention, not onely for strength and swiftnesse, but in learning likewise, and force of wisdom. To this generall contention came Homer, and Hesiodus: who casting downe verses on both parts, and of all measures, (Homer by all consents questionlesse obtaining the garland.) Panædes bade both recite briefly their best: for which Hesiodus cited these verses: which as well as I could, in haste, I have translated out of the beginning of his second Booke of workes and dayes.

When Atlas birth, (the Pleiades) arise,  
Harvest begin; plow, when they leave the skies.  
Twice twentie nights, and daies, these hide their heads:  
The yeare then turning, leave againe their beds,  
And shew when first to whet the harvest steele.  
This likewise is the fields law, where men dwell  
Neare Neptunes Empire: and where farre away,  
The winding vallies, flie the flowing sea,  
And men inhabite the fat region.  
There, naked plow, sow naked, nak't cut downe;  
If Ceres labours thou wilt timely use,  
That timely fruits, and timely renewes,  
Serve thee at all parts, lest at any, Need  
Send thee to others grudging dores to feed, &c.

*These verses (howsoever Spondanus stands for Homers) in respect of the peace and thrift they represent; are like enough to carrie it for Hesiodus, even in these times judgements. Homers verses are these.*

———— Thus Neptune rowd these men;  
And round about th' Ajaces did, their Phalanxes maintaine,  
Their station firme; whom Mars himselfe, (had he amongst them gone)  
Could not disparage; nor Joves Maide, that sets men fiercer on.

For now the best were chosen out, and they receiv'd th' advance  
 Of *Hector* and his men so full, that lance, was lin'd with lance;  
 Shields, thickned with opposed shields; targets to targets nail'd:  
 Helmes stucke to helmes; and man to man, grew; they so close assail'd:  
 Plum'd caskes, were hang'd in eithers plumes: all joyn'd so close their stands;  
 Their lances stood, thrust home so thicke, by such all-daring hands.  
 All bent their firme breasts to the point; and made sad fight their joy  
 Of both: *Troy* all in heapes strooke first, and *Hector* first of *Troy*.  
 And as a round peece of a rocke, &c.

*Which martiall verses, though they are as high as may be for their place, and end of our Homer: are yet infinitely short of his best in a thousand other places. Nor thinke I the contention at any part true; Homer being affirmed by good Authors, to be a hundred yeares before Hesiodus: and by al others much the older, Hesiodus being neare in blood to him. And this, for some varietie in your delight, I thought not amisse to insert here.*

<sup>c</sup>Σφενδόνη, the Commentors translate in this place, funda, most untruly: there being no slings spoken of in all these *Iliads*; nor any such service used in all these wars, which in my last annotation in this booke will appeare more apparent. But here, and in this place, to translate the word funda (though most commonly it signifieth so much) is most ridiculous. Σφενδόνη likewise signifying, ornamentum quoddam muliebre: which therefore I translate a skarffe: a fitter thing to hang his arme in then a sling; and likely that his Squire carried about him, either as a favour of his owne mistresse, or his maisters, or for eithers ornament: skarffs being no unusuall weare for souldiers.

<sup>d</sup>Λείπετέ την οὔτω, &c. Relinquetis demum sic, &c. At length forsake our fleete, &c. Now come we to the continuance (with cleare notes) of Menelaus ridiculous character. This verie beginning of his insultation, (in the maner of it) preparing it, and the simply uttered upraids of the Trojans following, confirming it most ingeniously. First, that the Trojans ravished his wife in the flowre of her yeares, calling her κουριδίην ἄλοχον, which Spondanus translateth virginem uxorem, being here to be translated juveni-

lem uxorem: *κουρίδιος* signifying juvenilis: but they will have it virginem; because Homer must be taxed, with ignorance of what the next age after Troys siege revealed of the age before; in which Theseus is remembered first to have ravisht Hellen; and that by Theseus, Iphigenia was begotten of her: which being granted, maketh much against Homer (if you marke at) for making Menelaus thinke yet, he married her a virgin (if Spondanus translation should passe.) First, no man being so simple to thinke, that the Poet thinketh alwaies as he maketh others speake: and next, it being no verie strange, or rare credulitie, in men, to beleeve they marrie maids when they do not. Much more such a man made for the purpose as Menelaus, whose good husbandly imagination of his wives maidenhead at their marriage, I hope answereth at full the most foolish taxation of Homers ignorance: in which a man may wonder at these learned Criticks overlearnednesse: and what ropes of sand they make with their kinde of intelligencing knowledge. I meane, in such as abuse the name of Criticks, as many versers do, of Poets: the rest, for their industries, I reverence. But all this time, I lose my collection of Menelaus sillie and ridiculous upraids here given to the Trojans. First, (as above said) for ravishing his wife in the flowre of her yeares: when should a man play such a part but then? though in deed poore Menelaus had the more wrong or losse in it, and yet Paris the more reason. He addeth then, and without cause or injurie, a most sharp one in Homer, and in Menelaus as much ridiculous: as though lovers looked for more cause in their love-suits, then the beauties of their beloved: or that men were made cuckolds only for spite, or revenge of some wrong precedent. But indeed, Menelaus true simplicitie in this, to thinke harmes should not be done without harmes foregoing (no not in these unsmarting harmes) maketh him well deserve his Epithete *ἀγαθός*. Yet further see how his pure imbecillitie prevaieth: and how by a thred Homer cutteth him out here, *ἐπεὶ φιλέεσθε παρ' αὐτῇ*, postquam amice tractati fuistis apud ipsam, after ye had bene kindly entertained at her hands. I hope you will thinke nothing could encourage them more then that. See how he speaketh against her in taking her part: & how ingeniously Homer giveth him still some colour of reason for his senslesnesse, which colour yet, is enough to deceive our Commentors: they finde not yet the

tame figure of our horned. But, they and all Translators, still force his speeches to the best part. Yet further then make we our dissection. And now (saith our Simplician) you would againe shew your iniquities, even to the casting of pernicious fire into our fleete, and killing our Princes if you could. Would any man thinke this in an Enemie? and such an Enemie as the Trojans? Chide Enemies in armes, for offering to hurt their Enemies? Would you have yet plainer this good Kings simplicity? But his slaughters sometimes, and wise words, are those mists our Homer casteth before the eyes of his Readers, that hindereth their prospects, to his more constant and predominant softnesse and simplicitie. Which he doth, imagining his understanding Readers eyes more sharpe, then not to see pervially through them. And yet, would not have these great ones themselves neede so subtle flatteries: but that everie shadow of their worth might remove all the substance of their worthlesnesse. I am weary with beating this thin thicket for a woodcocke, and yet, lest it prove still too thicke for our sanguine and gentle complexions to shine through, in the next words of his lame reproofe, he crieth out against Jupiter, saying, ἦτε σέ φασι περὶ φρένας ἔμμεναι ἄλλων. Profecto, te aiunt sapientia (vel circa mentem) superare cæteros homines atque Deos: wherein he affirmeth, that men say so, building (poore man) even that unknowne secret to himselfe, upon others, and now, I hope, sheweth himselfe emptie enough. But, lest you should say I strive to illustrate the Sun, and make cleare a thing plaine, heare how darke, and perplex a riddle it sheweth yet to our good Spondanus, being an excellent scholler, and Homers Commentor. Whose words upon this speech, are these: Facundiam Menelai cum acumine, antea prædicavit Homerus (intending in Antenors speech, lib. 3. unto which I pray you turne) cujus hic luculentum exemplum habes. Vehemens autem est ejus hoc loco oratio, ut qui injuriarum sibi a Trojanis in uxoris raptu illatarum recordetur, qua præsens eorundem in Græcos impetus exacerbavit. Primum itaque in Trojanos invehitur, & eorum furorem, tandem aliquando cohibitum iri comminatur. Deinde, per Apostrophem, ad Jovem conqueritur, de inexplebili pugnandi ardore, quibus Trojani vehementer inflammantur. Would any man beleieve this serious blindnes

*in so great a scholler? Nor is he alone so taken in his eyes, but al the rest, of our most prophaned and holy Homers Traducers.*

Ἐ καὶ εὐστρόφῳ οἷος ἄώτῳ, &c. Et bene torta ovis lana (or rather, bene torto ovis flore.) Definitio fundæ (saith Spondanus) vel potius periphrastica descriptio. The definition, or rather paraphrasticall description of a sling: a most unsufferable exposition: not a sling being to be heard of (as I before affirmed) in all the services exprest in these Iliads. It is therefore the true periphrasis of a light kind of armor called a jacke, that all our archers used to serve in of old: and were ever quilted with wooll: and (because εὐστροφος signifieth as well qui facili motu versatur & circumagitur, as well as, bene vel pulchre tortus) for their lightnesse and aptnesse to be worne, partaketh with the word in that signification. Besides, note the words that follow, which are: ταρφέα βάλλοντες, & \* ὀπισθεν βάλλοντες, &c. frequenter jacentes, and a tergo jacentes, shooting, striking, or wounding so thicke, and at the backes of the armed men; not hurling: here being no talke of any stones, but onely συνεκλόνεον γὰρ οἷστοί, conturbabant enim sagittæ. And when saw any man slings lined with wooll? to keepe their stones warme? or to dull their deliverie? and I am sure they hurled not shafts out of them? The agreement of the Greekes with our English, as well in all other their greatest vertues, as this skill with their bowes: other places of these Annotations shall clearely demonstrate; and give (in my conceipt) no little honour to our Countrie.

\* Metri causa  
usurpatur  
ὀπιθεν.

The end of the thirteenth Booke.





# THE FOURTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS

## THE ARGUMENT.

**A**TRIDES, to behold the skirmish, brings  
Old Nestor, and the other wounded kings.  
Juno (receiving of the Cyprian Dame  
Her Ceston, whence her sweet enticements came)  
Descends to Somnus, and gets him to bind  
The powres of Jove with sleepe, to free her mind.  
Neptune assists the Greeks, and of the foe,  
Slaughter inflicts a mightie overthrow.  
Ajax, so sore, strikes Hector with a stone,  
It makes him spit blood, and his sense sets gone.

## ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In  $\Xi$  with sleepe, and bed, heavens Queene,  
Even Jove himselfe, makes overseene.



NOT WINE, NOR FEASTS, COULD LAY  
 THEIR SOFT CHAINES ON OLD NESTORS EARE  
 TO THIS HIGH CLAMOR; WHO REQUIR'D,  
 MACHAONS THOUGHTS TO BEARE

*This first verse  
 (after the first  
 four syllables)  
 is to be read as  
 one of our Tens.*

His care in part, about the cause; for me thinke still (said he)  
 The crie increases. I must needs, the watch towre mount to see  
 Which way the flood of warre doth drive. Still drinke thou wine, and eate  
 Till faire-hair'd *Hecamed* hath given, a little water heate,  
 To cleanse the quittance from thy wound. This said, the goodly shield  
 Of war-like *Thrasimed*, his sonne, (who had his owne in field)  
 He tooke; snatcht up a mightie lance; and so stept forth to view  
 Cause of that Clamor. Instantly, th' unworthy cause he knew,  
 The *Grecians* wholly put in rout; the *Trojans* rowting still;  
 Close at the *Greeks* backs, their wall rac't: the old man mournd this ill;  
 And as when, with unwieldie waves, the great Sea forefeeles winds,  
 That both waies murmur, and no way, her certaine current finds,  
 But pants and swels confusedly; here goes, and there will stay,  
 Till on it, aire casts one firme winde, and then it rolles away:  
 So stood old *Nestor* in debate, two thoughts at once on wing  
 In his discourse; if first to take, direct course to the King,  
 Or to the multitude in fight. At last, he did conclude  
 To visite *Agamemnon* first: meane time both hosts imbrewd  
 Their steele in one anothers blood, nought wrought their healths but harmes:  
 Swords, huge stones, double-headed darts, still thumping on their armes.  
 And now the *Jove-kept Kings*, whose wounds, were yet in cure, did meet  
 Old *Nestor*, *Diomed*, *Ithacus*, and *Atreus* sonne, from fleet,  
 Bent for the fight, which was farre off, the ships being drawne to shore  
 On heapes at first, till all their sterns, a wall was raisd before;  
 Which (though not great) it yet suffisd, to hide them, though their men  
 Were something streighted; for whose scope, in forme of battel then,  
 They drew them through the spacious shore, one by another still;  
 Till all the bosome of the Strand, their sable bulks did fill:  
 Even till they tooke up all the space, twixt both the Promontories.  
 These kings (like *Nestor*) in desire, to know for what those cries  
 Became so violent; came along (all leaning on their darts)

*Simile.*

*Agamemnon,  
 Ulysses, and Di-  
 omed wounded,  
 go towards the  
 field.*

*Agamemnon  
to Nestor.*

To see, though not of powre to fight; sad, and suspicious hearts  
Distempring them, and (meeting now, *Nestor*) the king in feare  
Cried out, O *Nestor* our renowne? why shewes thy presence here?  
The harmefull fight abandoned? now *Hector* will make good,  
The threatning vow he made, (I feare) that till he had our blood,  
And fir'd our fleet, he never more, would turne to *Ilion*.  
Nor is it long, I see, before, his whole will, will be done.

*Nestor to Aga-  
memnon.*

O Gods, I now see all the *Greeks*, put on *Achilles* ire,  
Against my honour; no meane left, to keepe our fleet from fire.  
He answerd; Tis an evident truth, not *Jove* himselve can now,  
(With all the thunder in his hands) prevent our overthrow.  
The wall we thought invincible, and trusted more then *Jove*;  
Is scal'd, rac't, enterd, and our powres, (driven up) past breathing, prove  
A most inevitable fight: both slaughters so commixt,  
That for your life, you cannot put, your diligent'st thought betwixt  
The *Greeks* and *Trojans*; and as close, their throates cleave to the skie.  
Consult we then (if that will serve;) for fight, advise not I;  
It fits not wounded men to fight. *Atrides* answerd him,

*Agamemnons  
replie to Nestor,  
urging flight.*

If such a wall, as cost the *Greeks*, so many a tired lim,  
And such a dike be past, and rac't, that (as your selfe said well)  
We all esteemd invincible, and would, past doubt repell  
The world, from both our fleete and us: it doth directly show,  
That here *Jove* vowes our shames, and deaths. I evermore did know  
His hand from ours, when he helpt us: and now I see as cleare  
That (like the blessed Gods) he holds, our hated enemies deare;  
Supports their armes, and pinnions ours. Conclude then, tis in vaine  
To strive with him. Our ships drawne up, now let us lanch againe,  
And keepe at anchor, till calme *Night*; that then (perhaps) our foes  
May calme their stormes, and in that time, our scape we may dispose:  
"It is not any shame to flie, from ill, although by night:

*Ulysses bitter  
answer to  
Agamemnon.*

"Knowne ill, he better does that flies, then he it takes in fight.  
*Ulysses* frown'd on him, and said; Accurst, why talk'st thou thus?  
Would thou hadst led some barbarous host, and not commanded us

Whom *Jove* made souldiers from our youth, that age might scorne to flie  
 From any charge it undertakes; and every dazeled eye  
 The honord hand of warre might close. Thus wouldst thou leave this towne  
 For which our many miseries felt, entitle it our owne?  
 Peace, lest some other *Greeke* give eare, and heare a sentence such  
 As no mans pallate should prophane; at least, that knew how much  
 His owne right weigh'd, and being a Prince, and such a Prince as beares  
 Rule of so many *Greeks* as thou. This counsell lothes mine eares;  
 Let others toyle in fight and cries, and we so light of heeles  
 Upon their verie noise, and grones, to hoise away our keeles.  
 Thus we should fit the wish of *Troy*, that being something neare  
 The victorie, we give it cleare: and we were sure to beare  
 A slaughter to the utmost man: for no man will sustaine  
 A stroke, the fleete gone; but at that, looke still, and wish him slaine:  
 And therefore (Prince of <sup>a</sup>men) be sure, thy censure is unfit.

O *Ithacus* (replied the King) thy bitter termes have smit  
 My heart in sunder. At no hand, gainst any Princes will  
 Do I command this; would to God, that any man of skill,  
 To give a better counsell would; or old, or younger man:  
 My voice should gladly go with his. Then *Diomed* began.

*Agamemnon  
to Ulysses.*

The man not farre is, nor shall aske, much labour to bring in,  
 That willingly would speake his thoughts, if spoken, they might win  
 Fit eare; and suffer no empaire, that I discover them,  
 Being yongest of you: since, my Sire, that heir'd a Diadem,  
 May make my speech to Diadems, decent enough, though he  
 Lies in his sepulcher at *Thebes*. I bost this pedigree,<sup>b</sup>  
*Portheus*, three famous sonnes begot, that in high *Calidon*,  
 And *Pleuron* kept, with state of kings, their habitation.  
*Agrius*, *Melas*, and the third, the horseman *Oeneus*,  
 My fathers father, that exceld, in actions generous,  
 The other two: but these kept home, my father being driven  
 With wandring, and adventrous spirits; for so the king of heaven,  
 And th' other Gods, set downe their willes: and he to *Argos* came,

*Diomed to Aga-  
memnon and the  
rest.*

*Diomed's pedi-  
gree.*

Where he begun the world, and dwelt; there marrying a dame,  
 One of *Adrastus* femall race. He kept a royall house,  
 For he had great demeanes, good land, and (being industrious)  
 He planted many orchard grounds, about his house; and bred  
 Great store of sheepe. Besides all this, he was well qualited,  
 And past all *Argives* for his speare: and these digressive things  
 Are such as you may well endure; since (being deriv'd from kings,  
 And kings not poore, nor vertulesse) you cannot hold me base,  
 Nor scorne my words: which oft (though true) in meane men, meet disgrace.  
 How ever; they are these in short. Let us be seene at fight,  
 And yeeld to strong *Necessitie*, though wounded; that our sight  
 May set those men on, that of late, have to *Achilles* spleene  
 Bene too indulgent, and left blowes: but be we onely seene  
 Not come within the reach of darts; lest wound, on wound we lay:  
 (Which reverend *Nestors* speech implide) and so farre him obey.

This counsell gladly all observ'd; went on, *Atrides* led;  
 Nor *Neptune* this advantage lost, but closely followed;  
 And like an aged man appear'd, t' *Atrides*; whose right hand  
 He seisd, and said; *Atrides*, this, doth passing fitly stand  
 With sterne *Achilles* wreakfull spirit; that he can stand a sterne  
 His ship; and both in fight and death, the *Grecian* bane discerne:  
 Since, not in his breast glowes one sparke, of any humane mind;  
 But, be that his owne bane; let God, by that losse make him find  
 How vile a thing he is: for know, the blest Gods have not given  
 Thee ever over; but perhaps, the *Trojans* may from heaven  
 Receive that justice. Nay tis sure, and thou shalt see their fals:  
 Your fleete soone freed; and for fights here, they glad to take their wals.  
 This said, he made knowne who he was, and parted with a crie,  
 As if ten thousand men had joynd, in battaile then; so hie  
 His throate flew through the host: and so, this great earth-shaking God  
 Chear'd up the *Greeke* hearts, that they wisht, their paines no period.

*Saturnia* from *Olympus* top, saw her great brother there,  
 And her great husbands brother too, exciting every where

*Neptune appears  
 like an aged man  
 to Agamemnon.*

*Neptune to  
 Agamemnon.*

The glorious spirits of the *Greeks*; which, as she joy'd to see:  
 So (on the fountfull *Idas* top) *Joves* sight did disagree  
 With her contentment; since she fear'd, that his hand would descend,  
 And checke the sea-Gods practises. And this she did contend  
 How to prevent; which thus seem'd best: To decke her curiously,  
 And visite the *Idalian* hill, that so the Lightners eye  
 She might enamour with her lookes, and his high temples steepe  
 (Even to his wisdom) in the kind, and golden juyce of sleepe.  
 So tooke she chamber, which her sonne, the God of ferrary,  
 With firme doores made, being joyned close, and with a privie key,  
 That no God could command but *Jove*; where (enterd) she made fast  
 The shining gates; and then upon, her lovely bodie cast  
*Ambrosia*, that first made it cleare; and after, laid on it  
 An odorous, rich, and sacred oyle, that was so wondrous sweet,  
 That, ever, when it was but toucht, it sweetn'd heaven and earth.  
 Her body being cleansd with this, her Tresses she let forth,  
 And comb'd, (her combe dipt in the oyle) then wrapt them up in curls:  
 And thus (her deathlesse head adorn'd) a heavenly veile she hurles  
 On her white shoulders; wrought by her, that rules in housewiferies,  
 Who wove it full of antique workes, of most divine device.  
 And this, with goodly clasps of gold, she fastn'd to her breast:  
 Then with a girdle (whose rich sphere, a hunderd studs imprest)  
 She girt her small wast. In her eares (tenderly pierc't) she wore  
 Pearles, great, and orient: on her head, a wreath not worne before  
 Cast beames out like the Sunne. At last, she to her feete did tie  
 Faire shoes; and thus entire attir'd, she shin'd in open skie:  
 Cald the faire *Paphian* Queene apart, from th' other Gods, and said;  
 Lov'd daughter? should I aske a grace, should I, or be obeyd?  
 Or wouldst thou crosse me? being incenst, since I crosse thee, and take  
 The *Greeks* part, thy hand helping *Troy*? She answerd, That shall make  
 No difference in a different cause: aske (ancient Deitie)  
 What most contents thee; my mind stands, inclin'd as liberally,  
 To grant it, as thine owne to aske; provided that it be

*Juno prepares  
 her selfe to de-  
 ceive Jove.*

*Tetbyomenon  
 unguentum.*

*Juno to Venus.*

*Venus to Juno.*



A favour fit, and in my powre. She (given deceptfully)  
 Thus said; Then give me those two powres, with which both men and Gods  
 Thou vanquishest, *Love*, and *Desire*. For now, the periods  
 Of all the many-feeding earth, and the originall  
 Of all the gods, *Oceanus*; and *Thetis*, whom we call  
 Our mother, I am going to greet: they nurst me in their court,  
 And brought me up; receiving me, in most respectfull sort  
 From *Phæa*; when *Jove* under earth, and the unfruitfull seas  
 Cast *Saturne*. These I go to see, intending to appease  
 Jarres growne betwixt them, having long, abstaind from speech and bed;  
 Which jarres, could I so reconcile, that, in their angers stead  
 I could place love; and so renew, their first societie;  
 I should their best lov'd be esteem'd, and honord endlessly.

*Venus to Juno.*

She answerd, Tis not fit, nor just, thy will should be denied,  
 Whom *Jove*, in his embraces holds. This spoken, she untied,  
 And from her odorous bosome tooke, her Ceston; in whose sphere  
 Were all enticements to delight, all *Loves*; all *Longings* were,  
*Kind conference*; *Faire speech*, whose powre, the wisest doth enflame:  
 This, she resigning to her hands, thus urg'd her by her name.

Receive this bridle, thus faire wrought; and put it twixt thy breasts:  
 Where all things, to be done, are done; and whatsoever rests  
 In thy desire, returne with it. The great-eyd *Juno* smild,  
 And put it twixt her breasts. *Loves* Queene, thus cunningly beguild,  
 To *Joves* court flew. *Saturnia*, (straight stooping from heavens height)  
*Pieria*, and *Emathia*, (those countries of delight)  
 Soone reacht, and to the snowy mounts, where *Thracian* souldiers dwell,  
 (Approaching) past their tops untoucht. From *Athos* then she fell,  
 Past all the brode sea; and arriv'd, in *Lemnos*, at the towres,  
 Of god-like *Thoas*; where she met, the Prince of all mens powres,  
*Deaths* brother, *Sleepe*; whose hand she tooke, and said; Thou king of men,  
 Prince of the Gods too: if before, thou heardst my suites: againe  
 Give helpfull eare, and through all times, Ile offer thanks to thee.  
 Lay slumber on *Joves* fierie eyes: that I may comfort me

*Juno to Somnus.*

With his embraces. For which grace, Ile grace thee with a throne  
 Incorruptible, all of gold, and elegantly done  
 By *Mulciber*: to which, he forg'd, a footestool for the ease  
 Of thy soft feete; when wine, and feasts, thy golden humours please.

*Somnus to Juno.*

Sweet *Sleepe* replied; *Saturnia*, there lives not any god  
 (Besides *Jove*) but I would becalme: I, if it were the flood  
 That fathers all the Deities, the great *Oceanus*.  
 But *Jove* we dare not come more neare, then he commandeth us.  
 Now you command me, as you did, when *Joves* great minded sonne,  
*Alcides* (having sackt the towne, of stubborne *Ilion*)  
 Tookes aile from thence; when by your charge; I pour'd about *Joves* mind  
 A pleasing slumber; calming him, till thou draw'st up the wind,  
 In all his cruelties, to sea; that set his sonne ashore,  
 In *Cous*, farre from all his friends; which (waking) vext so sore  
 The supreme godhead, that he cast, the gods about the skie,  
 And me (above them all) he sought: whom he had utterly  
 Hurl'd from the sparkling firmament; if all-gods-taming *Night*,  
 (Whom, flying, I besought for aid) had sufferd his despight,  
 And not preserv'd me: but his wrath, with my offence dispenc't,  
 For feare t' offend her; and so ceast, though never so incens't:  
 And now another such escape, you wish I should prepare.

*Juno to Somnus.*

She answerd; What hath thy deepe rest, to do with his deepe care?  
 As though *Joves* love to *Ilion*, in all degrees were such,  
 As twas to *Hercules*, his sonne? and so would storme as much  
 For their displeasure, as for his? away, I will remove  
 Thy feare, with giving thee the dame, that thou didst ever love;  
 One of the faire young Graces borne, divine *Pasithae*.

This started *Somnus* into joy; who answerd, Swear to me,  
 By those inviolable springs, that feed the Stygian lake:  
 With one hand touch the nourishing earth; and in the other, take  
 The marble sea; that all the gods, of the infernall state,  
 Which circle *Saturne*, may to us, be witnesses; and rate  
 What thou hast vow'd: that with all truth, thou wilt bestow on me,

The dame (I grant) I ever lov'd, divine *Pasithae*.

*The oath of Juno  
to Somnus.*

She swore, as he enjoyn'd in all, and strengthend all his joyes,  
By naming all th' infernall gods, surnam'd the *Titanois*.

The oath thus taken, both tooke way, and made their quicke repaire  
To *Ida*, from the towne, and *Ile*, all hid in liquid aire.

At *Lecton* first, they left the sea; and there, the land they trod:

The fountfull nurse of savages, with all her woods did nod,  
Beneath their feete: there *Somnus* staid, lest *Joves* bright eye should see;

*Somnus climes  
a firre tree.*

And yet (that he might see to *Jove*) he climb'd the goodliest tree

That all th' *Idalian* mountaine bred, and crownd her progenie:

A firre it was, that shot past aire, and kist the burning skie.

There sate he hid in his darke armes, and in the shape, withall,

Of that continuall prating bird, whom all the Deities call

*Chalcis*; but men *Cymmindis* name. *Saturnia* tript apace

Up to the top of *Gargarus*, and shewd her heavenly face

To *Jupiter*; who saw, and lov'd; and with as hote a fire,

(Being curious in her tempting view) as when with first desire

(The pleasure of it being stolne) they mixt, in love and bed.

And (gazing on her still) he said: *Saturnia*, what hath bred

*Jupiter to Juno.*

This haste in thee, from our high court? and whither tends thy gate?

That voide of horse and chariot, fit for thy soveraigne state,

*Junos answer.*

Thou lackiest here? Her studied fraude, replied; My journey now

Leaves state, and labours to do good. And where, in right I owe

All kindnesse to the Sire of gods; and our good mother Queene,

That nurst, and kept me curiously, in court, (since both have bene

Long time at discord) my desire, is to attone their hearts;

And therefore go I now to see, those earths extremest parts;

For whose farre-seate, I spar'd my horse, the skaling of this hill,

And left them at the foote of it: for they must taste their fill

Of travaile with me; that must draw, my coach, through earth and seas;

Whose farre-intended reach, respect, and care not to displease

Thy graces: made me not attempt, without thy gracious leave.

The cloud-compelling god, her guile, in this sort did receive;  
*Juno*, thou shalt have after leave, but ere so farre thou stray,  
 Convert we our kind thoughts to love; that now, doth every way  
 Circle, with victorie, my powers: nor yet with any dame,  
 (Woman, or goddesse) did his fires, my bosome so enflame  
 As now, with thee: not when it lov'd, the parts so generous  
*Ixions* wife had, that brought foorth, the wise *Pyrithous*;  
 Nor when the lovely dame, *Acrisius* daughter stird  
 My amorous powres, that *Perseus* bore, to all men else preferd;  
 Nor when the dame that *Phenix* got, surprisd me with her sight;  
 Who, the divine-soul'd *Rhadamanth*, and *Minos* brought to light;  
 Nor *Semele*, that bore to me, the joy of mortall men,  
 The sprightly *Bacchus*; Nor the dame, that *Thebes* renowned then,  
*Alcmena*, that bore *Hercules*; *Latona*, so renownd;  
 Queene *Ceres*, with the golden haire; nor thy faire eyes did wound,  
 My entrailles to such depth as now, with thirst of amorous ease.

*Jove inflamed  
with his love  
to Juno.*

The cunning dame seem'd much incenst, and said, what words are these,  
 Unsufferable *Saturns* sonne? What? here? in *Idas* height?  
 Desir'st thou this? how fits it us? or what if in the sight  
 Of any god, thy will were pleas'd? that he, the rest might bring  
 To witnesse thy incontinence; t'were a dishonour'd thing.  
 I would not shew my face in heaven, and rise from such a bed.  
 But if love be so deare to thee, thou hast a chamber sted,  
 Which *Vulcan* purposely contriv'd, with all fit secrecie:  
 There sleepe at pleasure. He replyed; I feare not if the eye  
 Of either god, or man observe; so thicke a cloude of gold  
 Ile cast about us, that the Sunne, (who furthest can behold)  
 Shall never find us. This resolv'd, into his kind embrace,  
 He tooke his wife: beneath them both, faire *Tellus* strewd the place  
 With fresh-sprung herbes, so soft, and thicke, that up aloft it bore  
 Their heavenly bodies: with his leaves, did deawy *Latus* store  
 Th' *Elysian* mountaine; Saffron flowres, and *Hyacinths* helpt make

*Junos modesty to  
Jove in satisfying  
his love.*

*Jupiter to Juno.*

*The bed of Jupi-  
ter and Juno.*

And bore him mourning towards *Troy*: but when the flood they got  
 Of gulphy *Xanthus*, that was got, by deathlesse *Jupiter*;  
 There tooke they him from chariot, and all besprinkled there  
 His temples with the streame; he breath'd, lookt up, assaid to rise,  
 And on his knees staid, spitting blood: againe then, closd his eyes,  
 And backs againe his body fell; the maine blow had not done  
 Yet with his spirit. When the *Greeks*, saw worthy *Hector* gone;  
 Then thought they of their worke; then charg'd, with much more chere the foe  
 And then (farre first) *Oileades*, began the overthrow;  
 He darted *Satnius*, *Enops* sonne, whom famous *Nais* bore,  
 (As she was keeping *Enops* flocks) on *Satnius* rivers shore:  
 And strooke him in his bellies rimme; who upwards fell, and raisd  
 A mightie skirmish with his fall: and then *Panthædes* seisd  
*Prothenor Areilicides*, with his reveng'dfull speare,  
 On his right shoulder; strooke it through, and laid him breathlesse there.  
 For which he insolently bragd, and cryed out; Not a dart  
 From great-soul'd *Panthus* sonne, I thinke, shall ever vainlier part;  
 But some *Greeke* bosome it shall take, and make him give his ghost.  
 This bragge the *Grecians* stomackt much, but *Telamonius* most,  
 Who stood most neare *Prothenors* fall: and out he sent a lance,  
 Which *Panthus* sonne (declining) scap't, yet tooke it to sad chance,  
*Archelochus*, *Antenors* sonne, whom heaven did destinate  
 To that sterne end, twixt necke, and head, the javelin wrought his fate,  
 And ran in at the upper joint, of all the backe long bone,  
 Cut both the nerves, and such a lode, of strength, laid *Ajax* on,  
 As, that small part, he seisd, outwaid, all th'under lims; and strooke  
 His heeles up so, that head, and face, the earths possession tooke,  
 When all the low parts sprung in aire; and thus did *Ajax* quit  
*Panthædes* Brave; Now, *Panthus* sonne, let thy prophetique wit,  
 Consider, and disclose a truth, if this man do not wey  
 Even with *Prothænor*? I conceive, no one of you will say,  
 That either he was base himselfe, or sprung of any base;

*Polydamas*  
*his insul-*  
*tation,*

*Ajax insults*  
*in requitall*  
*of Poly-*  
*damas.*

*Antenors* brother, or his sonne, he should be, by his face;  
One of his race, past question, his likenesse shewes he is.

This spake he, knowing it well enough. The *Trojans* storm'd at this,  
And then slue *Acamas* (to save, his brother yet ingag'd)  
*Bæotius*, dragging him to spoile; and thus the *Greeks* enrag'd.

O *Greeks*? even borne to beare our darts, yet ever breathing threats;  
Not alwayes under teares, and toyles, ye see our fortune sweats;  
But sometimes you drop under death: see now, your quicke among  
Our dead, intranc't with my weake lance; to prove I have, ere long  
Reveng'd my brother: tis the wish, of every honest man,  
His brother slaine in *Mars* his field, may rest wreakt in his Phane.

This stird fresh envie in the *Greeks*, but urg'd *Peneleus* most,  
Who hurld his lance at *Acamas*; he scap't: nor yet it lost  
The force he gave it, for it found, the flocke-rich *Phorbas* sonne,  
*Ilioneus*, whose deare Sire, (past all in *Ilion*)  
Was lov'd of *Hermes*, and enricht; and to him onely bore  
His mother, this now slaughterd man. The dart did undergore  
His eye-lid, by his eyes deare rootes; and out the apple fell,  
The eye pierc't through: nor could the nerve, that staies the necke, repell  
His strong-wing'd lance; but necke and all, gave way, and downe he dropt.  
*Peneleus* then unsheath'd his sword, and from the shoulders chopt  
His lucklesse head; which downe he threw; the helme still sticking on:  
And still the lance, fixt in his eye; which, not to see, alone,  
Contented him; but up againe, he snatcht, and shewd it all;  
With this sterne Brave; *Ilions*, relate, brave *Ilioneus* fall,  
To his kind parents; that their roofes, their teares may overrunne;  
For so the house of *Promachus*, and *Alegenors* sonne,  
Must with his wives eyes, overflow: she never seeing more  
Her deare Lord, though we tell his death; when to our native shore,  
We bring from ruin'd *Troy* our fleete, and men so long forgone.  
This said, and seene, pale Feare possest, all those of *Ilion*:  
And ev'ry man cast round his eye, to see, where Death was not,

That he might flie him. Let not then, his grac't hand be forgot,  
(O Muses you that dwell in heaven) that first embrude the field,  
With Trojan spoile; when *Neptune* thus, had made their irons yeeld.

First *Ajax Telamonius*, the Mysian Captaine slew  
Great *Hyrtius Gyrtiades*. *Antilochus* o' rethrew  
*Phalces* and *Mermer*, to their spoyle. *Meriones* gave end,  
To *Moris* and *Hippotion*. *Teucer*, to Fate did send,  
*Prothoon* and *Periphetes*. *Atrides* Javelin chac't  
Duke *Hyperenor*; wounding him, <sup>d</sup> in that part that is plac't  
Betwixt the short ribs and the bones, that to the triple gut  
Have pertinence. The Javelins head, did out his entrailles cut,  
His forc't soule breaking through the wound: nights black hand closde hiseies.

*Ajax*  
*Oileus*  
virtue for  
swiftnesse.

Then *Ajax*, great *Oileus* sonne, had divers victories:  
For when *Saturnius* sufferd flight; of all the Grecian race,  
Not one with swiftnesse of his feete, could so enrich a chace.

## COMMENTARIUS.

<sup>a</sup> Ὅρχαμε λαῶν. Princeps populorum (*the end of Ulysses speech in the beginning of this book*) which ascription our Spond. takes to be given in scorne: and that all Ulysses speech is σκωπτική, or scoffing; which is spoken altogether seriously and bitterly to this title at the end: which was spoken ἡπίως, molliter or benigne; of purpose to make Agamemnon beare the better the justice of his other austeritie.

<sup>b</sup> Καὶ ἐγὼ γένος εὖχομαι εἶναι, &c. ego quoad genus gloriior esse. The long digression, that followes this, in the speech of Diomed (being next to Agamemnons reply to Ulysses) bewrayes an affectation he had by all-any-thing-fit-meanes, to talke of his pedigree: and by reason of that humor, hath shewne his desire elsewhere, to learne the pedigrees of others: as in the sixt booke, in his enquirie of Glaucus pedigree. And herein is exprest part of his character.

<sup>c</sup> Στρόμβον δ' ὥς ἔσσευε βαλὼν, &c. overpassing, for speed, many things in this booke that crie out for the praise of our Homer, and note of that, which in most readers I know will be lost: I must onely insist still on those parts that (in my poore understanding) could never yet find apprehension in any of our Commentors or translators: as in this simile againe of the whirlwind; to which the stone that Ajax hurled at Hector, is resembled. Valla and Eobanus, Salel in French, so understanding, Hector turned about with the blow, like a whirlwind. Vallas words are these, (translating στρόμβον δ' ὥς ἔσσευε βαλὼν, περὶ δ' ἔδραμε πάντα, which adverbum saie thus much in every common translation; Trochum autem sicut concussit feriens, rotatusque est undique.) Quo ictu Hector velut turbo, quem Strombum dicunt, rotato corpore, &c. Eobanus converting it thus:

—Stetit ille tremens, ceu turbo rotatus.

Which though it harpe upon the other, makes yet much worse musicke, saying, Hector stood trembling, being wheeled about like a whirlwind. He stood, yet was turned about violently. How grosse both are, I thinke, the blindest see: and must needs acknowledge a monstrous unworthines in these men to touch



our Homer, esteeming it an extreme losse to the world, to have this and the like undiscovered. For (as I apprehend it) being exprest no better then in my silly conversion (and the stone, not Hector likened to the whirlwind) it is above the wit of a man to imitate our Homers wit, for the most fierie illustration both of Ajax strength, and Hectors: of Ajax for giving such a force to it, as could not spend it selfe upon Hector, but turne after upon the earth, in that whirlwind-like violence: of Hector, for standing it so solidly; for without that consideration, the stone could never have recoild so fiercely. And here have we a ruled case against our plaine and smug writers; that because their owne unweildinesse will not let them rise themselves, would have every man grovel like them: their fethers not passing the pitch of every womans capacity. And (indeed) where a man is understood, there is ever a proportion betwixt the writers wit & the writees (that I may speake with authority) according to my old lesson in Philosophy: Intellectus in ipsa intelligibilia transit. But herein this case is ruled against such men, that they affirme these hypertheticall or superlative sort of expressions & illustrations are too bold, and bumbasted; and out of that word is spunne that which they call our Fustian: their plaine writing, being stuffe nothing so substantial, but such grosse sowtedge, or hairepatch, as every goose may eate oates through. Against which, and all these plebeian opinions, that a man is bound to write to every vulgar readers understanding, you see the great master of all elocution hath written so darkly, that almost three thousand sunnes have not discovered him, no more in five hundred other places then here; and yet all perviall enough (you may well say) when such a one as I comprehend them. But the chiefe end why I extend this annotation, is onely to intreate your note here of Homers maner of writing, which (to utter his after-store of matter and varietie) is so presse, and puts on with so strong a current, that it farre over-runnes the most laborious pursuer, if he have not a Poeticall foote, and Poesies quicke eye to guide it. The verse in question, I referre you to before, which sayes,  $\chiερυδαίος$ , signifying a stone of a handfull, or that with one hand may be raised and cast, spoken of before; and (here being understood) shooke Hector at all parts, in striking him, and like a whirlwind wheeled or whirred about. Wherein he speakes not of bounding to the earth again, and raising a dust with his violent turnings: in

*which the conceit and life of his simile lies, but leaves it to his reader, and he leaves it to him: notwithstanding he utters enough to make a stone understand it; how stupidly soever all his interpreters would have Hector (being strooke into a trembling, and almost dead) turne about like a whirlwind. I conclude then with this question: What fault is it in me, to furnish and adorne my verse (being his Translator) with translating and adding the truth and fulnesse of his conceit; it being as like to passe my reader, as his, and therefore necessarie? If it be no fault in me, but fit, then may I justly be said to better Homer? or not to have all my invention, matter and forme from him, though a little I enlarge his forme? Virgil, in all places where he is compared and preferred to Homer, doth nothing more. And therefore my assertion in the second Booke is true, that Virgil hath in all places, wherein he is compared and preferred to Homer by Scaliger, &c. both his invention, matter and forme from him.*

<sup>d</sup> Οὐτα κατὰ λαπάρην, &c. vulneravit ad Ile; it is translated: and is in the last verses of this Booke, where Menelaus is said to wound Hyperenor. But λαπάρην, dicitur ea pars corporis quæ posita est inter costas nothas, & ossa quæ ad Iliam pertinent, quod inanis sit, & desideat. Hip. in lib. περὶ ἀγμῶν; and therefore I accordingly translate it.

*And note this beside, both out of this place and many others, how excellent an Anatomist our Homer was, whose skill in those times, me thinkes, should be a secret.*

*The end of the fourteenth Booke of Homers Iliads.*



# THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADS

## THE ARGUMENT.

**J**OVE *waking, and beholding Troy in flight,  
Chides Juno, and sends Iris to the fight,  
To charge the sea-god, to forsake the field;  
And Phoëbus, to invade it, with his shield,  
Recovering Hectors broosde, and crased powres.  
To field he goes, and makes new conquerours;  
The Trojans giving now, the Grecians chace,  
Even to their fleete. Then Ajax turnes his face,  
And feeds, with many Trojan lives, his ire;  
Who then brought brands to set the fleete on fire.*

## ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

*Jove sees in, O, his oversight,  
Chides Juno, Neptune cals from fight.*

THE FIFTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS



THE TROJANS (BEATE PAST PALE AND DIKE,  
AND NUMBERS PROSTRATE LAIDE)  
ALL GOT TO CHARIOT, FEARE-DRIVEN ALL;  
AND FEAR'D AS MEN DISMAIDE:

Then *Jove*, on *Idas* top, awakt; rose from *Saturnias* side,  
Stood up, and lookt upon the warre; and all inverted, spide,  
Since he had seene it, th' *Ilions* now, in rowt; the *Greeks* in fight:  
King *Neptune*, with his long sword, Chiefe; great *Hector* put downe quite,  
Laide flat in field, and with a crowne, of Princes compassed;  
So stopt up, that he scarce could breath; his minds sound habite fled,  
And he still spitting blood. Indeed, his hurt was not set on  
By one that was the weakest *Greeke*. But him *Jove* lookt upon  
With eyes of pittie: on his wife, with horrible aspect;  
To whom he said: O thou in ill, most cunning Architect  
All Arts, and comments that exceedst! not onely to enforce  
*Hector* from fight; but with his men, to shew the *Greeks* a course.  
I feare (as formerly) so now, these ils have with thy hands,  
Their first fruits sowne, and therefore could, lode all thy lims with bands.  
Forgetst thou, when I hangd thee up; how to thy feete I tyed  
Two Anvils; golden manacles, on thy false wrists implied,  
And let thee mercilesly hang, from our refined heaven  
Even to earths vapors; all the gods, in great *Olympus*, given  
To mutinies about thee; yet, (though all stood staring on)  
None durst dissolve thee; for these hands (had they but seisd upon  
Thy friend) had headlong throwne him off, from our star-bearing round,  
Till he had tumbl'd out his breath; and peecemeale dasht the ground.  
Nor was my angry spirit calm'd, so soone, for those foule seas,  
On which (inducing Northerne flawes) thou shipwrack'dst *Hercules*,  
And tost him to the Coon shore; that thou shouldst tempt againe  
My wraths importance, when thou seest (besides) how grosly vaine,  
My powres can make thy policies: for from their utmost force,  
I freed my sonne, and set him safe, in *Argos*, nurse of horse.  
These I remember to thy thoughts, that thou mayst shun these sleights,  
And know how badly bed-sports thrive, procur'd by base deceits.  
This frighted the offending Queene, who, with this state, excusde

*Jupiters wrath  
against Juno.*

*Junoes oath in  
clearing her self  
to Jupiter.*

Her kind unkindnesse: Witnesse earth, and heaven, so farre diffusde:  
Thou Flood, whose silent-gliding waves, the under ground doth beare,  
(Which is the great'st, and gravest oath, that any god can sweare)  
Thy sacred head; those secret joyes, that our yong bed gave forth,  
(By which I never rashly swore) that he who shakes the earth,  
Not by my counsell did this wrong, to *Hector* and his host;  
But (pitting th'oppressed Greekes, their fleete being neerly lost)  
Reliev'd their hard condition; yet utterly impeld  
By his free mind: which since I see, is so offensive held,  
To thy high pleasure, I will now, advise him not to tread,  
But where thy tempest-raising feete, (*O Jupiter*) shall leade.

*Jupiters charge  
to Juno, and re-  
conciliation.*

*Jove* laught to heare her so submisse; and said: My faire-eyd love,  
If still thus thou and I were one, (in counsels held above)  
*Neptune* would still, in word and fact, be ours, if not in heart;  
If then thy tongue and heart agree, from hence to heaven depart,  
To call the excellent in bowes; the Raine-bow, and the Sunne,  
That both may visite both the hosts; the Grecian armie, one;  
And that is *Iris*; let her haste, and make the sea-god cease,  
T'assist the Greekes; and to his court, retire from warre, in peace.  
Let *Phabus* (on the *Trojan* part) inspire with wonted powre  
Great *Hectors* spirits: make his thoughts, forget the late sterne houre,  
And all his anguish; setting on, his whole recover'd man  
To make good his late grace in fight, and hold in constant wane  
The Grecian glories, till they fall, in flight before the fleete  
Of vext *Achilles*; which extreme, will prove the meane to greete  
Thee with thy wish: for then the eyes, of great *Æacides*,  
(Made witnesse of the generall ill, that doth so neare him prease)  
Will make his owne particular, looke out; and by degrees  
Abate his wrath, that though himselfe, for no extremities  
Will seeme reflected; yet his friend, may get of him the grace,  
To helpe his countrey, in his Armes; and he shall make fit place,  
For his full presence, with his death; which shall be well forerunne:  
For I will first renowne his life, with slaughter of my sonne,

(Divine *Sarpedon*) and his death, great *Hectors* powre shall wreake,  
 Ending his ends. Then at once, out shall the furie breake  
 Offierce *Achilles*: and with that, the flight now felt, shall turne;  
 And then last, till in wrathfull flames, the long-sieg'd Ilion burne.  
*Minervaes* counsell shall become, grave meane, to this my will;  
 Which no god shall neglect, before, *Achilles* take his fill  
 Of slaughter, for his slaughterd friend: even *Hectors* slaughter, throwne  
 Under his anger; that these facts, may then make fully knowne  
 My vowes performance, made of late: and with my bowed head,  
 Confirm'd to *Thetis*, when her armes, embrac't my knees, and praid  
 That to her citie-racing sonne, I would all honour shew.

This heard, his charge she seem'd t' intend, and to *Olympus* flew.  
 But, as the mind of such a man, that hath a great way gone,  
 And either knowing not his way; or then would let alone  
 His purposde journey, is distract; and in his<sup>a</sup> vexed mind  
 Resolves now not to go; now goes, still many wayes inclin'd:  
 So reverend *Juno* headlong flew, and 'gainst her stomacke striv'd.  
 For (being amongst th' immortal' gods, in high heaven, soone arriv'd,  
 All rising, welcoming with cups, her litle absence thence)  
 She all their courtships overpast, with solemne negligence,  
 Save that which faire-cheekt *Themis* shewd; and her kind cup she tooke:  
 For first, she ranne and met with her, and askt; What troubled looke  
 She brought to heaven? She thought (for truth) that *Jove* had terrified  
 Her spirits strangely, since she went. The faire arm'd Queene replide:

*Simile.*

*Themis to Juno.*

*Junoes reply.*

That truth may easily be supposde, you (goddesse *Themis*) know  
 His old severitie and pride; but you bear't out with show,  
 And like the banquets arbiter, amongst th' Immortals fare,  
 Though well you heare amongst them all, how bad his actions are;  
 Nor are all here, nor any where, mortals, nor gods (I feare)  
 Entirely pleasd with what he does, though thus ye banquet here.

Thus tooke she place, displeasedly; the feast in generall,  
 Bewraying privie splenes at *Jove*; and then (to colour all)  
 She laught, but meerly from her lips: for, over her blacke browes



*Juno's speech of  
purpose to in-  
cense Mars  
Sceptice.*

Her still-bent forehead was not cleer'd; yet this her passions throwes,  
Brought forth in spight, being lately school'd; alas, what fooles are we?  
That envie *Jove*? or that by act, word, thought, can fantasie,  
Any resistance to his will? he sits farre off, nor cares,  
Nor moves, but sayes he knowes his strength, to all degrees compares  
His greatnesse, past all other gods: and that in fortitude,  
And every other godlike powre; he reignes, past all indude.  
For which great eminence, all you Gods, what ever ill he does  
Sustaine with patience: here is *Mars*, I thinke, not free from woes;  
And yet he beares them like himselfe. The great God had a sonne,  
Whom he himselfe yet justifies, one that from all men wonne,  
Just surname of their best belov'd, *Ascalaphus*; yet he  
(By *Joves* high grace to *Troy*) is slaine. *Mars* started horribly  
(As *Juno* knew he would) at this; beate, with his hurld out hands,  
His brawnie thighes; cried out, and said: O you that have commands  
In these high temples, beare with me, if I revenge the death  
Of such a sonne; Ile to the fleete; and though I sinke beneath  
The fate of being shot to hell, by *Joves* fell thunder stone:  
And lie all grim'd amongst the dead, with dust and bloud; my sonne,  
Revenge shall honour. Then he charg'd, Feare and Dismay to joyne  
His horse and chariot: he got armes, that over heaven did shine:  
And then a wrath, more great and grave, in *Jove* had bene prepar'd  
Against the gods, then *Juno* causde; if *Pallas* had not car'd  
More for the peace of heaven then *Mars*; who leapt out of her throne,  
Rapt up her helmet, lance, and shield, and made her Phanes porch grone,  
With her egression to his stay: and thus his rage defers:  
*Pallas* to *Mars*. Furious, and foolish? th'art undone; hast thou, for nought, thine eares?  
Heard'st thou not *Juno*, being arriv'd, from heavens great king but now?  
Or wouldst thou he himselfe should rise (forc't with thy rage) to show,  
The dreadfull powre she urg'd in him, so justly being stird?  
Know (thou most impudent and mad) thy wrath had not inferd  
Mischiefe to thee; but to us all: his spirit had instantly  
Left both the hosts, and turn'd his hands, to uprores in the skie.

Guiltie and guiltlesse, both to wracke, in his high rage had gone;  
 And therefore (as thou lovest thy selfe) ceasse furie for thy sonne.  
 Another, farre exceeding him, in heart and strength of hand,  
 Or is, or will be shortly slaine. It were a<sup>b</sup> worke would stand  
*Jove* in much trouble, to free all, from death, that would not die.

This threat, even nail'd him to his throne, when heavens chiefe Majestie,  
 Cald bright *Apollo* from his Phane; and *Iris* that had place  
 Of Internunciesse from the Gods; to whom she did the grace  
 Of *Jupiter*, to this effect: It is *Saturnius* will,  
 That both, with utmost speed, should stoope, to the Idalian hill,  
 To know his further pleasure, there. And this let me advise,  
 When you arrive, and are in reach, of his refulgent eyes:  
 His pleasure heard, performe it all, of whatsoever kind.

*Juno to Apollo  
and Iris.*

Thus mov'd she backe, and usde her throne. Those two outstript the wind,  
 And *Ida* (all enchac't with springs) they soone attaind, and found  
 Where farre-discerning *Jupiter*, in his repose, had crown'd  
 The browes of *Gargarus*, and wrapt, an odoriferous cloud  
 About his bosome. Coming neare, they stood; nor now he show'd  
 His angry countenance, since so soone, he saw they made th'accesse  
 That his lov'd wife enjoyn'd. But first, the faire Ambassadrese,  
 He thus commanded; *Iris*, Go, to *Neptune*, and relate  
 Our pleasure truly, and at large; command him from the Fate  
 Of humane warre; and either greete, the gods societie,  
 Or the divine sea, make his seate. If proudly he denie,  
 Let better counsels be his guides, then such as bid me warre,  
 And tempt my charge, though he be strong; for I am stronger farre,  
 And elder borne: nor let him dare, to boast even state with me,  
 Whom all Gods else preferre in feare. This said: downe hasted she  
 From *Idaes* top to *Ilion*; and like a mightie snow,  
 Or gelide haile, that from the clouds, the Northerne spirit doth blow;  
 So fell the windie-footed Dame; and found with quicke repaire  
 The watric God; to whom she said: God, with the sable haire,  
 I came from *Ægis*-bearing *Jove*, to bid thee ceasse from fight,

*Jove to Iris.*

*Iris to Neptune.*

And to my face) if I were ill? for (more then what thy worth  
Must needs take note of) doth not Fame, from all mouthes fill thine eares;  
That (as my hand at th' Achive fleete, was making massacres  
Of men, whom valiant *Ajax* led) his strength, strooke with a stone,  
All powre of more hurt from my brest? my very soule was gone:  
And once to day, I thought to see, the house of *Dis* and *Death*.

*Apollo to Hector.* Be strong (said he) for such a spirit, now sends the god of breath  
From airie *Ida*, as shall runne, through, all *Greeke* spirits in thee;  
*Apollo* with the golden sword, the cleare farre-seer, see,  
Him, who betwixt death and thy life; twixt ruine and those towres,  
Ere this day, oft hath held his shield. Come then, be all thy powres,  
In wonted vigour: let thy knights, with all their horse assay  
The *Grecian* fleete; my selfe will leade, and scoure so cleare the way,  
That Flight shall leave no *Greeke* a Rub. Thus instantly inspir'd  
Were all his nerves with matchlesse strength; and then his friends he fir'd  
Against their foes; when (to his eyes) his eares confirm'd the god.

*Simile.* Then, as a goodly headed Hart, or Goate, bred in the wood,  
A rout of country huntsmen chase, with all their hounds in crie;  
The beast yet, or the shadie woods, or rocks excessive hie,  
Keepe safe; or our unwieldie fates (that even in hunters sway)  
Barre them, the poore beasts pulling downe; when straight the clamorous  
Cals out a Lion, hugely man'd; and his abhorred view [fray,  
Turnes headlong in unturning flight (though ventrous) all the crew:  
So hitherto the chasing *Greeks*, their slaughter dealt by troupes;  
But, after *Hector* was beheld, range here and there; then stoupes  
The boldest courage; then their heeles, tooke in their dropping harts,  
And then spake *Andremonides*, a man of farre-best parts  
Of all th' *Ætolians*, skild in darts; strenuous in fights of stand;  
And one of whom few of the *Greekes*, could get the better hand,  
(For Rhetorique) when they fought with words; with all which, being wise,  
*Andremonides* to the *Greekes.* Thus spake he to his *Grecian* friends: O mischief! now mine eyes  
Discerne no litle miracle; *Hector* escapt from death,  
And all recoverd, when all thought, his soule had sunke beneath

The hands of *Ajax*: but some God, hath sav'd and freed againe,  
 Him that but now dissolv'd the knees, of many a *Grecian*.  
 And now I feare will weaken more; for not without the hand  
 Of him that thunders, can his powres, thus still the forefights stand;  
 Thus still triumphant: heare me then; our troupes in quicke retreat,  
 Let's draw up to our fleete, and we, that boast our selves, the Great,  
 Stand firme, and trie, if these that raise, so high their charging darts,  
 May be resisted: I beleieve, even this great heart of harts,  
 Will feare, himselfe to be too bold, in charging thorow us.

They easly heard him, and obeyd, when all the generous  
 They cald t' encounter *Hectors* charge, and turn'd the common men  
 Backe to the fleete: and these were they, that bravely furnisht then  
 The fierce forefight; th' *Ajaces* both; the worthy *Cretan* king;  
 The *Mars-like* *Meges*; *Merion*, and *Teucer*. Up then, bring  
 The *Trojan* chiefes, their men in heapes; before whom (amply pac't)  
 Marcht *Hector*; and in front of him, *Apollo*, who had cast  
 About his bright aspect, a cloud; and did before him beare  
*Joves* huge and each-where shaggie shield; which (to containe in feare  
 Offending men) the god-smith gave, to *Jove*; with this he led  
 The *Trojan* forces. The *Greeks* stood; a fervent clamor spred  
 The aire on both sides as they joyn'd; out flew the shafts and darts,  
 Some falling short, but othersome, found butts in breasts and harts.  
 As long as *Phæbus* held but out, his horrid shield, so long  
 The darts flew raging either way, and death grew both wayes strong.  
 But when the *Greeks* had seene his face, and who it was that shooke  
 The bristled targe, knew by his voice; then all their strengths forsooke  
 Their nerves and minds; and then looke how, a goodly herd of Neate,  
 Or wealthy flocke of sheepe, being close, and dreadlesse at their meate,  
 In some blacke midnight, sodainly (and not a keeper neere)  
 A brace of horrid Beares rush in, and then flie here and there  
 The poore affrighted flocks or herds; So every way disperst  
 The heartlesse *Grecians*: so the Sunne, their headstrong chace reverst  
 To headlong flight; and that day raisde, with all grace, *Hectors* head.

*Apolloes sight  
 discomfits the  
 Grecians.*

*Simile.*

*Arcesilaus* then he slue, and *Stichius*; *Stichius* led  
*Bæotias* brazen-coted men: the other was the friend  
 Of mightie-soul'd *Menestheus*. *Æneas* brought to end,  
*Medon*, and *Jasus*; *Medon* was, the brother (though but base)  
 Of swift *Oileades*; and dwelt, farre from his breeding place,  
 In *Phylaca*; the other led, th' Athenian bands: his Sire  
 Was *Spelus*, *Bucolus* his sonne. *Mecistheus* did expire  
 Beneath *Polydamas* his hand. *Polites*, *Echius* slew  
 Just at the joyning of the hosts. *Agenor* overthrew  
*Clonius*. Bold *Deiochus*, felt *Alexanders* lance;  
 It strooke his shoulders upper part, and did his head advance  
 Quite through his brest, as from the fight, he turn'd him for retreat.

While these stood spoiling of the slaine, the *Greeks* found time to get  
 Beyond the dike, and th' undik't pales: all scapes they gladly gain'd,  
 Till all had past the utmost wall; Necessitie so raign'd.

*Hector to his  
souldiers.*

Then *Hector* cried out: Take no spoile, but rush on to the fleete;  
 From whose assault (for spoile, or flight) if any man I meete,  
 He meets his death: nor in the fire, of holy funerall,  
 His brothers or his sisters hands, shall cast (within our wall)  
 His lothed body; but without, the throtes of dogs shall grave  
 His manlesse lims. This said; the scourge, his forward horses drave  
 Through every order; and with him, all whipt their chariots on;  
 All threatningly, out thundering shouts, as earth were overthrowne.

*Apollo leades  
the Trojans.*

Before them marcht *Apollo* still; and, as he marcht, digd downe,  
 (Without all labour) with his feete, the dike; till, with his owne,  
 He fild it to the top; and made, way, both for man and horse,  
 As broade and long, as with a lance (cast out to trie ones force)  
 A man could measure. Into this, they powr'd whole troupes as fast,  
 As numerous: *Phæbus* still, before, for all their hast,  
 Still shaking *Joves* unvailewed shield, and held it up to all.  
 And then, as he had chok't their dike, he tumbl'd downe their wall.  
 And looke how easely any boy, upon the sea-ebd shore,  
 Makes with a litle sand a toy, and cares for it no more;

*A simile, from  
how low things  
it may be taken,  
to expresse the  
highest.*

But as he raisd it childishly, so in his wanton vaine,  
Both with his hands and feete, he puls, and spurnes it downe againe:  
So sleight, O *Phæbus*, thy hands made, of that huge Grecian toile;  
And their late stand, so well resolv'd, as easely mad'st recoile.

Thus stood they driven up at their fleete, where each heard others thought,  
Exhorted: passing humbly prayd: all, all the gods besought,  
(With hands held up to heaven) for helpe; 'mongst all, the good old man,  
Grave *Nestor* (for his counsels cald, the Argives guardian)  
Fell on his aged knees, and prayd; and to the starrie host,  
Stretcht out his hands for ayd to theirs; of all, thus moving most:

O father *Jove*, if ever man, of all our host did burne  
Fat thighes of oxen or of sheepe (for grace of safe returne)  
In fruitfull *Argos*; and obtaind, the bowing of thy head,  
For promise of his humble prayers: O now remember him,  
(Thou meerly heavenly) and cleare up, the foule browes of this dim  
And cruell day; do not destroy, our zeale for *Trojan* pride.  
He prayd, and heavens great Counsellor, with store of thunder tride  
His former grace good; and so heard, the old mans heartie prayres.  
The *Trojans* tooke *Joves* signe for them; and powr'd out their affaires  
In much more violence on the *Greeks*; and thought on nought but fight.

*Nestors prayer  
to Jupiter.*

And as a huge wave of a sea, swolne to his rudest height,  
Breakes over both sides of a ship; being all urg'd by the wind;  
For that's it makes the wave so proud: in such a borne-up kind,  
The *Trojans* overgat the wall; and getting in their horse,  
Fought close at fleete; which now the *Greeks*, ascended for their force.

*Simile.*

Then from their chariots, they with darts; the *Greeks* with bead-hooks fought,  
(Kept still aboard for navall fights) their heads with iron wrought,  
In hookes and pikes. *Achilles* friend, still while he saw the wall  
That stood without their fleete, affoord, employment for them all,  
Was never absent from the tent, of that man-loving *Greeke*,  
Late-hurt *Eurypilus*; but sate, and every way did seeke  
To spend the sharpe time of his wound, with all the ease he could,  
In medicines, and in kind discourse: but when he might behold

*Intending they  
were pufte up by  
Apollo.*

*Patroclus to  
Eurypilus.*

The *Trojans* past the wall; the *Greekes*, flight driven, and all in cries;  
Then cride he out, Cast downe his hands, and beate with grieve his thighes:

Then, O *Eurypilus*, (he cride) now all thy need of me,  
Must beare my absence: now a worke, of more necessitie,  
Cals hence; and I must hast to call, *Achilles* to the field:

Who knowes, but (God assisting me) my words may make him yeeld?  
The motion of a friend is strong. His feete thus tooke him thence.

*A divine simile.*

The rest yet stood their enemies firme; but all their violence  
(Though *Troy* fought there with fewer men) lackt vigor to repell  
Those fewer from their Navies charge; and so, that charge as well  
Lackt force to spoile their fleete, or tents. And as a shipwrights line  
(Disposde by such a hand, as learn'd, from th' Artizan divine,  
The perfect practise of his Art) directs or guards so well  
The navall timber then in frame; that all the layd-on steele,  
Can hew no further then may serve, to give the timber th' end,  
Fore-purposde by the skilfull wright: so both hosts did contend,  
With such a line, or law applide, to what their steele would gaine.

At other ships fought other men, but *Hector* did maintaine  
His quarrell firme at *Ajax* ship; and so did both employ,  
About one vessell, all their toyle: nor could the one destroy  
The ship with fire; nor force the man, nor that man yet get gone  
The other from so neare his ship, for God had brought him on.

*Ajax slaughters  
Caletor.*

But now did *Ajax* with a dart, wound deadly in the brest,  
*Caletor*, sonne of *Clyti*us, as he with fire addrest  
To burne the vessell; as he fell, the brand fell from his hand.

*Hector at Ajax.*

When *Hector* saw his sisters sonne, lie slaughterd in the sand,  
He cald to all his friends, and prayd, they would not in that streight  
Forsake his nephew, but maintaine, about his corse the fight,  
And save it from the spoile of *Greece*. Then sent he out a lance  
At *Ajax*, in his nephewes wreake; which mist, but made the chance

*Hector missing  
Ajax, slayes his  
friend.*

On *Lycophron Mastorides*, that was the houshold friend  
Of *Ajax*, borne in *Cythera*, whom *Ajax* did defend,  
(Being fled to his protection) for killing of a man

Amongst the god-like *Cytherans*: the vengefull Javelin ran  
 Quite through his head, above his eare, as he was standing by  
 His Fautor, then asterne his ship, from whence his soule did flie,  
 And to the earth his body fell: the haire stood up an end  
 On *Ajax*; who to *Teucer* cald, (his brother) saying: Friend,  
 Our loved consort, whom we brought, from *Cythera*; and grac't,  
 So like our father; *Hectors* hand, hath made him breathe his last.  
 Where then are all thy death-borne shafts? and that unvallew'd bow  
*Apollo* gave thee? *Teucer* strait, his brothers thoughts did know,  
 Stood neare him, and dispatcht a shaft, amongst the *Trojan* fight:  
 It strooke *Pysenors* goodly sonne, yong *Clytus*, the delight  
 Of the renowm'd *Polydamas*; the bridle in his hand,  
 As he was labouring his horse, to please the high command  
 Of *Hector*, and his *Trojan* friends; and bring him, where the fight  
 Made greatest tumult. But his strife, for honour in their sight,  
 Wrought not what sight or wishes helpt; for turning backe his looke,  
 The hollow of his necke, the shaft, came singing on, and strooke,  
 And downe he fell; his horses backe, and hurried through the field  
 The emptie chariot. *Panthus* sonne, made all haste, and withheld  
 Their loose carier; disposing them, to *Protiaons* sonne,  
*Astinous*; with speciall charge, to keepe them ever on,  
 And in his sight: so he againe, amongst the foremost went.

At *Hector* then another shaft, incensed *Teucer* sent;  
 Which, had it hit him, sure had hurt; and had it hurt him, slaine;  
 And had it slaine him, it had driven, all those to *Troy* againe.

*Teucer at  
Hector.*

But *Joves* mind was not sleeping now; it wak't to *Hectors* fame,  
 And *Teucers* infamie; himselfe (in *Teucers* deadly aime)  
 His well-wrought string dissevering, that serv'd his bravest bow;  
 His shaft flew quite another way; his bow the earth did strow.  
 At all which, *Teucer* stood amaz'd, and to his brother cride,  
 O prodigie! without all doubt, our Angell doth deride  
 The counsels of our fight; he brake, a string, my hands put on  
 This morning, and was newly made; and well might have set gone

*Jove breakes  
Teucers bow.*

*Teucer to Ajax.*



A hundred arrowes; and beside, he strooke out of my hand  
*Ajax to Teucer.* The bow *Apollo* gave. He sayd, Then (good friend) do not stand  
 More on thy archerie, since God (preventer of all grace,  
 Desir'd by *Grecians*) sleights it so. Take therefore in the place,  
 A good large lance; and on thy necke, a target cast, as bright;  
 With which, come fight thy selfe with some, and othersome excite,  
 That without labour at the least (though we prove worser men)  
*Troy* may not brag it tooke our ships: come, mind our businesse then.

*Teucer changeth  
his armes.*

This said, he hasted to his tent; left there his shafts and bow,  
 And then his double, double shield, did on his shoulders throw;  
 Upon his honor'd head he plac't, his helmet, thickly plum'd;  
 And then his strong, and well pilde lance, in his faire hand assum'd,  
 Return'd, and boldly tooke his place, by his great brothers side.

*Hectors admiration  
of Joves  
breaking Teu-  
cers bow.*

When *Hector* saw his arrowes broke, out to his friends he cride,  
 O friends! be yet more comforted, I saw the hands of *Jove*,  
 Breake the great *Grecian* archers shafts: tis easie to approve,  
 That *Joves* powre is direct with men; as well in those set hie  
 Upon the sodaine, as in those, deprest as sodainly:  
 And those not put in state at all: as now he takes away  
 Strength from the *Greeks*, and gives it us; then use it, and assay  
 With joyn'd hands this approched fleete. If any bravely buy  
 His fame or fate, with wounds or death; in *Joves* name let him die.  
 Who for his country suffers death, sustaines no shamefull thing:  
 His wife in honour shall survive, his progenie shall spring  
 In endlesse summers; and their roofes, with patrimonie swell;  
 And all this, though with all their freight, the Greeke ships we repell.

*Ajax to the  
Greekes.*

His friends thus cheer'd, onth' other part, strong *Ajax* stird his friends:  
 O *Greeks* (said he) what shame is this, that no man more defends,  
 His fame and safetie; then to live, and thus be forc't to shrinke:  
 Now either save your fleet, or die; unlesse ye vainly thinke,  
 That you can live, and they destroyd? perceives not every eare,  
 How *Hector* hartens up his men? and hath his firebrands here,  
 Now ready to enflame our fleet? he doth not bid them dance;

That you may take your ease, and see; but to the fight advance.  
No counsell can serve us but this: to mixe both hands and harts  
And beare up close; tis better much, t' expose our utmost parts  
To one daies certaine life or death; then languish in a warre  
So base as this; beate to our ships, by our inferiours farre.

Thus rowsd he up their spirits and strengths: To work then, both sides went  
When *Hector*, the *Phocensian* Duke, to fields of darknesse sent;  
Fierce *Schedius*, *Perimedes* sonne; which *Ajax* did requite,  
With slaughter of *Laodamas*, that led the foote to fight,  
And was *Antenors* famous sonne. *Polydamas* did end  
*Otus*, surnam'd *Cyllenius*; whom *Phydas* made his friend;  
Being chiefe of the *Epeians* Bands: whose fall, when *Meges* viewd,  
He let flie at his fellers life; who (shrinking-in) eschew'd  
The wel-aym'd lance: *Apollo*s will, denied that *Panthus* sonne  
Should fall amongst the foremost fights; the dart, the mid-brest wonne  
Of *Cræsmus*; *Meges* wonne his armes. At *Meges*, *Dolops* then  
Bestow'd his lance; he was the sonne, of *Lampus*, best of men:  
And *Lampus*, of *Laomedon*, well skild in strength of mind;  
He strooke *Phylides* shield quite through, whose curets, better lin'd  
And hollow'd fitly, sav'd his life: *Phyleus* left him them,  
Who from *Epirus* brought them home; on that part where the streame  
Of famous *Seléés* doth runne; *Euphetes* did bestow  
(Being guest with him) those wel-prov'd armes, to weare against the foe,  
And now they sav'd his sonne from death. At *Dolops*, *Meges* threw  
A speare well pilde; that strooke his caske, full in the height; off flew  
His purple feather, newly made; and in the dust it fell.

While these thus striv'd for victorie; and eithers hope serv'd well;  
*Atrides* came to *Meges* aide; and (hidden with his side)  
Let loose a javelin at his foe, that through his backe implied  
His lustie head, even past his breast; the ground receiv'd his weight.

While these made-in, to spoyle his armes; great *Hector* did excite,  
All his allies to quicke revenge; and first he wrought upon  
Strong *Menalippus* (that was sonne, to great *Hycetaon*)

With some reproofe. Before these warres, he in *Percote* fed  
 Cloven-footed Oxen; but did since, returne where he was bred;  
 Exceld amongst the *Ilians*, was much of *Priam* lov'd;  
 And in his court kept, as his sonne; him *Hector* thus reprov'd.

*Hector to  
 Menalippus.*

Thus *Menalippus*, shall our blood, accuse us of neglect?  
 Nor moves it thy lov'd heart (thus urg'd) thy kinsman to protect?  
 Seest thou not, how they seeke his spoyle? Come, follow; now no more  
 Our fight must stand at length, but close: nor leave the close, before  
 We close the latest eye of them; or they, the lowest stone  
 Teare up, and sacke the citicens, of loftie *Ilion*.

*Ajax to his soul-  
 diers, in imita-  
 tion of Aga-  
 memnon, ob-  
 served by him  
 before, using the  
 same words.*

He led; he followd like a god: and then must *Ajax* needs  
 (As well as *Hector*) cheare his men; and thus their spirits he feeds:  
 Good friends bring but your selves to feele, the noble stings of shame,  
 For what ye suffer, and be men: respect each others fame;  
 For which, who strives, in shames fit feare; and puts on neare so farre,  
 Comes oftner off, then sticke engag'd: these fugitives of warre,  
 Save neither life, nor get renowne; nor beare more minds then sheepe.

*Menelaus to  
 Antilochus.*

This short speech fir'd them in his aide, his spirit toucht them deepe;  
 And turn'd them all before the fleet, into a wall of brasse:  
 To whose assault, *Jove* stird their foes: and young *Atrides* was  
*Joves* instrument; who thus set on, the yong *Antilochus*:  
*Antilochus*, in all our host, there is not one of us  
 More yong then thou; more swift of foote; nor (with both those) so strong.  
 O would thou wouldst then (for thou canst) one of this lustie throng,  
 That thus comes skipping out before, (whoever, any where)  
 Make sticke (for my sake) twixt both hosts, and leave his bold blood there.

*Antilochus  
 slaughters  
 Menalippus.*

He said no sooner, and retir'd; but forth he rusht, before  
 The foremost fighters, yet his eye, did every way explore  
 For doubt of ods; out flew his lance: the *Trojans* did abstaine  
 While he was darting; yet his dart, he cast not off in vaine:  
 For *Menalippus* (that rare sonne) of great *Hycetaon*;  
 (As bravely he put foorth to fight) it fiercely flew upon;  
 And, at the nipple of his breast, his breast, and life did part.

And then, much like an eager hound, cast off at some yong Hart,  
 Hurt by the hunter; that had left, his covert then, but new,  
 The great-in-warre-*Antilochus*, (*O Menalippus*) flew  
 On thy torne bosome, for thy spoyle. But thy death could not lie  
 Hid to great *Hector*; who all haste, made to thee, and made flie  
*Antilochus*; although in warre, he were at all parts skild:  
 But as some wild beast, having done, some shrewd turne, (either kild  
 The heardsman, or the heardsman dogge,) and skulks away before  
 The gatherd multitude makes in: so *Nestors* sonne forbore,  
 But after him, with horrid cries, both *Hector* and the rest  
 Showres of teare-thirstie lances powr'd; who having arm'd his brest  
 With all his friends, he turn'd it then. Then on the ships, all *Troy*,  
 Like raw-flesh-nourisht Lions rusht, and knew they did imploy  
 Their powres to perfect *Joves* high will; who still their spirits enflam'd,  
 And quencht the *Grecians*; one, renownd; the other, often sham'd;  
 For *Hectors* glorie still he stood; and ever went about,  
 To make him cast the fleet such fire, as never should go out;  
 Heard *Thetis* foule petition; and wisht, in any wise,  
 The splendor of the burning ships, might satiate his eyes.  
 From him yet, the repulse was then, to be on *Troy* conferd,  
 The honor of it given the *Greeks*; which (thinking on) he stird  
 (With such addition of his spirit) the spirit *Hector* bore,  
 To burne the fleet; that of it selfe, was hote enough before.  
 But now he far'd like *Mars* himselfe, so brandishing his lance;  
 As through the deepe shades of a wood, a raging fire should glance;  
 Held up to all eyes by a hill; about his lips, a fume  
 Stood; as when th' *Ocean* is enrag'd; his eyes were overcome  
 With fervour, and resembl'd flames; set off, by his darke browes:  
 And from his temples, his bright helme, abhorred lightnings throwes.  
 For *Jove*, from foorth the sphere of starres, to his state, put his owne;  
 And all the blaze of both the hosts, confin'd, in him alone.  
 And all this was, since after this, he had not long to live;  
 This lightning flew before his death: which *Pallas* was to give,

*Simile.*

*A Simile suiting  
the other before  
to the life.*

THE WARRIORS OF THE ILLIAD.

*Hectors hor-  
rible appar-  
ance.*

(A small time thence, and now prepar'd) beneath the violence  
 Of great *Pelides*. In meane time, his present eminence,  
 Thought all things under it: and he, still where he saw the stands  
 Of greatest strength, and bravest arm'd, there he would prove his hands:  
 Or no where; offering to breake through. But that past all his powre,  
 Although his will, were past all theirs; they stood him like a towre  
 Conjoynd so firme: that as a rocke, exceeding high and great;  
 And standing neare the hoarie sea, beares many a boisterous threate  
 Of high-voic't winds, and billowes huge, belcht on it by the stormes;  
 So stood the *Greeks* great *Hectors* charge, nor stird their battellous formes.

*Simile.* He (guirt in fire, borne for the fleet) still rusht at every troope;  
 And fell upon it like a wave, high raisd, that then doth stoope  
 Out from the clouds; grows as it stoops, with stormes; then downe doth come  
 And cuffe a ship; when all her sides, are hid in brackish fome;  
 Strong gales still raging in her sailes; her sailers minds dismaid,  
 Death being but little from their lives: so *Jove*-like *Hector* fraid,  
 And plyde the *Greeks*; who knew not what, would chance, for all their guards.

*Simile.* And as the banefull king of beasts, leapt in to Oxen heards,  
 Fed in the meddowes of a fenne, exceeding great; the beasts  
 In number infinite; mongst whom, (their heardsmen wanting breasts  
 To fight with Lions, for the price, of a blacke Oxes life,)  
 He here, and there jumps; first, and last, in his bloodthirstie strife,  
 Chac't and assaulted; and at length, downe in the midst goes one,  
 And all the rest, sperst through the fenne: so now, all *Greece* was gone.  
 So *Hector* (in a flight from heaven, upon the *Grecians* cast)  
 Turnd all their backs; yet onely one, his deadly lance laid fast:  
 Brave *Mycenæus Periphes*, *Cypræus* dearest sonne;  
 Who, of the heavens-Queene-lov'd-king, (great *Eurystheus*) wonne  
 The grace, to greet in Ambassie, the strength of *Hercules*,  
 Was farre superiour to his sire; in feete, fight, noblenes  
 Of all the vertues; and all those, did such a wisdom guide,  
 As all *Mycena* could not match: and this man dignified,  
 (Stil making greater his renowne) the state of *Priams* sonne.

For his unhappie hastie foote, as he addrest to runne,  
 Stucke in th' extreme ring of his shield, that to his ankles reacht;  
 And downe he upwards fell, his fall, up from the center fetcht  
 A huge sound, with his head, and helme; which *Hector* quickly spide;  
 Ranne in, and in his worthy breast, his lances head did hide;  
 And slue about him all his friends, who could not give him aide:  
 They griev'd; and of his god-like foe, fled so extreme afraid.

And now, amongst the nearest ships, that first were drawne to shore,  
 The *Greeks* were driven; beneath whose sides, behind them, and before;  
 And into them they powr'd themselves, and thence were driven againe  
 Up to their tents, and there they stood: not daring to maintaine  
 Their guards more outward; but betwixt, the bounds of *Feare* and *Shame*,  
 Chear'd still each other; when th' old man, that of the *Grecian* name,  
 Was cald the pillar; every man, thus by his parents praid:

O friends, be men, and in your minds, let others shames be weigh'd; *Nestor to the  
Greekes.*  
 Know you have friends besides your selves; possessions, parents, wives;  
 As well those that are dead to you, as those ye love with lives;  
 All sharing still their good, or bad, with yours: by these I pray,  
 That are not present (and the more, should therefore make ye wey  
 Their misse of you, as yours of them) that you will bravely stand  
 And this forc't flight, you have sustain'd, at length yet countermand.

Supplies of good words, thus supplide, the deeds and spirits of all;  
 And so, at last *Minerva* clear'd, the cloud that *Jove* let fall  
 Before their eyes: a mightie light, flew beaming every way;  
 As well about their ships, as where, their darts did hottest play:  
 Then saw they *Hector* great in armes, and his associates;  
 As well all those, that then abstaind, as those that helpt the fates;  
 And all their owne fight at the fleete. Nor did it now content  
*Ajax*, to keepe downe like the rest; he, up the hatches went,  
 Stalkt here and there; and in his hand, a huge great beadhooke held,  
 Twelve cubits long, and full of Iron; And as a man well skild  
 In horse, made to the martiall race; when, (of a number more)  
 He chuseth foure, and brings them foorth, to runne them all before

*Minerva clears  
the darknes jove  
powred on the  
Grecian armie.*

*A simile of Ajax  
managing the  
fight at the fleete.*

Swarmes of admiring citizens, amids their townes high-way;  
 And (in their full carier) he leapes, from one, to one; no stay  
 Enforc't on any; nor failes he, in either seate or leape:  
 So *Ajax* with his beadhooke leapt, nimbly from ship to ship,  
 As actively, commanding all; them in their men, as well  
 As men in them: most terribly, exhorting to repell;  
 To save their navie, and their tents. But *Hector* nothing needs  
 To stand on exhortations now, at home; he strives for deeds.

*Simile of Hector.* And looke how *Joves* great Queene of birds, (sharpe set) lookes out for prey;  
 Knowes floods that nourish wild-wing'd fowles, and (from her airie way)  
 Beholds where Cranes, Swans, Cormorands, have made their foody fall;  
 Darkens the river with her wings, and stoopes amongst them all:  
 So *Hector* flew amongst the *Greekes*, directing his command  
 (In chiefe) against one opposite ship; *Jove* with a mightie hand  
 Still backing him, and all his men: and then againe there grew,  
 A bitter conflict at the fleet; you would have said, none drew  
 A wearie breath, nor ever would; they layd so freshly on:  
 And this was it that fir'd them both; the *Greeks* did build upon  
 No hope, but what the field would yeeld; flight, an impossible course.  
 The *Trojans* all hope entertaind, that sword, and fire should force  
 Both ships, and lives, of all the *Greekes*; and thus, unlike affects  
 Bred like strenuitie in both. Great *Hector* still directs  
 His powres against the first neare ship. T was that faire barke that brought  
*Protesilaus* to those warres; and now, her selfe to nought,  
 With many *Greeke* and *Trojan* lives; all spoyle about her spoyle:  
 One slue another desperately; and close the deadly toyle  
 Was pitcht on both parts: not a shaft, nor farre-of striking dart,  
 Was usde through all: one fight fell out, of one despitefull hart;  
 Sharpe axes, twibils, two-hand swords, and speares with two heads borne,  
 Were then the weapons; faire short swords, with sanguine hilts still worne,  
 Had use in like sort; of which last, ye might have numbers view'd,  
 Drop with dissolv'd armes from their hands; as many downright hew'd  
 From off their shoulders as they fought, their bawdricks cut in twaine:

And thus the blacke blood flow'd on earth, from souldiershurt and slaine.

When *Hector* once had seisd the ship, he clapt his faire brode hand  
Fast on the sterne, and held it there; and there gave this command:

*Hector seising  
Protesilaus ship,  
to the Trojans.*

Bring fire, and altogether showt; now *Jove* hath drawne the veile  
From such a day, as makes amends, for all his stormes of haile:  
By whose blest light, we take those ships, that in despite of heaven  
Tooke sea, and brought us worlds of woe: all, since our Peeres were given  
To such a lasinesse and feare; they would not let me end  
Our lingring banes; and charge thus home; but keepe home, and defend.  
And so they rul'd the men I led; but though *Jove* then withheld  
My naturall spirit: now by *Jove*, tis freed; and thus impeld.

This more inflam'd them; in so much, that *Ajax* now, no more,  
Kept up, he was so drownd in darts; a little he forbore  
The hatches, to a seate beneath, of seven foote long; but thought  
It was impossible to scape; he sate yet, where he fought,  
And hurld out lances thicke as haile, at all men that assaid  
To fire the ship; with whom he found, his hands so overlaid,  
That on his souldiers thus he cryed: O friends, fight I alone?  
Expect ye more wals at your backes? townes rampir'd, here are none;  
No citizens to take ye in; no helpe in any kind;  
We are, I tell you, in *Troys* fields; have nought but seas behind,  
And foes before; farre, farre, from *Greece*; for shame, obey commands;  
There is no mercie in the warres; your healthes lie in your hands.

*Ajax forced to  
witharaw him-  
selfe from the  
fight.*

Thus rag'd he, and powr'd out his darts: who ever he espied  
Come neare the vessell, arm'd with fire, on his fierce dart he died;  
All that pleasd *Hector*, made him mad: all, that his thanks woulderne;  
Of which twelve men, his most resolv'd, lay dead before his sterne.



## COMMENTARIUS.

*\*I must here be enforced (for your easier examination) of a simile before, to cite the originall words of it; which of all Homers translators and commentators have bene most grosly mistaken; his whole intent and sence in it, utterly falsified. The simile illustrates the manner of Junos parting from Jove, being commanded by him to a businesse so abhorring from her will, is this:*

ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἄν αἰξή νόος ἀνέρος, ὃς τ' ἐπὶ πολλήν  
Γαῖαν ἐληλουθῶς, φρεσὶ πευκαλίμῃσι νοήσῃ  
Ἐνθ' εἴην, ἧ ἔνθα, μενοινήσειέ τε πολλά.  
ὥς κραίπνῳς μεμαυῖα διέπτατο πτόνεια Ἥρη.

*Which is thus converted ad verbum by Spondanus:*

Sicut autem quando discurrit mens viri, qui per multam  
Terram profectus, mentibus prudentibus considerarit,  
Huc i veram vel illuc, cogitaritque multa;  
Sic cito properans pervolavit veneranda Juno.

*Which Lauren. Valla in prose thus translates.*

Subvolavit Juno in cœlum, eadem festinatione, ac celeritate, qua  
mens prudentis hominis, & qui multum terrarum peragravit,  
recursat, cum multa sibi agenda instant, huc se conferat an  
illuc.

*Eobanus Hessus in verse thus:*

Tam subito, quam sana viri mens plura scientis,  
Quique peragrarit vastæ loca plurima terræ,  
Multa movens animo, nunc huc, nunc avolat illuc.

*To this purpose likewise the Italian and French copies have it. All understanding Homers intent was (as by the speedinesse of a mans thought or mind) to illustrate Junos swiftnesse in hasting about the commandment of Jupiter, which was utterly otherwise: viz. to shew the distraction of Junos mind, in going against her will, and in her despite about Joves commandment, which all the history before, in her inveterate and inflexible grudge to do any*

thing for the good of the Trojans, confirmeth without question. Besides, her morositie, and solemne apparance amongst the gods and goddesses, (which Themis notes in her lookes) shewes, if she went willingly, much lesse swiftly about that busines. Nor can the illustration of swiftnes be Homers end in this simile, because he makes the mans mind, to which he resembles her going, stagger; inclining him to go this way, and that; not resolved which way to go: which very poorely expresseth swiftnesse, and as properly agrees with the propertie of a wise man; when he hath undertaken, and gone farre in a journey, not to know whether he should go forward or backward. Let us therefore examine the originall words.

ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἀναΐξῃ νόος ὃς ἐπὶ πολλήν  
Γαῖαν ἐληλουθώς, &c.

Sicut vero quando discurrit vel prorumpit; vel cum impetu exurgit mens viri, ἀναΐσσω signifying ruo, prorumpo, vel cum impetu exurgo: as having travelled farre on an yrkesome journey (as Juno had done for the Greekes; faining to Jove and Venus, she was going to visite πολυφόρβου πείρατα γαίης, multa nutrientes fines terræ,) and then knowes not whether he should go backward or forward, sustaines a vehement discourse with himselfe, on what course to resolve: and vext in mind, (which the words φρεσὶ πευκάλιμησι, expresse: being to be understood mentibus amaris, vexatis, or distractis: with a spitefull, sorrowfull, vext, or distracted mind: not mentibus prudentibus, as all most unwisely in this place convert it: though in other places it intimates so much. But here the other holds congruence with the rest of the simile; from which in the wise sence it abhorres: πευκάλιμος signifying amarus more properly then prudens; being translated prudens meerely metaphorically, according to the second deduction; where here it is used more properly according to the first deduction: which is taken from πεύκη the Larcher tree, whose gumme is exceeding bitter; and because things irkesome and bitter, (as afflictions, crosses, &c.) are meanes to make men wise, and take heede by others harmes: therefore according to the second deduction, πευκάλιμος is taken for cautus or prudens. But now, that the ἀπόδοσις or application seemes to make with their sence of swiftnesse,

*the words ὥς κραίπνός μεμαυῖα, being translated by them sic cito properans; it is thus to be turned in this place, sic rapide & impetu pulsa, so snatchingly or headlongly driven, flew Juno. As we often see with a clap of thunder, Doves or other fowles driven headlong from their seates, not in direct flight; but as they would breake their neckes with a kind of reeling: μαιμᾶν being derived of μαίω or μαιμάω signifying impetu ferri, vel furibundo impetu ferri: all which most aptly agreeth with Junos enforced and wrathfull parting from Jove, and doing his charge distractedly. This for me; if another can give better, let him shew it, and take it. But in infinite other places is this divine Poet thus prophaned; which for the extreme labour I cannot yett touch at.*

*<sup>b</sup> Ἀργαλέον, &c, Difficile est, it is a hard thing (saith Minerva to Mars, when she answers his anger for the slaughter of his sonne Ascalaphus) for Jove to deliver the generation and birth of all men from death; which Commentors thus understand; There were some men that never died; as Tython the husband of Aurora, Chyron, Glaucus made a sea god, &c. and in holy Writ (as Spondanus pleaseth to mixe them) Enoc and Elias: but because these few were freed from death, Mars must not looke that all others were. But this interpretation (I thinke) will appeare to all men at first sight, both ridiculous and prophane. Homer making Minerva onely jest at Mars here, (as she doth in other places) bidding him not storme that his sonne should be slaine more then better borne, stronger, and worthier men; for Jove should have enough to do (or it were hard for Jove) to free all men from Death that are unwilling to die. This mine, with the rest: the other others; accept which you please.*

The end of the fifteenth Booke.

# THE SIXTEENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADS

## THE ARGUMENT.

**A**CHILLES, at Patroclus suite, doth yeeld  
*His armes, and Myrmidons; which brought to field,*  
*The Trojans flie. Patroclus hath the grace*  
*Of great Sarpedons death, sprong of the race*  
*Of Jupiter; he having slaine the horse*  
*Of Thetis sonne, ( fierce Pedasus, ) the force*  
*Of Hector doth revenge, the much-ru'd end*  
*Of most renown'd Sarpedon, on the friend*  
*Of Thetides; first, by Euphorbus, harm'd*  
*And by Apollos personall powre disarm'd.*

## ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

*In πī, Patroclus beares the chance*  
*Of death, imposd by Hectors lance.*

THE SIXTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS



T HUS FIGHTING FOR THIS WELL-BUILT SHIP;  
PATROCLUS ALL THAT SPACE  
STOOD BY HIS FRIEND, PREPARING WORDS,  
TO WIN THE GREEKS HIS GRACE

With powre of uncontained teares: and (like a fountaine pour'd  
In blacke streams, from a lofty rocke) the *Greeks*, so plagu'd, deplor'd.

*Achilles* (ruthfull for his teares) said: Wherefore weepes my friend

*Achilles chides  
Patroclus for  
his teares.*

So like a girle, who, though she sees, her mother cannot tend  
Her childish humours, hangs on her, and would be taken up;  
Stil viewing her, with teare-drownd eyes, when she hath made her stoope.

To nothing liker, I can shape, thy so unseemely teares;

What causeth them? hath any ill, sollicitd thine eares,

Befalne my *Myrmidons*? or newes, from loved *Phthia* brought,

Told onely thee? lest I should grieve, and therefore thus hath wrought

On thy kind spirit? *Actors* sonne, the good *Menætius*,

(Thy father) lives; and *Peleus* (mine) great sonne of *Æacus*,

Amongst his *Myrmidons*; whose deaths, in dutie we should mourne.

Or is it what the *Greeks* sustaine, that doth thy stomacke turne?

On whom (for their injustice sake) plagues are so justly laide?

Speake man, let both know eithers heart. *Patroclus* (sighing said)

O *Peleus* sonne, (thou strongest *Greeke*, by all degrees, that lives)

*Patroclus an-  
swer to Achilles.*

Still be not angrie; our sad state, such cause of pittie gives.

Our greatest *Greeks* lie at their ships, sore wounded; *Ithachus*,

King *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*, and good *Eurypilus*:

But these, much-medicine-knowing men (*Physitions*) can recure;

Thou yet unmedcinable still; though thy wound, all endure.

Heaven blesse my bosome from such wrath, as thou sooth'st as thy blisse,

(Unprofitably vertuous) How shall our progenies,

Borne in thine age, enjoy thine aide? when these friends in thy flowre

Thou leav'st to such unworthy death? O idle, cruell powre;

Great *Peleus* never did beget, nor *Thetis*, bring foorth thee;

Thou, from the blew sea, and her rockes, deriv'st thy pedegree.

What so declines thee? If thy mind, shuns any augurie,

Related by thy mother Queene, from heavens foreseeing eye,

And therefore thou forsak'st thy friend; let me go ease their mones

*Achilles to  
Patroclus.*

With those brave reliques of our host, thy mightie *Myrmidons*;  
That I may bring to field more light, to *Conquest* then hath bene;  
To which end grace me with thine armes, since any shadow seene  
Of thy resemblance; all the powre, of perjur'd *Troy* will flie,  
And our so tired friends will breathe: our fresh-set-on supplie  
Will easily drive their wearied off. Thus (foolish man) he su'd  
For his sure death; of all whose speech, *Achilles* first renu'd  
The last part, thus: O worthy friend, what have thy speeches bene?

I shun the fight for Oracles? or what my mother Queene  
Hath told from *Jove*? I take no care, nor note of one such thing;  
But this fit anger stings me still, that the insulting king,  
Should from his equall take his right; since he exceeds in powre.  
This, (still his wrong) is still my griefe; he tooke my Paramour  
That all men gave: and whom I wonne, by vertue of my speare,  
That (for her) overturn'd a Towne. This rape he made of her,  
And usde me like a fugitive; an Inmate in a towne,  
That is no citie libertine, nor capable of their gowne.  
But, beare we this, as out of date; tis past, nor must we still  
Feed anger in our noblest parts; yet thus, I have my will  
As well as our great king of men; for I did ever vow,  
Never to cast off my disdain, till (as it fals out now)  
Their misse of me, knockt at my fleet; and told me in their cries,  
I was reveng'd, and had my wish, of all my enemies.  
And so of this repeate enough: Take thou, my fame-blaz'd armes,  
And my fight-thirstie *Myrmidons*, leade to these hote alarmes.  
Whole clouds of *Trojans* circle us, with hatefull eminence:  
The *Greeks* shut in a little shore; a sort of citizens  
Skipping upon them: all because, their proud eyes do not see  
The radiance of my helmet there, whose beames had instantly  
Thrust backe, and all these ditches fild, with carrion of their flesh,  
If *Agamemnon* had bene kind: where now, they fight as fresh,  
As thus farre they had put at ease; and at our tents contend.  
And may; for the repulsive hand, of *Diomed*, doth not spend

His raging darts there, that their *Death*, could fright out of our fleet:  
 Nor from that head of enmitie, can my poore hearers meet  
 The voice of great *Atrides* now: now *Hectors* onely voyce,  
 Breakes all the aire, about both hosts; and with the very noise,  
 Bred by his lowd encouragements, his forces fill the field,  
 And fight the poore *Achaians* downe. But on; put thou my shield  
 Betwixt the fire-plague and our fleet: rush bravely on, and turne  
 Warres tide as headlong on their throtes. No more let them ajourne  
 Our sweet-home-turning; but observe, the charge I lay on thee  
 To each least point, that thy rul'd hand, may highly honour me;  
 And get such glorie from the *Greeks*, that they may send againe  
 My most sweet wench, and gifts to boote; when thou hast cast a raine  
 On these so head-strong citizens, and forc't them from our fleet.  
 With which grace, if the god of sounds, thy kind egression greet;  
 Retire, and be not tempted on (with pride, to see thy hand  
 Raine slaughterd carkasses on earth) to runne forth thy command  
 As farre as *Ilion*; lest the gods, that favour *Troy*, come forth  
 To thy encounter; for the *Sunne*, much loves it; and my worth  
 (In what thou suffer'st) will be wrong'd, that I would let my friend  
 Assume an action of such weight, without me; and transcend  
 His friends prescription; do not then, affect a further fight,  
 Then I may strengthen: let the rest, (when thou hast done this right)  
 Performe the rest. <sup>a</sup> O would to *Jove*, thou *Pallas*, and thou *Sunne*,  
 That not a man housd underneath, those towres of *Ilion*,  
 Nor any one of all the *Greeks*, (how infinite a summe  
 Soever, altogether make) might live unovercome:  
 But onely we two (scaping death) might have the thundring downe  
 Of every stone, stucke in the wals, of this so sacred towne.

*Jupiter called  
 the god of sounds  
 for the chiefe  
 sound his thun-  
 der.*

Thus spake they onely twixt themselves. And now the foe no more  
 Could *Ajax* stand, being so opprest, with all the iron store  
 The *Trojans* powr'd on; with whose darts, and with *Joves* will beside,  
 His powres were cloyd, and his bright helme, did deafning blowes abide;  
 His plume, and all head ornaments, coul'd never hang in rest:



His arme yet laboured up his shield; and, having done their best,  
 They could not stirre him from his stand; although he wrought it out  
 With short respirings, and with sweate; that ceaslesse flow'd about  
 His reeking lims: no least time given, to take in any breath;  
 Ill strengthned ill; when one was up, another was beneath.

Now *Muses*, you that dwell in heaven, the dreadfull meane inspire  
 That first enforc't the *Grecian* fleete, to take in *Trojan* fire:  
 First *Hector* with his huge brode sword, cut off, at setting on,  
 The head of *Ajax* Ashen lance; which *Ajax* seeing gone;  
 And that he shooke a headlesse speare (a little while unware)  
 His warie spirits told him straight, the hand of heaven was there,  
 And trembl'd under his conceipt; which was, <sup>b</sup> that twas *Joves* deed:  
 Who, as he pold off his darts heads; so, sure he had decreed,  
 That all the counsels of their warre, he would polle off like it,  
 And give the *Trojans* victorie: so, trusted he his wit,  
 And left his darts. And then the ship, was heapt with horrid brands  
 Of kindling fire; which instantly, was seene through all the strands,  
 In unextinguishible flames, that all the ship embrac't:  
 And then *Achilles* beate his thighes; cryed out, *Patroclus*, haste,  
 Make way with horse; I see at fleet, a fire of fearfull rage:  
 Arme, arme, lest all our fleet it fire, and all our powre engage;  
 Arme quickly, Ile bring up the troopes. To these so dreadfull warres  
*Patroclus*, in *Achilles* armes, (enlightned all with starres,  
 And richly ameld) all haste made: he wore his sword, his shield,  
 His huge-plum'd helme; and two such speares, as he could nimbly wield.  
 But the most fam'd *Achilles* speare, big, solid, full of weight,  
 He onely left, of all his armes; for that, farre past the might  
 Of any *Greeke* to shake, but his; *Achilles* onely ire  
 Shooke that huge weapon; that was given, by *Chyron* to his sire,  
 Cut from the top of *Pelion*, to be Heroes deaths.

*Automedon*  
 friend to *Patro-*  
*clus*, and mana-  
 ger of *Achilles*  
 horses.

His steeds, *Automedon* straight joyn'd; like whom no man that breaths  
 (Next *Peleus* sonne) *Patroclus* lov'd; for like him, none so great  
 He found, in faith, at every fight, nor to out-looke a threat:

*Automedon* did therefore guide (for him) *Achilles* steeds,  
 (*Xanthus*, and *Balius* swift as wind) begotten by the seeds  
 Of *Zephyr*, and the *Harpie* borne, *Pordarge*; in a meade  
 Close to the wavie *Ocean*, where that fierce *Harpye* feade.  
*Automedon* joyn'd these before, and with the hindmost geres  
 He fastn'd famous *Pedasmus*, whom, from the massakers  
 Made by *Achilles*, when he tooke, *Eetions* wealthie towne,  
 He brought; and (though of mortall race) yet gave him the renowne  
 To follow his immortall horse. And now, before his tents,  
 Himselfe had seene his *Myrmidons*, in all habiliments  
 Of dreadfull warre: And when ye see (upon a mountaine bred)  
 A den of Wolves, (about whose hearts, unmeasur'd strengths are fed)  
 New come from currie of a Stagge; their jawes all blood-besmeard;  
 And when from some blacke water-fount, they altogether herd;  
 There having plentifully lapt, with thin, and thrust out tongs,  
 The top and clearest of the spring; go belching from their lungs  
 The clotterd gore; looke dreadfully, and entertaine no dread,  
 Their bellies gaunt; all taken up, with being so rawly fed:  
 Then say, that such, in strength, and looke, were great *Achilles* men,  
 Now orderd for the dreadfull fight: and so with all them then  
 Their Princes, and their Chiefes did show, about their Generals friend;  
 His friend, and all, about himselfe: who chiefly did intend  
 Th'embattelling of horse, and foote. To that siege, held so long,  
 Twise five and twenty saile he brought; twice five and twentie strong  
 Of able men, was every saile: five Colonels he made  
 Of all those forces, trustie men; and all of powre to leade,  
 But he, of powre, beyond them all. *Menesthius* was one,  
 That ever wore discolour'd armes; he was a rivers sonne  
 That fell from heaven, and good to drinke, was his delightfull streame:  
 His name, unwearied *Sperchius*; he lov'd the lovely dame  
 Faire *Polydora*, *Peleus* seed; and deare in *Borus* sight,  
 And she, to that celestiall flood, gave this *Menesthius* light:  
 A woman, mixing with a god. Yet *Borus* bore the name

*A simile most  
 lively expres-  
 sive.*

*The powers  
 Achilles brought  
 to Troy.*

Of father to *Menesthius*: he marrying the dame,  
 And giving her a mightie dowre; he was the kind descent  
 Of *Perieris*. The next man, renown'd with regiment,  
 Was strong *Eudorus*; brought to life, by one supposd a maide;  
 Bright *Polymela* (*Phylas* seed;) but had the wanton plaid,  
 With *Argus*-killing *Mercurie*; who (fir'd with her faire eyes  
 As she was singing in the quire, of her that makes the cries  
 In clamorous hunting, and doth beare, the crooked bow of gold)  
 Stole to her bed, in that chaste roome, that *Phebe* chast did hold;  
 And gave her that swift-warrelicke sonne, (*Eudorus*) brought to light  
 As she was dancing: but as soone, as she that rules the plight  
 Of labouring women, easd her throwes; and shew'd her sonne the Sunne,  
 Strong *Echeclæus*, *Actors* heire; woo'd earnestly, and wonne  
 Her second favour, fecing her, with gifts of infinite prise;  
 And after brought her to his house; where, in his grandsires eyes,  
 (Old *Phylas*) *Polymelas* sonne, obtaind exceeding grace,  
 And found as carefull bringing up, as of his naturall race  
 He had descended. The third chiefe, was faire *Memalides*  
*Pysandrus*; who in skill of darts, obtaind supremest praise  
 Of all the *Myrmidons*, except, their Lords companion.  
 The fourth charge aged *Phanix* had. The fifth, *Alcimedon*,  
 Sonne of *Laercus*, and much fam'd. All these digested thus  
 In fit place, by the mightie sonne, of royall *Peleus*;  
 This sterne remembrance he gave all: You *Myrmidons*, (said he)  
 Lest any of you should forget, his threatnings usde to me  
 In this place; and through all the time, that my just anger raign'd;  
 Attempting me with bitter words, for being so restrain'd  
 (For my hote humour) from the fight: remember them, as these:  
 Thou cruell sonne of *Peleus*, whom she that rules the seas,  
 Did onely nourish with her gall; thou dost ungently hold  
 Our hands, against our wills, from fight; we will not be controld;  
 But take our ships and saile for home; before we loyter here,  
 And feed thy furie. These high words, exceeding often were

*Eudorus borne  
 as Polymela his  
 mother was  
 dancing.*

*Memalides the  
 third Collonell,*

*Phanix the  
 fourth.  
 Alcimedon the  
 ffith.*

*Achilles to his  
 Myrmidons.*

The threatens, that in your mutinous troopes, ye usde to me, for wrath  
To be detain'd so from the field: now then, your splenes may bath  
In sweate of those great works ye wisht; now he that can employ  
A generous heart, go fight, and fright, these bragging sonnes of *Troy*.

This set their minds, and strengths on fire; the speech enforcing well,  
Being usde in time; but being their kings, it much more did impell;  
And closer rusht-in all the troopes. And, as for buildings hie, *Simile.*  
The Mazon layes his stones more thicke, against th' extremitie  
Of wind and weather; and even then, if any storme arise,  
He thickens them the more for that; the present act so plies  
His honest mind to make sure worke. So, for the high estate  
This worke was brought to, these mens minds, (according to the rate)  
Were rais'd, and all their bodies joyn'd: but their well-spoken king,  
With his so timely-thought-on speech, more sharpe made valours sting;  
And thicken'd so their targets bost; so all their helmets then;  
That shields propt shields; helmes helmets knockt, and men encourag'd men.

*Patroclus*, and *Automedon*, did arme before them all  
Two bodies, with one mind inform'd; and then the Generall,  
Betooke him to his private Tent, where (from a coffer wrought  
Most rich and curiously; and given, by *Thetis*, to be brought  
In his owne ship, top-fill'd with vests; warme robes to checke cold wind;  
And tapistries, all golden fring'd, and curl'd with thrumbs behind:  
He tooke a most unvailew'd boule, in which none dranke but he;  
Nor he, but to the deities; nor any deitie,  
But *Jove* himselfe was serv'd with that; and that he first did clense  
With sulphure, then with fluences, of sweetest water rene.  
Then washt his hands, and drew himselfe, a mightie boule of wine;  
Which (standing midst the place enclosde, for services divine,  
And looking up to heaven and *Jove*, who saw him well) he pour'd  
Upon the place of sacrifice, and humbly thus implor'd:

Great *Dodonaus*, President, of cold *Dodonaes* towres;  
Divine *Pelagicus*, that dwell'st, farre hence; about whose bowres  
Th'austere prophetique *Selli* dwell, that still sleepe on the ground,

*Patroclus and  
Automedon  
arme together.*

*Achilles sacrifice  
for his friends  
safe returne.*

*Achilles invo-  
cation.*

Go bare, and never clense their feete: as I before have found  
 Grace to my vowes, and hurt to *Greece*, so now my prayres intend.  
 I still stay in the gatherd fleete, but have dismiss my friend  
 Amongst my many *Myrmidons*, to danger of the dart.  
 O grant his valour my renowne; arme with my mind his hart,  
 That *Hectors* selfe may know, my friend, can worke in single warre;  
 And not then onely shew his hands, so hote and singular,  
 When my kind presence seconds him: but, fight he nere so well;  
 No further let him trust his fight: but when he shall repell  
 Clamor and Danger from our fleete, vouchsafe a safe retreat  
 To him and all his companies, with fames and armes compleate.

He prayd, and heavens great Counsellor, gave satisfying eare,  
 To one part of his orisons, but left the other there:  
 He let him free the fleete of foes, but safe retreat denide.

*Achilles* left that utter part, where he his zeale applide;  
 And turn'd into his inner tent; made fast his cup; and then  
 Stood forth, and with his mind beheld, the foes fight and his men,  
 That follow'd his great minded friend, embattail'd, till they brake  
 With gallant spirit upon the foe: And as fell waspes, that make  
 Their dwellings in the broade high way; which foolish children use  
 (Their cottages being neare their nests) to anger and abuse  
 With ever vexing them, and breed (to sooth their childish warre)  
 A common ill to many men; since if a traveller  
 (That would his journeys end apply, and passe them unassayd)  
 Come neare and vexe them, upon him, the childrens faults are layd;  
 For on they flie, as he were such, and still defend their owne:  
 So far'd it with the fervent mind, of every *Myrmidon*,  
 Who pour'd themselves out of their fleete, upon their wanton foes,  
 That needs would stirre them, thrust so neare; and cause the overthrowes  
 Of many others that had else, bene never toucht by them,  
 Nor would have toucht. *Patroclus* then, put his wind to the streame,  
 And thus exhorted: Now my friends, remember you expresse  
 Your late-urg'd vertue, and renowme, our great *Æacides*;

*Simile.*

*Patroclus to the  
Myrmidons.*

That he being strongst of all the *Greeks*, his eminence may dimme  
All others likewise in our strengths, that farre off imitate him.

And *Agamemnon* now may see, his fault as generall,  
As his place high; dishonoring him, that so much honors all.

Thus made he sparkle their fresh fire, and on they rusht; the fleete  
Fild full her hollow sides with sounds, that terribly did greete  
Th' amazed *Trojans*; and their eyes, did second their amaze,  
When great *Menæti*us sonne they saw, and his friends armor blaze;  
All troupes stood troubl'd with conceit, that *Peleus* sonne was there;  
His anger cast off at the ships; and each lookt every where  
For some authoritie to leade, the then prepared flight.

*The terror of  
Patroclus to the  
Trojans.*

*Patroclus* greeted with a lance, the region where the fight  
Made strongest tumult; neare the ship, *Protesilaus* brought,  
And strooke *Pyrechen*, who before, the faire-helmd *Pæons* fought,  
Led from *Amydon*, neare whose wals, the broad-stream'd *Axi*us flowes.  
Through his right shoulder flew the dart, whose blow strooke all the blowes  
In his powre, from his powrelesse arme; and downe he groning fell:  
His men all flying (their Leader fled.) This one dart did repell  
The whole guard plac't about the ship; whose fire extinct, halfe burn'd  
The *Pæons* left her; and full crie, to clamorous flight return'd.

*Pyrechen slain  
by Patroclus,  
and the ships  
rescued.*

Then spread the *Greeks* about their ships; triumphant tumult flow'd:  
And as from top of some steepe hill, the lightner strips a clowd,  
And lets a great skie out from heaven; in whose delightsome light,  
All prominent foreheads, forrests, towres, and temples cheare the sight:  
So clear'd these *Greeks*, this *Trojan* cloud; and at their ships and tents  
Obtain'd a litle time to breathe, but found no present vents  
To their inclusions; nor did *Troy* (though these *Pæonians* fled)  
Lose any ground, but from this ship, they needfully turn'd head.

*Simile.*

Then every man, a man subdude; *Patroclus* in the thigh  
Strooke *Areilicus*; his dart, the bone did breake, and flie  
Quite through, and sunke him to the earth. Good *Menelaus* slew  
Accomplisht *Thoas*, in whose breast (being nak'd) his lance he threw,  
Above his shield, and freed his soule. *Phyides* (taking note

That bold *Amphidus* bent at him) prevented him, and smote  
 His thighes extreme part, where (of man) his fattest muscle lies,  
 The nerves torne with his lances pile, and darknesse closde his eyes.  
*Antilochus*, *Atymnius* seizd, his steele lance did impresse  
 His first three guts, and loosd his life. At yong *Nestorides*,  
*Maris*, *Atymnius* brother flew; and at him, *Thrasimed*,  
 (The brother to *Antilochus*) his eager Javelins head,  
 The muscles of his arme cut out, and shiver'd all the bone;  
 Night closde his eyes; his livelesse corse, his brother fell upon.  
 And so by two kind brothers hands, did two kind brothers bleed:  
 Both being divine *Sarpedons* friends; and were the darting seed  
 Of *Amisodarus*, that kept, the bane of many men,  
 Abhord *Chimæra*; and such bane, now caught his children.  
*Ajax Oileades* did take, *Cleobulus* alive,  
 Invading him, (staid by the prease) and at him then let drive,  
 With his short sword, that cut his necke; whose bloud warm'd all the steele:  
 And cold Death, with a violent fate, his sable eyes did seele.  
*Peneleus* and *Lycon*, cast, together off their darts;  
 Both mist, and both together then, went with their swords; in parts  
 The blade and hilt went, laying on, upon the helmets height;  
*Peneleus* sword caught *Lycons* necke, and cut it thorough quite.  
 His head hung by the very skin. The swift *Meriones*,  
 (Pursuing flying *Acamas*) just as he got accesse  
 To horse and chariot, overtooke, and tooke him such a blow  
 On his right shoulder, that he left, his chariot, and did strow  
 The dustie earth; life left his lims, and night his eyes possest.  
*Idomenæus* his sterne dart, at *Erymas* addrest,  
 As (like to *Acamas*) he fled; it cut the sundry bones  
 Beneath his braine, betwixt his necke, and foreparts, and so runs  
 (Shaking his teeth out) through his mouth; his eyes all drown'd in blood:  
 So through his nostrils and his mouth (that now dart-open stood)  
 He breath'd his spirit. Thus had death, from every *Grecian* Chiefe,  
 A Chiefe of *Troy*. For, as to Kids, or Lambes, their cruelst thiefe

(The Wolfe) steales in; and when he sees, that by the shepheards sloth,  
 The dams are sperst about the hils; then serves his ravenous tooth  
 With ease, because his prey is weake: So serv'd the *Greeks* their foes,  
 Discerning well, how shrieking flight, did all their spirits dispose;  
 Their biding vertues quite forgot; And now the naturall splene  
 That *Ajax* bore to *Hector*, still, by all meanes would have bene  
 Within his bosome with a dart: but he, that knew the warre,  
 (Well cover'd in a well-lin'd shield) did well perceive how farre  
 The arrowes and the javelins reacht, by being within their sounds  
 And ominous singings; and observ'd, the there-inclining bounds  
 Of Conquest, in her aide of him, and so obeyd her change;  
 Tooke safest course for him and his, and stood to her as strange.  
 And as when *Jove* intends a storme, he lets out of the starres  
 From steepe *Olympus*, a blacke cloud, that all heavens splendor barres  
 From men on earth: so from the hearts, of all the *Trojan* host,  
 All comfort lately found from *Jove*, in flight and cries was lost.  
 Nor made they any faire retreat; *Hectors* unruly horse,  
 Would needs retire him; and he left, engag'd his *Trojan* force;  
 Forc't by the steepnesse of the dike, that in ill place they tooke,  
 And kept them that would faine have gone. Their horses quite forsooke  
 A number of the *Trojan* kings, and left them in the dike;  
 Their chariots in their foreteames broke. *Patroclus* then did strike  
 While steele was hote, and chear'd his friends; nor meant his enemies good:  
 Who when they once began to flie, each way receiv'd a flood,  
 And chok't themselves with drifts of dust. And now were clouds begot  
 Beneath the clouds; with flight, and noise; the horse neglected not  
 Their home intendments; and where rout, was busiest, there pour'd on  
*Patroclus* most exhortes and threats; and then lay overthrowne  
 Numbers beneath their axle-trees, who (lying in flights streame)  
 Made th'after chariots jot and jumpe, in driving over them.

*Simile.*

Th'immortall horse *Patroclus* rode, did passe the dike with ease,  
 And wisht the depth and danger more: and *Menetiades*  
 As great a spirit had to reach, retiring *Hectors* hast;



*Simile.*

But his fleete horse had too much law, and fetcht him off too fast.  
 And as in Autumne the blacke earth, is loden with the stormes,  
 That *Jove* in gluts of raine poures downe; being angry with the formes  
 Of judgement in authorisde men, that in their courts maintaine  
 (With violent office) wrested lawes, and (fearing gods, nor men)  
 Exile all justice; for whose faults, whole fields are overflowne,  
 And many valleys cut away, with torrents headlong throwne,  
 From neighbour mountaines; till the sea, receive them, roring in;  
 And judg'd mens labours then are vaine, plagu'd for their Judges sin:  
 So now the foule defaults of some, all *Troy* were laid upon:  
 So like those torrents roar'd they backe, to windie *Ilion*;  
 And so like tempests, blew the horse, with ravishing backe againe  
 Those hote assailants, all their workes, at fleete now rendred vaine.

*Patroclus* (when he had disperst, the formost Phalanxes)  
 Cald backe his forces to the fleete, and would not let them prease  
 (As they desir'd) too neare the towne; but twixt the ships and floud,  
 And their steepe rampire, his hand steept, *Revenge* in seas of bloud.

*Simile.*

Then *Pronous* was first that fell, beneath his fierie lance,  
 Which strooke his bare brest, neare his shield. The second, *Thestors* chance  
 (Old *Enops* sonne) did make himselfe; who shrinking, and set close  
 In his faire seate (even with th'approch, *Patroclus* made) did lose  
 All manly courage; insomuch, that from his hands, his raines  
 Fell flowing downe; and his right jaw, *Patroclus* lance, attaines;  
 Strooke through his teeth, and there it stucke, and by it, to him drew  
 Dead *Thestor* to his chariot: it shewd, as when you view  
 An Angler from some prominent rocke, draw with his line and hooke  
 A mightie fish out of the sea: for so the *Greeke* did plucke  
 The *Trojan* gaping from his seate; his jawes op't with the dart;  
 Which when *Patroclus* drew, he fell; his life and brest did part.

Then rusht he on *Eryalus*, at whom he hurl'd a stone,  
 Which strake his head so in the midst, that two was made of one;  
 Two wayes it fell, cleft through his caske: and then *Tlepolemus*,  
*Epaltès*, *Damastorides*, *Evippus*, *Echius*,

*Ipheas*, bold *Amphoterus*, and valiant *Erymas*,  
 And *Polymelus* (by his sire, surnam'd *Argeadas*)  
 He heapt upon the much-fed earth. When *Joves* most worthy sonne  
 (Divine *Sarpedon*) saw these friends thus stayd, and others runne;

O shame! why flie ye, then he cride? now shew ye feete enow:  
 On, keepe your way; my selfe will meete, the man that startles you;  
 To make me understand his name, that flants in conquest thus,  
 And hath so many able knees, so soone dissolv'd to us.

*Sarpedon to the  
 Lycians.*

Downe jumpt he from his chariot; downe leapt his foe as light:  
 And as on some farre-looking rocke, a cast of Vultures fight,  
 Flie on each other, strike, and trusse, part, meete, and then sticke by,  
 Tug, both with crooked beakes, and seres; crie, fight; and fight, and cry:  
 So fiercely fought these angry kings, and shew'd as bitter gals.

*Simile.*

*Jove* (turning eyes to this sterne fight) his wife and sister cals,  
 And (much mov'd for the *Lycian* Prince) said: O that to my sonne,  
 Fate, by this day, and man should cut, a thread so nobly spunne.  
 Two minds distract me; if I should, now ravish him from fight,  
 And set him safe in *Lycia*; or give the Fates their right.

*Jove to Juno  
 about the fate of  
 Sarpedon.*

Austere *Saturnius*, (she replide) what unjust words are theise?  
 A mortall long since markt by Fate, wouldst thou immortalise?  
 Do; but by no god be approv'd; free him, and numbers more  
 (Sonnes of immortals) will live free, that death must taste before  
 These gates of *Ilion*; every god, will have his sonne a god,  
 Or storme extremely. Give him then, an honest period,  
 In brave fight, by *Patroclus* sword, if he be deare to thee,  
 And grieves thee, for his danger'd life: of which, when he is free,  
 Let *Death* and *Somnus* beare him hence; till *Lycias* naturall wombe  
 Receive him from his brothers hands, and citizens; a Tombe  
 And columnne raisd to him; this is, the honor of the dead.

*Juno to Jove.*

She said; and her speech rul'd his powre: but in his safeties stead,  
 For sad ostent of his neare death, he steept his living name  
 In drops of blood, heaven swet for him, which earth drunke to his fame.

And now, as this high combat grew, to this too humble end;

*Sarpedons* death had this state more; twas usherd by his friend,  
And chariotere, brave *Thrasimed*; whom, in his bellies rim,  
*Patroclus* wounded with his lance, and endlesse ended him.

*Sarpedon kills  
Pegasus, one of  
Achilles horse.*

And then another act of name, foreranne his princely fate;  
His first lance missing, he let flie, a second that gave date  
Of violent death to *Pegasus*; who (as he joy'd to die  
By his so honorable hand) did (even in dying) ney.

*The last en-  
counter of  
Sarpedon and  
Patroclus.*

His ruine startl'd th' other steeds; the geres crackt, and the raines  
Strappl'd his fellows; whose mis-rule, *Automedon* restraines,  
By cutting the intangling geres; and so dissundering quite,  
The brave-slaine Beast; when both the rest, obeyd, and went foreright:

And then the royall combattants, fought for the finall stroke,  
When *Lycias* Generall mist againe; his high-raisd Javelin tooke,  
Above his shoulder, emptie way. But no such speedlesse flight

*Simile.*

*Patroclus* let his speare performe, that on the breast did light,  
Of his brave foe; where lifes strings close, about the solid hart,  
Impressing a recurelesse wound; his knees then, left their part,  
And let him fall; when like an Oke, a Poplar, or a Pine,  
New feld by arts-men on the hils; he stretcht his forme divine

*Sarpedon dying,  
to Glaucus his  
friend.*

Before his horse and chariot. And as a Lion leapes  
Upon a goodly yellow Bull, drives all the herd in heapes;  
And under his unconquerd jawes, the brave beast sighing dies:  
So sigh'd *Sarpedon* underneath, this prince of enemies;  
Cald *Glaucus* to him (his deare friend,) and said: Now friend, thy hands  
Much dutie owe to fight, and armes; now, for my love, it stands  
Thy heart in much hand to approve, that warre is harmefull; now  
How active all thy forces are, this one houres act must show.  
First call our *Lycian* Captaines up, looke round, and bring up all,  
And all exhort, to stand like friends, about *Sarpedons* fall;  
And spend thy selfe thy steele for me: for be assur'd, no day  
Of all thy life, to thy last houre, can cleare thy blacke dismay  
In woe and infamie for me; if I be taken hence,  
Spoil'd of mine armes; and thy renowme, despoil'd of my defence.

Stand firme then, and confirme thy men. This said; the bounds of death  
Concluded all sight to his eyes, and to his nostrils breath.

*Patroclus* (though his guard was strong) forc't way through every doubt:  
Climb'd his high bosome with his foote, and pluckt his javelin out;  
And with it drew the filme and strings, of his yet-panting hart;  
And last, together with the pile, his princely soule did part.

His horse (spoil'd both of guide and king, thicke snoring, and amaz'd,  
And apt to flight) the *Myrmidons*, made nimbly to, and seaz'd.

*Glaucus*, to heare his friend aske aide, of him past all the rest;  
(Though well he knew his wound uncur'd) Confusion fild his brest,  
Not to have good in any powre; and yet so much good will.

*The sorrow of  
Glaucus for  
Sarpedon, and  
praier to  
Phæbus.*

And (laying his hand upon his wound, that pain'd him sharply still;  
And was by *Teucers* hand set on, from their assail'd steepe wall,  
In keeping hurt from other men) he did on *Phæbus* call

(The god of Medcines) for his cure: Thou king of cures (said he)

That art perhaps in *Lycia*, with her rich progenie,

Or here in *Troy*; but any where, since thou hast powre to heare;

O give a hurt, and wofull man (as I am now) thine eare.

This arme sustaines a cruell wound, whose paines shoot every way,

Afflict this shoulder, and this hand, and nothing long can stay,

A fluxe of blood still issuing; nor therefore can I stand

With any enemie in fight, nor hardly make my hand

Support my lance; and here lies dead, the worthiest of men;

*Sarpedon*, worthy sonne to *Jove*; (whose power could yet abstaine

From all aide in this deadly need) give thou then aide to me,

(O king of all aide to men hurt) asswage th' extremitie

Of this armes anguish; give it strength, that by my president,

I may excite my men to blowes; and this dead corse prevent

Of further violence. He praid, and kind *Apollo* heard;

Allayd his anguish, and his wound, of all the blacke bloud clear'd,

That vext it so; infusde fresh powres, into his weakened mind,

And all his spirits flow'd with joy, that *Phæbus* stood inclin'd

(In such quicke bountie) to his prayres. Then, as *Sarpedon* wild,

*Glaucus being  
cured, to Hector.*

He cast about his greedie eye, and first of all instild  
To all his Captaines, all the stings, that could inflame their fight,  
For good *Sarpedon*. And from them, he stretcht his speedie pace,  
T' *Agenor*, *Hector*, *Venus sonne*, and wise *Polydamas*;  
And (onely naming *Hector*) said: *Hector*, you now forget  
Your poore auxiliarie friends, that in your toiles have swet  
Their friendlesse soules out, farre from home; *Sarpedon*, that sustain'd  
With Justice, and his vertues all, broade *Lycia* hath not gain'd  
The like guard for his person here; for yonder dead he lies,  
Beneath the great *Patroclus* lance: but come, let your supplies  
(Good friends) stand neare him: O disdaine, to see his corse defil'd  
With *Grecian* furie; and his armes, by their oppressions spoil'd;  
The *Myrmidons* are come enrag'd, that such a mightie boote  
Of *Greekes*, *Troys* darts have made at fleete. This said, from head to foote  
Griefe strooke their powres, past patience, and not to be restrain'd,  
To heare newes of *Sarpedons* death; who, though he appertain'd  
To other cities; yet to theirs, he was the very Fort,  
And led a mightie people there; of all whose better sort,  
Himselfe was best. This made them runne, in flames upon the foe;  
The first man, *Hector*, to whose heart, *Sarpedons* death did go.

*Patroclus to the  
Grecians, and  
particularly to  
both the Ajaces.*

*Patroclus* stird the *Grecian* spirits; and first, th' *Ajaces*, thus:  
Now brothers, be it deare to you, to fight, and succour us,  
As ever heretofore ye did, with men first excellent.  
The man lies slaine, that first did scale, and raze the battlement,  
That crown'd our wall; the *Lycian* Prince. But if we now shall adde  
Force to his corse, and spoile his armes, a prise may more be had  
Of many great ones, that for him, will put on to the death.

To this worke, these were prompt enough; and each side ordereth  
Those *Phalanxes* that most had rate, of resolutions;  
The *Trojans*, and the *Lycian* powres; the *Greeks*, and *Myrmidons*.  
These ranne together for the corse, and closde with horrid cries;  
Their armours thundering with the claps, laid on about the prise.  
And *Jove* about th' impetuous broile, pernicious night powr'd out,

As long as for his loved sonne, pernicious *Labour* fought.

The first of *Troy*, the first *Greekes* foil'd, when, not the last indeed,  
 Amongst the *Myrmidons* was slaine: the great *Ajacleus* seed;  
 Divine *Epigeus*, that before, had exercisde command  
 In faire *Budæus*; but because, he laid a bloudie hand  
 On his owne sisters valiant sonne; To *Peleus*, and his Queene,  
 He came for pardon, and obtain'd; His slaughter being the meane  
 He came to *Troy*, and so to this. He ventur'd even to touch  
 The princely carkasse, when a stone, did more to him, by much;  
 (Sent out of able *Hectors* hand) it cut his skull in twaine,  
 And strooke him dead. *Patroclus* (griev'd, to see his friend so slaine)  
 Before the foremost thrust himselfe: and as a Faulcon frayes  
 A flocke of Stares or Caddesses; such feare brought his assayes  
 Amongst the *Trojans*, and their friends; and (angry at the hart,  
 As well as griev'd) for him so slaine: another stonie dart,  
 As good as *Hectors*, he let flie, that dusted in the necke  
 Of *Sthenelaus*; thrust his head, to earth first, and did breake  
 The nerves in sunder, with his fall; off fell the *Trojans* too;  
 Even *Hectors* selfe, and all as farre, as any man can throw,  
 (Provokt for games, or in the warres, to shed an enemies soule)  
 A light, long dart. The first that turn'd, was he that did controule  
 The Targatiers of *Lycia*; Prince *Glaucus*, who to hell  
 Sent *Bathyclæus*, *Chalcons* sonne; he did in *Hellas* dwell,  
 And shin'd, for wealth and happinesse, amongst the *Myrmidons*;  
 His bosomes midst the Javelin strooke, his fall gat earth with grones.  
 The *Greeks* griev'd, and the *Trojans* joy'd, for so renown'd a man;  
 About whom stood the *Grecians* firme: and then the death began  
 On *Troyes* side by *Meriones*; he slue one great in warre,  
*Laogonus*, *Onetors* sonne, the Priest of *Jupiter*,  
 Created in th' *Idean* hill. Betwixt his jaw and eare  
 The dart stucke fast, and loosde his soule; sad mists of Hate and Feare  
 Invading him. *Anchises* sonne, dispatcht a brazen lance  
 At bold *Meriones*; and hop't, to make an eq. all chance

*Simile.*

*Æneas jests at  
Meriones.*

On him, with bold *Laogonus*; though under his broad shield  
He lay so close. But he discern'd, and made his bodie yeeld,  
So low, that over him it flew, and, trembling tooke the ground;  
With which, *Mars* made it quench his thirst; and since the head could wound  
No better bodie; and yet throwne, from nere the worse a hand;  
It turnd from earth, and lookt awrie. *Æneas* let it stand,  
Much angrie at the vaine event; and told *Meriones*,  
He scap't but hardly; nor had cause, to hope for such successe  
Another time; though well he knew, his dancing facultie,  
By whose agilitie he scap't; for had his dart gone by  
With any least touch, instantly, he had bene ever slaine.

*Meriones to  
Æneas.*

He answerd: Though thy strength be good, it cannot render vaine  
The strength of others with thy jests; nor art thou so divine,  
But when my lance shall touch at thee, with equall speed to thine,  
Death will share with it, thy lifes powres; thy confidence can shun  
No more then mine, what his right claimes. *Menætius* noble sonne  
Rebuk't *Meriones*, and said: What needst thou use this speech?  
Nor thy strength is approv'd with words, (good friend) nor can we reach  
The bodie, nor make th'emie yeeld, with these our counterbraves;  
We must enforce the binding earth, to hold them in her graves.  
If you will warre, Fight; will you speake? give counsell; counsell, blowes  
Are th'ends of warres, and words; talke here, the time in vaine bestowes.

*Simile.*

He said, and led, and nothing lesse, for any thing he said,  
(His speech being season'd with such right) the Worthy seconded.  
And then, as in a sounding vale, (neare neighbour to a hill)  
Wood-fellers make a farre-heard noise, with chopping, chopping still,  
And laying on, on blocks and trees: so they, on men laid lode,  
And beate like noises into aire, both as they strooke and trod.  
But (past their noise) so full of bloud, of dust, of darts, lay smit  
Divine *Sarpedon*, that a man, must have an excellent wit,  
That could but know him; and might faile: so from his utmost head,  
Even to the low plants of his feete, his forme was altered.  
All thrusting neare it every way, as thicke as flies in spring,

That in a sheepe-cote (when new milke, assembles them) make wing,  
 And buzze about the top-full pailles: nor ever was the eye  
 Of *Jove* averted from the fight; he viewd, thought, ceaslesly,  
 And diversly upon the death, of great *Achilles* friend:  
 If *Hector* there (to wreake his sonne) should with his javelin end  
 His life, and force away his armes, or still augment the field;  
 He then concluded, that the flight, of much more soule, should yeeld  
*Achilles* good friend more renowne; and that, even to their gates  
 He should drive *Hector* and his host: and so disanimates  
 The mind of *Hector*, that he mounts, his chariot, and takes *Flight*  
 Up with him, tempting all to her; affirming, his insight  
 Knew evidently, that the beame, of *Joves* all-ordering scoles,  
 Was then in sinking on their side, surcharg'd with flockes of soules.

Then, not the noble *Lycians* staid, but left their slaughterd Lord  
 Amongst the corses common heape; for many more were pour'd  
 About, and on him; while *Joves* hand, held out the bitter broile.  
 And now they spoil'd *Sarpedons* armes; and to the ships the spoile  
 Was sent by *Menætiades*. Then *Jove*, thus charg'd the Sunne:

Haste, honor'd *Phæbus*, let no more, *Greece* violence be done  
 To my *Sarpedon*; but his corse, of all the sable bloud  
 And javelins purg'd; then carry him, farre hence to some cleare fload,  
 With whose waves wash, and then embalme, each thorough-cleansed lim,  
 With our *Ambrosia*; which perform'd, divine weeds put on him:  
 And then to those swift mates, and twins, sweete *Sleepe* and *Death* commit  
 His princely person, that with speed, they both may carrie it  
 To wealthy *Lycia*; where his friends, and brothers will embrace,  
 And tombe it in some monument, as fits a Princes place.

*Jove to Phæbus.*

Then flew *Apollo* to the fight, from the *Idalian* hill,  
 At all parts putting into act, his great Commanders will:  
 Drew all the darts, washt, balm'd the corse; which (deckt with ornament,  
 By *Sleepe* and *Death*, those featherd twins) he into *Lycia* sent.

*Apollo sends Sarpedons body by Sleep and Death to Lycia.*

*Patroclus* then, *Automedon*, commands to give his steeds  
 Large raines, and all way to the chace: so n. adly he exceeds



The strict commission of his friend; which had he kept, had kept  
 A blacke death from him. But *Joves* mind, hath evermore outstept  
 The mind of man; who both affrights, and takes the victorie  
 From any hardiest hand, with ease; which he can justifie,  
 Though he himselfe commands him fight: as now, he put this chace  
 In *Menætiades* his mind. How much then weighs the grace  
 (*Patroclus*?) that *Jove* gives thee now, in scoles put, with thy death?  
 Of all these great and famous men, the honorable breath.

Of which, *Adrestus* first he slue, and next *Autonous*;

*Epistora*, and *Perimus*; *Pylartes*, *Elasus*,

*Patroclus scaling the wals of Troy, resisted by Phæbus.*

Swift *Menalippus*, *Molius*; all these were overthrowne  
 By him, and all else, put in rout; and then proud *Ilion*  
 Had stoopt beneath his glorious hand: he rag'd so with his lance,  
 If *Phæbus* had not kept the towre, and helpt the *Ilians*,  
 Sustaining ill thoughts gainst the Prince. Thrice to the prominence  
 Of *Troys* steepe wall he bravely leapt: thrice *Phæbus* thrust him thence:  
 Objecting his all-dazeling shield, with his resistlesse hand.

*Apollo threatens Patroclus.*

But fourthly, when (like one of heaven) he would have stird his stand,  
*Apollo* threatned him, and said; Ceasse, it exceeds thy fate  
 (Forward *Patroclus*) to expugne, with thy bold lance, this state;  
 Nor under great *Achilles* powres, (to thine superiour farre)  
 Lies *Troyes* grave ruine. When he spake, *Patroclus* left that warre:  
 Leapt farre backe; and his anger shund. *Hector* detain'd his horse  
 Within the Scæan ports, in doubt, to put his personall force  
 Amongst the rout, and turne their heads, or shun in *Troy* the storme.

*Apollo in shape of Asius to Hector.*

*Apollo* seeing his suspence, assum'd the goodly forme  
 Of *Hectors* unkle, *Asius*, the Phrygian *Dymas* sonne,  
 Who neare the deepe *Sangarius*, had habitation;  
 Being brother to the Trojan Queene. His shape *Apollo* tooke;  
 And askt of *Hector*, why his spirit, so cleare the fight forsooke;  
 Affirming twas unfit for him: and wisht his forces were  
 As much above his, as they mov'd, in an inferiour sphere:

He should (with shame to him) be gone; and so bad, drive away  
 Against *Patroclus*, to approve, if he that gave them day,  
 Would give the glorie of his death, to his preferred lance.  
 So left he him; and to the fight, did his bright head advance,  
 Mixt with the multitude, and stird, foule Tumult for the foe.  
 Then *Hector* bad *Cebriones*, put on; himselfe let go  
 All other *Greeks* within his reach, and onely gave command,  
 To front *Patroclus*. He at him; jumpt downe; his strong left hand  
 A Javelin held; his right, a stone; a marble sharpe; and such  
 As his large hand had powre to gripe; and gave it strength as much  
 As he could lie to: nor stood long, in feare of that huge man  
 That made against him; but full on, with his huge stone he ran  
 Discharg'd, and drave it twixt the browes, of bold *Cebriones*:  
 Nor could the thicke bone there prepar'd, extenuate so th' accesse,  
 But out it drave his broken eyes, which in the dust fell downe;  
 And he div'd after; which conceit, of diving, tooke the sonne  
 Of old *Menæti*us, who thus plaid, upon the others bane.

O heavens! for truth, this *Trojan* was, a passing active man;  
 With what exceeding ease he dives? as if at worke he were  
 Within the fishie seas. This man, alone would furnish cheare  
 For twentie men; though twere a storme; to leape out of a saile,  
 And gather oisters for them all; he does it here as well;  
 And there are many such in *Troy*. Thus jested he so neare  
 His owne grave death; and then made in, to spoile the Chariotere,  
 With such a Lions force, and fate; as (often ruining,  
 Stals of fat oxen) gets at length, a mortall wound to sting  
 His soule, out of that ravenous breast, that was so insolent;  
 And so his lifes blisse proves his bane: so deadly confident  
 Wert thou *Patroclus*, in pursuite, of good *Cebriones*,  
 To whose defence now *Hector* leapt. The opposite addresse,  
 These masters of the crie in warre, now made, was of the kind  
 Of two fierce kings of beasts, opposd, in strife, about a Hind

*Patroclus jests  
 at the fall of  
 Cebriones.*

*A simile expres-  
 sing Patroclus  
 encounter and  
 Hectors.*

Simile.

Slaine on the forehead of a hill; both sharpe, and hungry set,  
 And to the Currie never came, but like two *Deaths* they met:  
 Nor these two entertain'd lesse mind, of mutuall prejudice,  
 About the bodie; close to which, when each had prest for prise,  
*Hector* the head laid hand upon; which once gript, never could  
 Be forc't from him; *Patroclus* then, upon the feete got hold,  
 And he pincht with as sure a naile: so both stood tugging there,  
 While all the rest, made eager fight, and grappl'd every where.  
 And as the East and South wind strive, to make a loftie wood  
 Bow to their greatnesse; barkie Elmes, wild Ashes, Beeches bowd  
 Even with the earth; in whose thicke armes, the mightie vapors lie,  
 And tosse by turnes, all, either way; their leaves at randon flie,  
 Boughs murmure, and their bodies cracke; and with perpetuall din,  
 The Sylvans falter, and the stormes, are never to begin:  
 So rag'd the fight; and all from Flight, pluckt her forgotten wings;  
 While some still stucke; still new wingd shafts, flew dancing from their  
 Huge stones sent after, that did shake, the shields about the corse, [strings;  
 Who now (in dusts soft forehead stretcht) forgot his guiding horse.

As long as *Phæbus* turn'd his wheeles, about the midst of heaven,  
 So long the touch of eithers darts, the fals of both made even:  
 But when his waine drew neare the West, the *Greeks* past measure were  
 The abler souldiers, and so swept, the *Trojan* tumult cleare  
 From off the bodie; out of which, they drew the hurl'd-in darts;  
 And from his shoulders stript his armes; and then to more such parts  
*Patroclus* turn'd his striving thoughts, to do the *Trojans* ill:  
 Thrice, like the god of warre, he charg'd; his voice as horrible:  
 And thrice nine those three charges slue; but in the fourth assay,  
 O then *Patroclus*, shew'd thy last; the dreadfull Sunne made way  
 Against that on-set; yet the Prince, discern'd no deitie;  
 He kept the prease so; and besides, obscur'd his glorious eye  
 With such felt darknesse. At his backe, he made a sodaine stand,  
 And twixt his necke and shoulders laid, downe-right with either hand,

A blow so weightie, that his eyes, a giddie darknesse tooke,  
 And from his head, his three-plum'd helme, the bounding violence shooke,  
 That rung beneath his horses hooves; and like a water-spout,  
 Was crusht together with the fall. The plumes that set it out,  
 All spatterd with blacke bloud and dust; when ever heretofore  
 It was a capitall offence, to have, or dust, or gore  
 Defile a triple-feather'd helme; but on the head divine,  
 And youthfull temples of their Prince, it usde, untought, to shine.  
 Yet now *Jove* gave it *Hectors* hands; the others death was neare.  
 Besides whose lost and filed helme, his huge long weightie speare,  
 Well bound with iron, in his hand, was shiverd, and his shield  
 Fell from his shoulders to his feete; the bawdricke strewing the field.  
 His Curets left him, like the rest; and all this onely done  
 By great *Apollo*. Then his mind, tooke in confusion;  
 The vigorous knittings of his joynts, dissolv'd; and (thus dismaid)  
 A *Dardan* (one of *Panthus* sons, and one that overlaid  
 All *Trojans*, of his place, with darts, swift footing, skill, and force,  
 In noble horsmanship; and one, that tumbl'd from their horse,  
 One after other, twentie men: and when he did but learne  
 The art of warre; nay when he first, did in the field discerne  
 A horse and chariot of his guide: this man, with all these parts  
 (His name *Euphorbus*) comes behind, and twixt the shoulders darts  
 Forlorne *Patroclus*, who yet liv'd, and th'other (getting forth  
 His Javelin) tooke him to his strength; nor durst he stand the worth  
 Of thee *Patroclus*, though disarmd; who yet (discomfited  
 By *Phæbus*, and *Euphorbus* wound) the red heape of the dead  
 He now too late shund, and retir'd. When *Hector* saw him yeeld,  
 And knew he yeelded with a wound, he scour'd the armed field;  
 Came close up to him, and both sides, strooke quite through with his lance;  
 He fell, and his most weightie fall, gave fit tune to his chance.  
 For which, all *Greece* extremely mourn'd. And as a mightie strife  
 About a litle fount, begins, and riseth to the life

*Simile.*

Of some fell Bore, resolv'd to drinke; when likewise to the spring  
 A Lion comes, alike disposde; the Bore thirsts, and his King;  
 Both proud, and both will first be serv'd; and then the Lion takes  
 Advantage of his soveraigne strength; and th'other (fainting) makes  
 Resigne his thirst up with his bloud: *Patroclus* (so enforc't  
 When he had forc't so much brave life) was, from his owne divorc't.

*Hectors insul-  
 tation over Patro-  
 clus being  
 wounded under  
 him.*

And thus his great Divorcer brav'd; *Patroclus*, thy conceit,  
 Gave thee th'eversion of our *Troy*; and to thy fleete a freight  
 Of Trojan Ladies, their free lives, put all in bands by thee:  
 But (too much priser of thy selfe) all these are propt by me.  
 For these, have my horse stretcht their hooves, to this so long a warre;  
 And I (farre best of *Troy* in armes) keepe off from *Troy* as farre;  
 Even to the last beame of my life, their necessary day.  
 And here (in place of us and ours) on thee shall Vultures prey,  
 Poore wretch; nor shall thy mightie Friend, affoord thee any aid,  
 That gave thy parting much deepe charge; And this perhaps he said;  
 Martiall *Patroclus*, turne not face, nor see my fleete before  
 The curets from great *Hectors* breast, all guilded with his gore,  
 Thou hew'st in peeces: if thus vaine, were his far-stretcht commands;  
 As vaine was thy heart to beleewe, his words lay in thy hands.

*Patroclus lan-  
 guishing; to  
 Hector.*

He languishing, replide: This proves, thy glory worse then vaine,  
 That when two gods have given thy hands, what their powres did obtaine,  
 (They conquering, and they spoiling me, both of my armes and mind,  
 It being a worke of ease for them) thy soule should be so blind,  
 To oversee their evident deeds, and take their powres to thee;  
 When, if the powres of twentie such, had dar'd t'encounter me,  
 My lance had strew'd earth with them all. Thou onely doest obtaine  
 A third place in my death; whom first, a harmfull fate hath slaine  
 Effected by *Latonas* sonne; second and first of men,  
*Euphorbus*. And this one thing more, concernes thee; note it then:  
 Thou shalt not long survive thy selfe; nay, now Death cals for thee,  
 And violent fate; *Achilles* lance, shall make this good for me.

Thus death joyn'd to his words, his end; his soule tooke instant wing,  
And to the house that hath no lights, descended, sorrowing  
For his sad fate, to leave him yong, and in his ablest age.  
He dead; yet *Hector* askt him why, in that prophetique rage,  
He so forespake him? when none knew, but great *Achilles* might  
Prevent his death; and on his lance, receive his latest light.  
Thus, setting on his side his foote, he drew out of his wound,  
His brazen lance, and upwards cast, the body on the ground;  
When quickly, while the dart was hote, he charg'd *Automedon*,  
(Divine guide of *Achilles* steeds) in great contention  
To seise him to: but his so swift, and deathlesse horse, that fetch  
Their gift to *Peleus* from the gods, soone rap't him, from his reach.

*Hector charges  
on Automedon  
for Achilles  
horses.*

## COMMENTARIUS.

<sup>a</sup>Αἱ γάρ, Ζεῦ τε πάτερ, &c. *These last verses in the originall, by many austere ancients have suffered expunction; as being unworthy the mouth of an Heroe, because he seems to make such a wish in them: which is as poorely conceived of the expungers, as the rest of the places in Homer, that have groned or laughed under their castigations. Achilles not out of his heart (which any true eye may see) wishing it; but out of a frolicke and delightsome humour, being merry with his friend in private, which the verse following in part expresseth:*

Ὡς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον.  
Sic hi quidem talia inter se loquebantur.

*Inter se, intimating the meaning aforesaid. But our divine Maisters most ingenious imitating the life of things, (which is the soule of a Poeme) is never respected nor perceived by his Interpreters onely standing pedantically on the Grammar and words, utterly ignorant of the sence and grace of him.*

<sup>b</sup>Γῶ δ' Αἴας κατὰ θυμόν. &c. Ἔργα θεῶν, &c. *Agnovit autem Ajax in animo inculpato, opera deorum; ῥίγησέν τε: exhorruitque. Another most ingenious and spritefull imitation of the Life, and ridiculous humor of Ajax, I must needs note here, because it flies all his Translators and Interpreters; who take it meerely for serious, when it is apparently scopticall and ridiculous; with which our author would delite his understanding Reader; and mixe mirth with matter. He saith, that Hector cut off the head of Ajax lance, which he seeing, would needs affect a kind of prophetique wisdom (with which he is never charged in Homer) and imagined strongly, the cutting off his lances head, cast a figure thus deepe; that as Hector cut off that, Jove would utterly cut off the heads of their counsels to that fight, and give the Trojans victory: which to take seriously and gravely, is most dull (and as I may say) Ajanticall: the voyce κείρε (which they expound præcidebat, and indeed is tondebat; κείρω signifying most properly tondeo) helping well to decipher the Ironie. But to understand gravely that the cutting off his lances head,*

argued Joves intent to cut off their counsels, and to allow the wit of Ajax for his so farre-fetcht apprehension: I suppose no man can make lesse then idle, and witlesse. A plaine continuance therefore it is of Ajax humor, whom in divers other places he playes upon: as in likening him in the eleventh booke to a mill Asse, and else where to be noted hereafter.

“Ὑπνῶ καὶ Θανάτῳ Διδυμάοσιν] by Sleepe and Death (which he ingeniously calleth Twins) was the body of Joves sonne Sarpedon taken from the fight, and borne to Lycia. On which place, Eustathius doubts, whether truly and indeed it was transferd to Lycia: and he makes the cause of his doubt, this: That Death and Sleepe are inania quædam, things empty and voide; οὐ στερέμνια πρόσωπα, not solid or firme persons, ἀλλ’ ἀνυπόστατα πάθη, but quæ nihil ferre possunt. And therefore he thought there was κενήριον quoddam; that is, some voyde or emptie sepulcher or monument prepared for that Heroe in Lycia, &c. or else makes another strange translation of it, by wonder; which Spondanus thinkes to have happened truly. But rather would interpret it merely and nakedly a poetick fiction: his reason I will forbear to utter because it is unworthy of him. But would not a man wonder that our great and grave Eustathius, would doubt whether Sleepe and Death carried Sarpedons person personally to Lycia: or not rather make no question of the contrary? Homer nor any Poets end in such poetick relations, being to affirme the truth of things personally done; but to please with the truth of their matchlesse wits, and some worthy doctrine conveyed in it. Nor would Homer have anyone beleve the personall transportance of Sarpedon by Sleepe and Death, but onely varieth and graceth his Poeme with these Prosopopeiaes, and delivers us this most ingenious and grave doctrine in it: that the Heroes body, for which both those mightie Hosts so mightily contended, Sleepe and Death (those same quædam inania) tooke from all their personall and solid forces. Wherein he would further note to us, that from all the bitterest and deadliest conflicts and tyrannies of the world, Sleepe and Death, when their worst is done, delivers and transfers men: a little mocking withall, the vehement, and greedy prosecutions of tyrants, and souldiers against, or for that, which two such deedlesse poore things takes from all their



*Emperie. And yet, against Eustathius manner of sleighting their powers, what is there of all things belonging to man, so powerfull over him as Death and Sleep? And why may not our Homer (whose words I hold with Spondanus ought to be an undisputable deed and authoritie with us) as well personate Sleepe and Death, as all men besides personate Love, Anger, Sloth, &c? Thus onely where the sence and soule of my most worthily revered Author is abused, or not seene, I still insist; and gleane these few poore corne eares after all other mens harvests.*

The end of the sixteenth Booke.

# THE SEVENTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS

## THE ARGUMENT.

**A** *DREADFULL* fight, about Patroclus corse.  
Euphorbus slaine, by Menelaus force.  
Hector in th' armour of Æacides.  
Antilochus, relating the decease  
Of slaine Patroclus, to faire Thetis sonne.  
The body from the striving Trojans wonne.  
Th' Ajaces, making good the after field,  
Make all the subject that this booke doth yeeld.

## ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

*In Rho, the ventrous hosts maintaine  
A slaughterous conflict, for the slaine.*

THE SEVENTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS



NOR COULD HIS SLAUGHTER REST CONCEALD,  
FROM MENELAUS EARE;  
WHO FLEW AMONGST THE FORMOST FIGHTS,  
AND WITH HIS TARGE AND SPEARE

Circled the body: as much griev'd, and with as tender heed  
To keepe it theirs; as any damme, about her first-borne seed;  
Not proving what the paine of birth, would make the love before;

Nor to pursue his first attaint, *Euphorbus* spirit forbore;  
But seeing *Menelaus* chiefe, in rescue of the dead,  
Assaid him thus: *Atrides*, ceasse, and leave the slaughtered  
With his embrew'd spoyle, to the man, that first, of all our state  
And famous succours, in faire fight, made passage to his fate;  
And therefore suffer me to weare, the good name I have wonne  
Amongst the *Trojans*; lest thy life, repay what his hath done.

*Euphorbus to  
Menelaus. This  
Euphorbus was  
he, that in Ovid,  
Pythagoras  
saith he was in  
the wars of Troy.*

*Menelaus to  
Euphorbus.*

O *Jupiter* (said he, incenst) Thou art no honest man  
To boast, so past thy powre to do. Not any Lion can;  
Nor spotted Leopard; nor Bore, (whose mind is mightiest  
In pourcing furie from his strength) advance so prowd a crest  
As *Panthus* fighting progenie. But *Hyperenors* pride,  
That joy'd so little time his youth; when he so vilifide  
My force in armes, and cald me worst, of all our chevalrie,  
And stood my worst; might teach ye all, to shun this surcuidrie:  
I thinke he came not safely home, to tell his wife his acts.  
Nor lesse right of thy insolence, my equall fate exacts;  
And will obtaine me, if thou stay'st; retire then, take advise:  
A foole sees nought, before tis done; and still too late is wise.

This mov'd not him, but to the worse; since it renew'd the sting,  
That his slaine brother shot in him; rememberd by the king,  
To whom he answer'd: Thou shalt pay, for all the paines endur'd  
By that slaine brother; all the wounds, sustaind for him, recur'd  
With one, made in thy heart by me. Tis true, thou mad'st his wife  
A heavie widow; when her joyes, of wedlocke scarce had life;  
And hurt'st our parents with his griefe; all which thou gloriest in:  
Forespeaking so, thy death, that now, their griefes end shall begin.  
To *Panthus*, and the snowy hand, of *Phrontes*, I will bring

Those armes, and that proud head of thine; and this laborious thing  
Shall aske no long time to performe: nor be my words alone,  
But their performance; *Strength*, and *Fight*, and *Terror* thus sets on.

*Euphorbus slain  
by Menelaus.*

This said, he strooke his all-round shield; nor shrunkethat, but his lance  
That turn'd head in it: then the king, assaid the second chance,  
First praying to the king of gods, and his dart, entrie got  
(The force much driving backe his foe) in low part of his throte,  
And ranne his necke through. Then fell pride, and he, and all with gore  
His locks, that like the *Graces* were; and which he ever wore  
In gold and silver ribands wrapt; were piteously wet.

*Simile.*

And, when alone, in some choice place, a husband-man hath set  
The young plant of an Olive tree, whose roote being ever fed  
With plentie of delicious springs; his branches bravely spred,  
And all his fresh and lovely head, growne curld with snowy flowres,  
That dance, and flourish with the winds, that are of gentlest powres:  
But when a whirlwind (got aloft) stoopes, with a sodaine gale;  
Teares from his head his tender curls, and tosseth therewithall  
His fixt roote, from his hollow mines: it well presents the force  
Of *Spartas* king; and so the Plant, *Euphorbus*, and his Corse.

He slaine; the king stript off his armes, and with their worthy prise,  
(All fearing him) had clearely past: if heavens faire eye, of eyes,  
Had not (in envy of his acts) to his encounter stird  
The *Mars-like Hector*; to whose powres, the rescue he preferd  
Of those faire armes: and tooke the shape, of *Menta* (Colonell  
Of all the *Cicones* that neare, the *Thracian Hebrus* dwell)  
Like him, he thus put forth his voice. *Hector*, thou scowr'st the field  
In headstrong pursuite of those horse, that hardly are compeld  
To take the draught of chariots, by any mortals hand.

*Achilles.*

The great grand child of *Æacus*, hath onely their command;  
Whom an immortall mother bore: while thou attendst on these,

*Patroclus, so  
called, of  
Menatius  
his father.*

The young *Atrides* in defence, of *Menatiades*,  
Hath slaine *Euphorbus*. Thus the god, tooke troope with men againe,  
And *Hector* (heartily perplex) lookt round, and saw the slaine,

Still shedding rivers from his wound: and then tooke envious view  
 Of brave *Atrides* with his spoyle; in way to whom he flew,  
 Like one of *Vulcans* quenchlesse flames: *Atrides* heard the crie  
 That ever usherd him, and sigh'd, and said: O me, if I  
 Should leave these goodly armes, and him, that here lies dead for me;  
 I feare I should offend the *Greeks*. If I should stay, and be  
 Alone with *Hector* and his men, I may be compast in;  
 Some sleight or other they may use. Many may quickly win  
 Their wils of one; and all *Troy* comes, ever where *Hector* leades.  
 But why (deare mind) dost thou thus talke? when men dare set their heads  
 Against the gods, (as sure they do, that fight with men they love)  
 Straight one or other plague ensues: it cannot therefore move  
 The grudge of any *Greeke*, that sees, I yeeld to *Hector*; he  
 Still fighting with a spirit from heaven. And yet if I could see  
 Brave *Ajax*; he and I, would stand, though gainst a god; and sure  
 Tis best I seeke him: and then see, if we two can procure  
 This Corses freedome through all these: a little then let rest  
 The body, and my mind be still; of two bads chuse the best.

*Note the manly  
 & wise discourse  
 of Menelaus  
 with himselfe,  
 seeing Hector  
 advancing to-  
 wards him.*

In this discourse, the troopes of *Troy*, were in with him; and he  
 Made such a Lionlike retreate; as when the herdsmen see  
 The royall savage; and come on, with men, dogs, cries, and speares,  
 To cleare their horned stall; and then, the kingly heart he beares,  
 (With all his high disdaine) fals off: so, from this ods of aide  
 The golden-haird *Atrides* fled: and, in his strength, displaid  
 Upon his left hand, him he wisht; extremely busied  
 About encouraging his men; to whom, an extreme dread  
*Apollo* had infusde: the king, reacht *Ajax* instantly,  
 And said; Come friend, let us two haste, and from the tyranny  
 Of *Hector*, free *Patroclus* corse. He strait, and gladly went;  
 And then was *Hector* haling of, the body, with intent  
 To spoile the shoulders of the head, and give the dogs the rest;  
 (His armes he having prisde before.) When *Ajax* brought his brest  
 To barre all further spoyle; with that, he had sure, *Hector* thought

*Simile.*

*Menelaus to  
 Ajax.*

Twas best to satisfie his splene; which temper *Ajax* wrought  
 With his mere sight, and *Hector* fled: the armes he sent to *Troy*,  
 To make his citizens admire, and pray *Jove* send him joy.

*Simile.*

Then *Ajax* gatherd to the corse, and hid it with his targe:  
 There setting downe as sure a foote, as (in the tender charge  
 Of his lov'd whelps) a Lion doth: two hundred hunters neare,  
 To give him onset; their more force, make him the more austere;  
 Drownes all their clamors in his rores; darts, dogs, doth all despise,  
 And lets his rough browes downe so low, they cover all his eyes.  
 So *Ajax* lookt, and stood, and stayd, for great *Priamides*.

*Glaucus up-  
braids Hector.*

When *Glaucus Hippolochides*, saw *Ajax* thus depresse  
 The spirit of *Hector*: thus he chid; O goodly man at armes;  
 In Fight, a *Paris*; why should *Fame*, make thee fort gainst our harmes,  
 Being such a fugitive? now marke, how well thy boasts defend,  
 Thy citie onely with her owne. Be sure, it shall descend,  
 To that prooffe wholly. Not a man, of any *Lycian* ranke;  
 Shall strike one stroke more, for thy towne: for no mans gets a thanke,  
 Should he eternally fight here: nor any guard of thee.  
 How wilt thou (worthlesse that thou art) keepe off an enemie  
 From our poore souldiers, when their Prince, *Sarpedon*, guest and friend  
 To thee, (and most deservedly) thou flew'st from in his end,  
 And left'st to all the lust of *Greece*? O gods, a man that was  
 (In life) so huge a good to *Troy*; and to thee such a grace,  
 (In death) not kept by thee from dogs? if my friends will do well;  
 We'le take our shoulders from your walls, and let all sinke to hell:  
 As all will, were our faces turn'd. Did such a spirit breath  
 In all you *Trojans*, as becomes, all men that fight beneath  
 Their countries standerd; you would see, that such as prop your cause  
 With like exposure of their lives, have all the honour'd lawes  
 Of such a deare confederacie, kept to them to a thred:  
 As now ye might reprise the armes, *Sarpedon* forfeited,  
 By forfeit of your rights to him; would you but lend your hands,  
 And force *Patroclus* to your *Troy*? Ye know how deare he stands

In his love, that of all the *Greeks*, is (for himselfe) farre best,  
 And leades the best, neare-fighting men: and therefore would (at least)  
 Redeeme *Sarpedons* armes: nay him, whom you have likewise lost.  
 This body drawne to *Ilion*, would after draw, and cost  
 A greater ransome, if you pleasd: but *Ajax* startles you;  
 Tis his breast, barres this right to us. His lookes are darts enow  
 To mixe great *Hector* with his men. And, not to blame ye are,  
 You chuse foes underneath your strengths; *Ajax* exceeds ye farre.

*Hector* lookt passing sowre at this; and answerd, why dar'st thou,  
 (So under) talke above me so? O friend, I thought till now,  
 Thy wisdom was superiour, to all th' inhabitants  
 Of gleby *Lycia*; but now, impute apparent wants  
 To that discretion thy words shew; to say I lost my ground  
 For *Ajax* greatnesse: nor feare I, the field in combats drownd;  
 Nor force of chariots: but I feare, a powre much better seene,  
 In right of all warre, then all we: That god that holds betweene,  
 Our victorie and us, his shield: lets conquest come and go  
 At his free pleasure; and with feare, converts her changes so  
 Upon the strongest: men must fight, when his just spirit impels,  
 Not their vaine glories. But come on, make thy steps parallels  
 To these of mine; and then be judge, how deepe the worke will draw:  
 If then I spend the day in shifts? or thou canst give such law  
 To thy detractive speeches then? or if the *Grecian* host,  
 Holds any, that in pride of strength, holds up his spirit most,  
 Whom (for the cariage of this Prince, that thou enforcest so)  
 I make not stoope in his defence. You, friends? ye heare and know,  
 How much it fits ye to make good, this *Grecian* I have slaine,  
 For ransome of *Joves* sonne, our friend; play then the worthy men,  
 Till I endue *Achilles* armes. This said, he left the fight,  
 And cald backe those that bore the armes; not yet without his sight,  
 In convoy of them towards *Troy*. For them, he chang'd his owne;  
 Remov'd from where it rained teares, and sent them back to towne.  
 Then put he on th' eternall armes, that the celestiall states

*Hector to  
 Glaucus.*



Gave *Peleus*; *Peleus* being old, their use appropriates

To his *Achilles*, that (like him) forsooke them not for age.

When he, whose Empire is in clouds, saw *Hector* bent to wage

Warre in divine *Achilles* armes; he shooke his head, and said: [laid

*Joves discourse  
with himselfe of  
Hector in the  
armes of Achilles.*

Poore wretch, thy thoughts are farre from death; though he so neare hath

His ambush for thee. Thou putst on, those armes (as braving him)

Whom others feare; hast slaine his friend, and from his youthfull lim,

Torne rudely off his heavenly armes; himselfe, being gentle, kind,

And valiant. Equall measure then, thy life in youth must find.

Yet since the justice is so strickt, that not *Andromache*,

(In thy denied returne from fight) must ever take of thee

Those armes; in glory of thy acts: thou shalt have that fraile blaze

Of excellence, that neighbours death: a strength even to amaze.

To this, his sable browes did bow; and he made fit his lim

To those great armes; to fill which up, the *Warre god* entred him;

Austere and terrible: his joynts, and every part extends

With strength and fortitude; and thus, to his admiring friends,

High *Clamor* brought him. He so shin'd, that all could thinke no lesse,

But he resembl'd every way, great-soul'd *Æacides*.

Then, every way he scowr'd the field; his Captaines calling on;

*Asteropæus*, *Eunomus*, (that foresaw all things done)

*Glaucus*, and *Medon*, *Desinor*, and strong *Thersilochus*;

*Phorcis*, and *Mestheles*, *Chronius*, and great *Hippothon*:

*Hector to his  
Captaines and  
souldiers.*

To all these, and their populous troopes; these, his excitements were:

Heare us, innumerable friends; neare-bordering nations, heare;

We have not cald you from your townes, to fill our idle eye

With number of so many men, (no such vaine Emperie

Did ever joy us;) but to fight, and of our *Trojan* wives

With all their children, manfully, to save the innocent lives.

In whose cares, we draw all our townes, of aiding souldiers drie,

With gifts, guards, victuall, all things fit; and hearten their supplie

With all like rights; and therefore now, let all sides set downe this,

*The secret of  
warre.*

Or live, or perish: this, of warre, the speciall secret is.

In which most resolute designe, who ever beares to towne  
*Patroclus* (laid dead to his hand) by winning the renowne  
 Of *Ajax* slaughter; the halfe spoyle, we wholly will impart  
 To his free use; and to our selfe, the other halfe convert:  
 And so the glory shall be shar'd; our selfe will have no more  
 Then he shall shine in. This drew all, to bring abroad their store  
 Before the body: every man, had hope it would be his,  
 And forc't from *Ajax*: Silly fooles, *Ajax* prevented this,  
 By raising rampiers to his friend, with halfe their carkasses.  
 And yet his humour was to rore, and feare: and now, no lesse  
 To startle *Spartas* king; to whom, he cried out: O my friend!  
 O *Menelaus*! now no hope, to get off; here's the end  
 Of all our labours: not so much, I feare to lose the Corse,  
 (For that's sure gone, the fowles of *Troy*, and dogs, will quickly force  
 That peece-meale) as I feare my head, and thine ô *Atreus* sonne;  
*Hector* a cloud brings, will hide all; instant destruction  
 Grievous, and heavie comes; ô call, our Peeres to aid us; flie.

*The promise of  
Hector if Patro-  
clus body could  
be forced off to  
their part.*

*Ajax to Mene-  
laus.*

He hasted, and usde all his voice; sent farre, and nere his crie:  
 O Princes, chiefe lights of the *Greeks*; and you that publickly  
 Eate with our Generall and me: all men of charge; O know,  
*Jove* gives both grace, and dignitie, to any that will show  
 Good minds, for onely good it selfe; though presently the eye  
 Of him that rules discerne him not. Tis hard for me t'espie  
 (Through all this smoke of burning fight) each Captaine in his place,  
 And call assistance to our need. Be then each others grace,  
 And freely follow each his next; disdaine to let the joy  
 Of great *Æacides* be forc't, to feed the beasts of *Troy*.

His voyce was first heard and obeyd, by swift *Oileades*.  
*Idomeneus*, and his mate, (renown'd *Meriones*)  
 Were seconds to *Oileus* sonne: but, of the rest, whose mind  
 Can lay upon his voice the names, that after these combind,  
 In setting up this fight on end? the *Trojans* first gave on;  
 And as into the seas vast mouth, when mightie rivers run,

*Simile.*

Their billowes, and the sea, resound; and all the utter shore  
Rebellowes (in her angry shocks) the seas repulsive rore.  
With such sounds gave the *Trojans* charge; so was their charge repress:  
One mind fild all *Greeks*; good brasse shields, close coucht to every brest:  
And on their bright helmes *Jove* powr'd downe, a mightie deale of night  
To hide *Patroclus*. Whom alive, and when he was the knight  
Of that grand child of *Æacus*, *Saturnius* did not hate;  
Nor dead, would see him dealt to dogs, and so did instigate  
His fellowes, to his worthy guard. At first the *Trojans* drave  
The blacke-ey'd *Grecians* from the Corse; but not a blow they gave  
That came at death. A while they hung, about the bodies heeles,  
The *Greekes* quite gone. But all that while, did *Ajax* whet the steeles  
Of all his forces; that cut backe, way to the Corse againe.  
Brave *Ajax* (that for forme, and fact, past all that did maintaine  
The *Grecian* fame, next *Thetis* sonne;) now flew before the first:  
*Simile.* And as a sort of dogs, and youths, are by a Bore disperst  
About a mountaine: so fled these, from mightie *Ajax*, all  
That stood in conflict for the Corse. Who thought, no chance could fall  
Betwixt them and the prise, at *Troy*. For bold *Hippothonus*,  
(*Lethus*, *Pelagus* famous sonne) was so adventurous,  
That he would stand, to bore the Corse, about the ankle bone,  
Where all the nervie fivers meete, and ligaments in one,  
That make the motion of those parts: through which he did convey  
The thong or bawdricke of his shield; and so was drawing away  
All thanks from *Hector*, and his friends: but in their steed he drew  
An ill that no man could avert: For *Telamonius* threw  
A lance that strooke quite through his helme; his braine came leaping out:  
Downe fell *Letheides*; and with him, the bodies hoisted foote.  
Farre from *Larissas* soyle he fell; a little time allow'd  
To his industrious spirits, to quit, the benefits bestow'd  
By his kind parents. But his wreake, *Priamides* assaid,  
And threw at *Ajax*; but his dart, (discovered) past, and staid  
At *Schedius*, sonne of *Iphitus*: a man of ablest hand

Of all the strong *Phocensians*; and liv'd with great command,  
 In *Panopæus*. The fell dart, fell through his channell bone;  
 Pierc't through his shoulders upper part; and set his spirit gone.  
 When (after his) another flew; the same hand giving wing  
 To martiall *Phorcis* startled soule, that was the after spring  
 Of *Phænops* seed: the javelin strooke, his curets through, and tore  
 The bowels from the bellies midst. His fall made those before  
 Give backe a little: *Hectors* selfe, enforc't to turne his face.  
 And then the *Greeks* bestow'd their showts, tooke vantage of the chace;  
 Drew off, and spoild *Hippothous*, and *Phorcis* of their armes;  
 And then ascended *Ilion*, had shaken with alarmes,  
 (Discovering th' impotence of *Troy*) even past the will of *Jove*;  
 And by the proper force of *Greece*: had *Phæbus* faild to move  
*Æneas*, in similitude, of *Periphas* (the sonne  
 Of grave *Epytes*) king at armes; and had good service done  
 To old *Anchises*; being wise, and even with him in yeares.  
 But (like this man) the farre-seene god, to *Venus* sonne appeares,  
 And askt him how he would maintaine, steepe *Ilion* in her height,  
 In spite of gods (as he presum'd) when men approv'd so sleight,  
 All his presumptions? and all theirs, that pufte him with that pride,  
 Beleeving in their proper strengths? and generally supplied  
 With such unfrighted multitudes? But he well knew that *Jove*,  
 (Besides their selfe conceipts) sustaind, their forces with more love  
 Then theirs of *Greece*; and yet all that, lackt power to hearten them.

*Apollo disguised  
 like Periphas to  
 Æneas.*

*Æneas* knew the god, and said; It was a shame extreme  
 That those of *Greece* should beate them so; and by their cowardise,  
 Not want of mans aide, nor the gods; and this (before his eyes)  
 A deitie stood, even now, and voucht, affirming *Jove* their aide.  
 And so bad *Hector*, and the rest, (to whom all this he said)  
 Turne head; and not, in that quicke ease, part with the Corse to *Greece*.

*Aenas to the  
 Trojans.*

This said, before them all he flew; and all (as of a peece)  
 Against the *Greeks* flew. *Venus* sonne, *Leocritus* did end,  
 Sonne of *Arisbas*; and had place, of *Lycomedes* friend;

*The common  
souldiers reso-  
lutions.*

Before we suffer: tis an act, much lesse infortunate,  
 And then would those of *Troy* resolve; Though certainly our fate,  
 Will fell us altogether here: of all not turne a face.  
 Thus either side, his fellowes strength, excited past his place;  
 And thus through all th' unfruitfull aire, an iron sound ascended  
 Up to the golden firmament; when strange affects contended,  
 In these immortall heaven-bred horse, of great *Æacides*;  
 Whom (once remov'd from forth the fight) a sodaine sense did seise  
 Of good *Patroclus* death; whose hands, they oft had undergone;  
 And bitterly they wept for him: nor could *Automedon*,  
 With any manage make them stirre; oft use the scourge to them;  
 Oft use his fairest speech; as oft, threats never so extreme;  
 They neither to the *Hellespont*, would beare him; nor the fight:  
 But still as any tombe-stone layes, his never-stirred weight  
 On some good man, or womans grave, for rites of funerall:  
 So unremoved stood these steeds; their heads to earth let fall,  
 And warme teares gushing from their eyes, with passionate desire,  
 Of their kind manager; their manes, that florisht with the fire  
 Of endlesse youth allotted them: fell through the yokie sphere,  
 Ruthfully ruff'd and defilde. *Jove* saw their heavy cheare,  
 And (pittyng them) spake to his mind; Poore wretched beasts (said he)  
 Why gave we you t' a mortall king? when immortalitie,  
 And incapacie of age, so dignifies your states?  
 Was it to hast the miseries, pour'd out on humane fates?  
 Of all the miserabl' st things that breathe, and creepe on earth,  
 No one more wretched is then man. And for your deathlesse birth,  
*Hector* must faile to make you prise: is't not enough he weares,  
 And glories vainly in those armes? your chariots, and rich geares,  
 (Besides you) are too much for him. Your knees and spirits againe  
 My care of you shall fill with strength; that so ye may sustaine  
*Automedon*, and beare him off. To *Troy* I still will give  
 The grace of slaughter, till at fleet, their bloody feete arrive:  
 Till *Phæbus* drinke the Westerne sea; and sacred darknesse throwes,

*Simile.*

*Joves discourse  
with himselfe of  
the wretched  
state of humani-  
tie.*

Her sable mantle, twixt their points. Thus in the steeds he blowes  
 Excessive spirit; and through the *Greeks*, and *Ilions* they rapt  
 The whirring chariot; shaking off, the crumbl'd center, wrapt  
 Amongst their tresses: and with them, *Automedon* let flie  
 Amongst the *Trojans*; making way, through all as frightfully,  
 As through a jangling flocke of Geese, a lordly Vulture beats;  
 Given way with shrikes, by every Goose, that comes but neare his threats;  
 With such state fled he through the preasse, pursuing as he fled;  
 But made no slaughter; nor he could: alone being carried  
 Upon the sacred chariot. How could he both works, do,  
 Direct his javelin, and command, his fiery horses too?

*Simile.*

At length, he came where he beheld, his friend *Alcimedon*,  
 That was the good *Laercius*, the sonne of *Æmons* sonne;  
 Who close came to his chariot side, and askt; What god is he,  
 That hath so robd thee of thy soule, to runne thus frantickly  
 Amongst these forefights, being alone? thy fighter being slaine,  
 And *Hector* glorying in his armes? he gave these words againe:

*Alcimedon to  
Automedon.*

*Alcimedon*, what man is he? of all the *Argive* race,  
 So able as thy selfe, to keepe, in use of preasse, and pace  
 These deathlesse horse? himselfe being gone, that like the gods had th'art,  
 Of their high manage? therefore take, to thy command his part,  
 And ease me of the double charge, which thou hast blam'd with right.

*Automedon to  
Alcimedon.*

He tooke the scourge and reines in hand, *Automedon* the fight:  
 Which *Hector* seeing, instantly (*Æneas* standing neare)  
 He told him, he discern'd the horse, that mere immortall were,  
 Addrest to fight, with coward guides; and therefore hop't to make  
 A rich prise of them; if his mind, would helpe to undertake:  
 For those two could not stand their charge. He granted, and both cast  
 Drie solid hides upon their neckes, exceeding soundly brast;  
 And forth they went, associate, with two more god-like men,  
*Aretus*, and bold *Chronius*; nor made they question then  
 To prise the goodly crested horse, and safely send to hell  
 The soules of both their guardians: O fooles, that could not tell,

*Hector to Æneas.*

They could not worke out their returne, from fierce *Automedon*  
 Without the liberall cost of blood; who first made *Orizon*  
 To father *Jove*, and then was fild, with fortitude, and strength;  
 When (counselling *Alcimedon*, to keepe at no great length  
 The horse from him; but let them breathe, upon his backe, because  
 He saw th' advance that *Hector* made; whose furie had no lawes  
 Proposd to it, but both their lives, and those horse, made his prise,  
 Or his life theirs) he cald to friend, these well-approv'd supplies;  
 Th' *Ajaces*, and the *Spartan* king; and said, Come, Princes, leave  
 A sure guard with the corse; and then, to your kind care receive  
 Our threatned safeties; I discern, the two chief props of *Troy*  
 Prepar'd against us: But herein, what best men can enjoy,  
 Lies in the free knees of the gods; my dart shall leade ye all;  
 The sequell, to the care of *Jove*, I leave, what ever fall.

*Automedon cals  
 for aid to the  
 Ajaces and  
 Menelaus.*

*In the Greeke  
 alwayes this  
 phrase is used,  
 not in the hands,  
 but ἐν γούνασι  
 κεῖται, in  
 the knees of  
 the gods lies our  
 helps, &c.*

All this, spake good *Automedon*; then, brandishing his lance,  
 He threw, and strooke *Aretus* shield, that gave it enterance  
 Through all the steele, and (by his belt) his bellies inmost part  
 It pierc't, and all his trembling lims, gave life up to his dart.  
 Then *Hector* at *Automedon*, a blazing lance let flie,  
 Whose flight he saw, and, falling flat, the compasse was too hie,  
 And made it sticke beyond in earth, th' extreme part burst, and there  
*Mars* buried all his violence. The sword then, for the speare,  
 Had chang'd the conflict, had not haste, sent both th' *Ajaces* in,  
 (Both serving close their fellowes call) who, where they did begin  
 There drew the end. *Priamides*, *Æneas*, *Chronius*,  
 (In doubt of what such aid might worke) left broken hearted thus,  
*Aretus* to *Automedon*, who spoild his armes, and said:  
 A little this revives my life, for him so lately dead,  
 (Though by this nothing countervail'd) And with this litle vent  
 Of inward griefe, he tooke the spoile; with which, he made ascent,  
 Up to his Chariot; hands and feete, of bloudie staines so full,  
 That Lion-like he lookt, new turn'd, from tearing up a Bull.

*Automedon  
 insults.*

And now another bitter fight, about *Patroclus* grew;

Teare-thirstie, and of toile enough; which *Pallas* did renew,  
 Descending from the cope of starres, dismiss by sharp-eyd *Jove*,  
 To animate the *Greeks*; for now, inconstant change did move  
 His mind from what he held of late: And as the purple bow,  
*Jove* bends at mortals, when of warre, he will the signall show;  
 Or make it a presage of cold, in such tempestuous sort,  
 That men are of their labours easde, but labouring cattell hurt:  
 So *Pallas* in a purple cloud, involv'd her selfe, and went  
 Amongst the *Grecians*; stird up all; but first encouragement  
 She breath'd in *Atreus* yonger sonne; and (for disguise) made choise  
 Of aged *Phænix* shape; and spake, with his unwearied voice.

*Simile.*

O *Menelaus*, much defame, and equall heavinesse,  
 Will touch at thee; if this true friend, of great *Æacides*,  
 Dogs teare beneath the *Trojan* wals; and therefore beare thee well,  
 Toile through the host; and every man, with all thy spirit, impell.

*Pallas like  
Phænix to  
Menelaus.*

He answerd: O thou long-since borne? O *Phænix*? that hast wonne  
 The honor'd foster-fathers name, of *Thetis* god-like sonne:

*Menelaus to  
Pallas supposed  
Phænix.*

<sup>b</sup> I would *Minerva* would but give, strength to me; and but keepe  
 These busie darts off; I would then, make in indeed, and steepe  
 My income in their bloods, in aide, of good *Patroclus*; much  
 His death afflicts me; much: but yet, this *Hectors* grace is such  
 With *Jove*; and such a fierie strength, and spirit he has, that still  
 His steele is killing, killing still. The kings so royall will,  
*Minerva* joy'd to heare; since she, did all the gods outgo  
 In his remembrance. For which grace, she kindly did bestow  
 Strength on his shoulders, and did fill, his knees as liberally  
<sup>c</sup> With swiftnesse, breathing in his breast, the courage of a flie.  
 Which loves to bite so, and doth beare, mans bloud so much good will,  
 That still (though beaten from a man) she flies upon him still:  
 With such a courage *Pallas* fild, the blacke parts neare his hart;  
 And then he hasted to the slaine; cast off a shining dart;  
 And tooke one *Podes*, that was heire, to old *Eetion*,  
 A rich man, and a strenuous; and by the people done



*Phæbus like  
Asiades to  
Hector.*

Much honour; and by *Hector* too, being consort, and his guest;  
And him the yellow-headed king, laid hold on at his waste;  
In offering flight, his iron pile, strooke through him; downe he fell;  
And up *Atrides* drew his corse. Then *Phæbus* did impell  
The spirit of *Hector*; *Phænops* like, surnam'd *Asiades*,  
Whom *Hector* usde (of all his guests) with greatest friendlinesse;  
And in *Abydus* stood his house; in whose forme, thus he spake:

*Hector*? what man of all the *Greeks*, will any terror make,  
Of meeting thy strength any more; when thou art terrified  
By *Menelaus*? who before, he slue thy friend, was tried,  
A passing easie souldier; where now (besides his end,  
Imposde by him) he drawes him off (and not a man to friend)  
From all the *Trojans*. This friend is, *Podes*, *Eetions* sonne.

This hid him in a cloud of grieve; and set him formost on;  
And then *Jove* tooke his Snake-fring'd shield; and *Ida* cover'd all  
With sulphurie clouds; from whence he let, abhorred lightnings fall,  
And thunderd till the mountaine shooke: and with this dreadfull state,  
He usherd victorie to *Troy*; to *Argos* flight and fate.

*Penelus Bæotius*, was he that formost fled,  
Being wounded in his shoulders height; but there the lances head  
Strooke lightly, glancing to his mouth, because it strooke him neare,  
Throwne from *Polydamas*: *Leitus*, next left the fight in feare,  
(Being hurt by *Hector*, in his hand) because he doubted sore  
His hand, in wished fight with *Troy*, would hold his lance no more.

*Idomeneus at  
Hector.*

*Idomeneus* sent a dart, at *Hector* (rushing in,  
And following *Leitus*) that strooke, his bosome, neare his chin,  
And brake at top; the *Ilians*, for his escape did shout.  
When *Hector*, at *Deucalides*, another lance sent out,  
As in his chariot he stood; it mist him narrowly;  
For (as it fell) *Cæranus* drave, his speedie chariot by,  
And tooke the *Trojan* lance himselfe; he was the Chariotere  
Of sterne *Meriones*; and first, on foote did service there,  
Which well he left to governe horse; for saving now his king,

With driving twixt him and his death; though thence his owne did spring;  
 Which kept a mightie victorie, from *Troy*, in keeping death  
 From his great Sovereigne: the fierce dart, did enter him beneath  
 His eare, betwixt his jaw and it; drave downe, cut through his tongue,  
 And strooke his teeth out; from his hands, the horses raines he flung;  
 Which now *Meriones* receiv'd, as they bestrew'd the field,  
 And bad his Sovereigne scourge away; he saw that day would yeeld  
 No hope of victorie for them. He fear'd the same, and fled.

Nor from the mightie minded sonne, of *Telamon*, lay hid  
 (For all his clouds) high *Jove* himselfe; nor from the Spartan king.  
 They saw him in the victorie, he still was varying  
 For *Troy*; for which sight, *Ajax* said: O heavens, what foole is he,  
 That sees not *Joves* hand in the grace, now done our enemy?  
 Not any dart they touch, but takes; from whom soever throwne,  
 Valiant or coward; what he wants, *Jove* addes; not any one  
 Wants his direction to strike sure; nor ours, to misse, as sure:  
 But come, let us be sure of this, to put the best in ure  
 That lies in us; which two-fold is; both to fetch off our friend,  
 And so to fetch him off, as we, may likeliest contend  
 To fetch our selves off; that our friends, surviving may have right  
 In joy of our secure retreat; as he that fell in fight,  
 Being kept as sure from further wrong: of which perhaps they doubt;  
 And looking this way, grieve for us, not able to worke out  
 Our passe from this man-slaughterer, great *Hector*, and his hands,  
 That are too hote for men to touch; but that these thirstie sands,  
 Before our fleete will be enforc't, to drinke our headlong death.  
 Which to prevent by all fit meanes, I would the parted breath  
 Of good *Patroclus*, to his friend, with speed imparted were  
 By some he loves: for I believe, no heavie messenger  
 Hath yet inform'd him; but alas, I see no man to send;  
 Both men and horse are hid in mists, that every way descend.  
 O father *Jupiter*, do thou, the sonnes of *Greece* release  
 Of this felt darknesse; grace this day, with fit transparences;

*Ajax good  
 counsell.*

And give the eyes thou giv'st, their use; destroy us in the light,  
And worke thy will with us, since needs, thou wilt against us fight.

This spake he weeping; and his teares, *Saturnius* pitie show'd,  
Disperst the darknesse instantly, and drew away the clowd,  
From whence it fell: the Sunne shin'd out, and all the host appear'd;  
And then spake *Ajax*, (whose heard prayre, his spirits highly chear'd.)

*Ajax to Menelaus.*

Brave *Menelaus*, looke about; and if thou canst descrie  
*Nestors Antilochus* alive, incite him instantly,  
To tell *Achilles*, that his friend, most deare to him, is dead.

*Simile.*

He said; nor *Menelaus* stucke, at any thing he said,  
(As loth to do it) but he went; as from a *Grasiers* stall,  
A Lion goes, when overlaid (with men, dogs, darts, and all  
Not easely losing a fat Oxe, but strong watch, all night held)  
His teeth yet watering; oft he comes, and is as oft repeld;  
The adverse darts so thicke are pour'd, before his brow-hid eyes,  
And burning firebrands; which for all, his great hearts heate, he flies,  
And (grumbling) goes his way betimes: So from *Patroclus* went  
*Atrides*, much against his mind; his doubts being vehement,  
Lest (he gone from his guard) the rest, would leave (for very feare)

*Another direct  
scoffe at Menelaus.*

*Menelaus to the  
Ajaces, like  
himselfe.*

The person to the spoile of *Greece*. And yet his guardians were,  
Th' *Ajaces*, and *Meriones*, whom much, his care did presse,  
And thus exhort; *Ajaces* both, and you *Meriones*:

*Simile.*

Now let some true friend call to mind, the gentle and sweete nature  
Of poore *Patroclus*; let him thinke, how kind to every creature,  
His heart was, living, though now dead. Thus urg'd the faire-hair'd king,  
And parted, casting round his eye.<sup>d</sup> As when upon her wing  
An Eagle is, whom men affirme, to have the sharpest sight  
Of all aires region of fowles; and though of mightie height,  
Sees yet within her leavie forme, of humble shrubs, close laid [dead:  
A light-foote Hare, which straight she stoupes, trusses, and strikes her  
So dead thou strook'st thy charge (O king,) through all warres thickets so  
Thou look'dst, and swiftly found'st thy man; exhorting gainst the foe,  
And heartning his plied men to blowes, usde in the warres left wing:  
To whom thou saidst; Thou god-lov'd man, come here, and heare a thing,

Which I wish never were to heare; I thinke even thy eye sees  
 What a destruction God hath laid, upon the sonnes of *Greece*;  
 And what a conquest he gives *Troy*; in which, the best of men  
 (*Patroclus*) lies exanimate; whose person, passing faine,  
 The *Greeks* would rescue, and beare home; and therefore give thy speed  
 To his great friend, to prove if he, will do so good a deed,  
 To fetch the naked person off; for *Hectors* shoulders weare  
 His prised armes. *Antilochus*, was highly griev'd to heare  
 This heavie newes; and stood surprisde, with stupid silence long;  
 His faire eyes standing full of teares; his voice so sweete and strong,  
 Stucke in his bosome; yet all this, wrought in him no neglect  
 Of what *Atrides* gave in charge: but for that quicke effect,  
 He gave *Laodolus* his armes, (his friend that had the guide  
 Of his swift horse) and then his knees, were speedily applide  
 In his sad message, which his eyes, told all the way in teares.  
 Nor would thy generous heart assist, his sore-charg'd souldiers  
 (*O Menelaus*) in meane time, though left in much distresse;  
 Thou sentst them god-like *Thrasimede*, and mad'st thy kind regresse  
 Backe to *Patroclus*; where arriv'd, halfe breathlesse thou didst say  
 To both th' *Ajaces*: I have sent, this messenger away  
 To swift *Achilles*, who, I feare, will hardly helpe us now,  
 (Though mad with *Hector*;) without armes, he cannot fight, ye know:  
 Let us then thinke of some best meane, both how we may remove  
 The bodie; and get off our selves, from this vociferous drove,  
 And fate of *Trojans*. Bravely spoke, at all parts (*Ajax* said)  
 O glorious sonne of *Atreus*; take thou then strait the dead,  
 And thou *Meriones*. We two, of one mind, as one name,  
 Will backe ye soundly; and on us, receive the wild-fire flame,  
 That *Hectors* rage breathes after you, before it come at you.

*Antilochus grief  
for Patroclus.*

*Another notable  
Ironie, expres-  
sing what Homer  
made of Mene-  
laus.*

This said, they tooke into their armes, the bodie; all the show  
 That might be, made to those of *Troy*, at armes end bearing it.  
 Out shriekt the *Trojans*, when they saw, the bodie borne to fleete;  
 And rusht on: As at any Bore, gasht wi'h the hunters wounds,  
 A kennell of the sharpest set, and sorest bitten hounds,

*Menelaus and  
Meriones beare  
off the body of  
Patroclus.  
Simile.*

Before their youthfull huntsmen haste; and eagerly a while  
 Pursue, as if they were assur'd, of their affected spoile;  
 But when the Savage (in his strength, as confident as they)  
 Turnes head amongst them; backe they flie, and every one his way:  
 So troope-meale *Troy* pursu'd a while, laying on with swords and darts;  
 But when th' *Ajaces* turn'd on them, and made their stand; their harts  
 Drunke from their faces all their blouds; and not a man sustain'd  
 The forechace, nor the after fight. And thus *Greece* nobly gain'd,  
 The person towards home: but thus, the changing warre was rackt  
 Out to a passing bloudie length: For as once put in act

*Simile.*

A fire invading citie roofes, is sodainly engrost,  
 And made a wondrous mightie flame; in which is quickly lost  
 A house, long building; all the while, a boisterous gust of wind  
 Lumbring amongst it: So the *Greekes* (in bearing of their friend)  
 More and more foes drew: at their heeles, a tumult thundering still

*Simile.*

Of horse and foote. Yet, as when Mules, in haling from a hill  
 A beame or mast, through foule deepeway, well clapt and heartned, close  
 Lie to their labour, tug, and sweate, and passing hard it goes:  
 (Urg'd by their drivers, to all hast) So dragg'd they on the corse;  
 Still both th' *Ajaces* at their backs; who backe still turn'd the force;

*Simile,  
 illustrating the  
 valour of both  
 the Ajaces.*

Though after, it grew still the more; yet as a sylvane hill  
 Thrusts backe a torrent, that hath kept, a narrow channell still,  
 Till at his Oken breast it beates; but there a checke it takes,  
 That sends it over all the vale, with all the stirre it makes;  
 Nor can with all the confluence, breake through his rootie sides:  
 In no lesse firme and brave repulse, th' *Ajaces* curb'd the prides  
 Of all the *Trojans*: yet all held, the pursuite in his strength;  
 Their chiefes being *Hector*, and the sonne, of *Venus*, who at length  
 Put all the youth of *Greece* besides, in most amazefull rout;  
 Forgetting all their fortitudes, distraught, and shrieking out;  
 A number of their rich armes lost, falne from them, here and there  
 About, and in the dike; and yet, the warre concludes not here.

## COMMENTARIUS.

\* ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὴρ ταύροιο βοὸς μέγαλοιο βοείην  
 Λαοῖσιν δῶνι τανύειν, μεθύουσιν ἄλοιφῃ,  
 Δεξάμενοι δ' ἄρα τοί γε διαστάντες τανύουσι  
 Κυκλός', ἄφαρ δέ τε ἱκμάς ἔβη, δύνει δέ τ' ἄλοιφῇ  
 Πολλῶν ἐλκόντων, τάνυται δέ τε πᾶσα διαπρό·  
 ὥς οἱ γ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα νέκυν ὀλίγῃ ἐνὶ χώρῃ  
 \*Εἴλκεον ἀμφότεροι.

*Thus translated ad verbum by Spondanus:*

Sicut autem quando vir tauri bovis magni pellem  
 Populis dederit distendendam temulentam pinguedine,  
 Accipientes autem utique hi dispositi extendunt  
 In orbem; statim autem humor exiit, penetratque adeps,  
 Multis trahentibus: tenditur autem tota undique;  
 Sic hi huc & illuc cadaver parvo in spacio  
 Trahebant utrique.

*Laurent. Valla thus in prose:*

Et quemadmodum si quis pinguem Tauri pellem a pluribus ex-  
 tendi juberet; inter extendendum & humor & pingue desu-  
 dat. Sic illi huc parvo in spacio distrahebant.

*Eobanus thus in verse:*

———Ac si quis distendere pellem  
 Taurinam jubeat, crassam pinguedine multa,  
 Multorum manibus, terræ desudet omasum  
 Et liquor omnis humi. Sic ipsum tempore parvo  
 Patroclum in diversa, manus numerosa, trahebat, &c.

*To answer a hote objection made to me by a great scholler, for not translating  
 Homer word for word, and letter for letter (as out of his heate he strained it,)  
 I am enforced to cite this admirable Simile, (like the other before in my anno-  
 tations at the end of the fifteenth Booke) and referre it to my judicall readers  
 examination, whether such a translation becomes Homer or not; by noting*

so much as needs to be by one example; whether the two last above-said translators, in being so short with our everlasting master; do him so much right, as my poore conversion; expressing him by necessary exposition and illustration of his words and meaning, with more words, or not. The reason of his Simile, is to illustrate the strife of both the armies for the body of Patroclus; which it doth performe most inimitably; their toile and sweate about it, being considered (which I must pray you to turne to before:) the Simile it selfe yet, I thought not unfit to insert here, to come up the closer to them, with whom I am to be compared. My paines and understanding converting it thus:

——And as a huge ox-hide,

A Currier gives amongst his men, to supple and extend  
With oile, till it be drunke withall: they tug, stretch out, and spend  
Their oile and licour liberally; and chafe the leather so,  
They make it breathe a vapour out; and in their licours go,  
A number of them set a worke; and in an orbe they pull,  
That all wayes, all parts of the hide, they may extend at full:  
So here and there did both hosts hale, the corse in litle place;  
And wrought it all wayes with their sweate, &c. In which last words of the application considered, lies the life of this illustration. Our Homers divine invention wherein, I see not in any of their shorter translations toucht at. But what could expresse more the toile about this body, forcing it this way and that, as the opposite advantage served on both sides? An Oxes hide, after the tanning, asking so much labour and oile to supple and extend it,—τανύειν μεθύουσιν ἄλοιφι, distendendam, temulentam, pinguedine; to be stretcht out, being drunke with tallow, oile, or licour: the word μεθύουσιν, which signifies temulentam; of μεθύω signifying ebrius sum, (being a metaphor) and used by Homer, I thought fit to expresse so; both because it is Homers, and doth much more illustrate then crassam pinguedine multa, as Eoban. turnes it. But Valla leaves it clearely out; & with his briefenesse, utterly maimes the Simile; which (to my understanding being so excellent) I could not but with thus much repetition and labour inculcate the sence of it; since I see not that any translator hath ever thought of it. And therefore (against the objector, that would have no more words then Homer used, in his translator)

*I hope those few words I use more, being necessarie to expresse such a sence as I understand in Homer, will be at least borne withall; without which, and other such needfull explanations, the most ingenious invention and sense of so matchlesse a writer, might passe endlesly obscured and unthought on. My manner of translation being partly built on this learned and judicious authoritie: Est sciti interpretis, non verborum numerum, & ordinem sectari; sed res ipsas, & sententias attente perpendere; easque verbis, & formulis orationis vestire idoneis, & aptis ei linguæ inquam convertitur.*

<sup>b</sup>—*ἐλ γὰρ Ἀθήνη, &c. Minerva appearing to Menelaus like Phoenix, and encouraging him (as you may reade before) to fight; he speakes as to Phoenix, and wishes Minerva would but put away the force or violence of the darts, and he would aid and fight bravely: which is a continuance of his character, being exprest for the most part by Homer ridiculous and simple. The originall words yet (because neither Eobanus nor Valla understood the character) they utterly pervert; as if you please to examine them, you may see. The words are these, βελέων δ' ἀπερύκοι ἐρωήν, which Spondanus truly interprets telorum vero depulerit impetum; Ἀπερύκω being a compound of ἐρύκω; signifying arceo, repello, propulso, abigo; and yet they translate the words, & telis vim afferret: as if Menelaus wisht that Pallas would give force to his darts; which Eobanus followes, saying, & tela valentia præstet most ignorantly and unsufferably converting it; supposing them to be his owne darts he spake of; and would have blest with Minervaes addition of vertue and power; where Homers are plaine; he spake of the enemies darts; whose force if she would avert, he would fight for Patroclus.*

<sup>c</sup>*Καὶ οἱ μύτης θάρσος ἐνὶ στήθεσσι ἐνῆκε, &c. Et ei Muscæ audaciam in pectoribus immisit. Minerva inspired him with the courage of a flie; which all his interpreters very ridiculously laugh at in Homer; as if he heartily intended to praise Menelaus by it, not understanding his Ironie here, agreeing with all the other sillinessenoted in his character. Eobanus Hessus, in pitie of Homer, leaves it utterly out; and Valla comes over him with a little salve for the sore disgrace he hath by his ignorant readers laughters; and expounds the words abovesaid thus: Lene namque ejus ingenium prudenti*



audacia implevit: laying his medicine nothing neare the place. Spondanus (*disliking Homer with the rest in this Simile*) would not have Lucian forgotten in his merry Encomium of a Flie; and therefore cites him upon this place, playing upon Homer; which, because it is already answered in the Ironie to be understood in Homer, (*he laughing at all men so ridiculous*) I forbear to repeate; and cite onely Eustathius, that would salve it, with altering the word *θάρασος* which signifies confidentia, or audacia (per Metathesis in litera *ρ*) for *θηράσος*, which is temeritas; of which I see not the end: and yet cite all, to shew how such great Clerks are perplext, and abuse Homer, as not being satis compotes mentis Poeticæ; for want of which (*which all their reading and language cannot supply*) they are thus often graveld and mistaken.

<sup>d</sup>Ὠς τ' αἰετός, &c. Veluti Aquila: The sport Homer makes with Menelaus, is here likewise confirmed and amplified in another Simile, resembling him intentionally to a harefinder, though for colours sake he useth the word Eagle; as in all other places where he presents him (*being so eminent a person*) he hides his simplicity with some shadow of glory or other. The circumstances making it cleare; being here, and in divers other places made a messenger from Ajax, and others, to call such and such to their aid; which was unfit for a man of his place, if he had bene in magnanimitie and valour equall, or any thing neare it. But to confirme his imperfection therein in divers other places, he is called *μολθακὸς αἰχμητής*, mollis bellator; and therefore was fittest to be employed to cal up those that were hardier and abler. In going about which businesse, Homer shewes how he lookt about, leering like a harefinder: for to make it simply a Simile illustrating the state of his addresse in that base affaire, had neither wit nor decorum. Both which being at their height in the other sence (*because our Homer was their great master to all accomplishment*) let none detract so miserably from him, as to take this otherwise then a continuance of his Ironie.

The end of the seventeenth Booke.

# THE EIGHTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**A**CHILLES mournes, told of Patroclus end;  
When Thetis doth from forth the sea ascend,  
And comfort him; advising to abstaine  
From any fight, till her request could gaine  
Fit armes of Vulcan. Juno yet commands  
To shew himselfe. And at the dike he stands  
In sight of th'emie; who with his sight  
Flies; and a number perish in the flight.  
Patroclus person (safe brought from the warres)  
His souldiers wash. Vulcan the armes prepares.

## ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Sigma continues the alarmes,  
And fashions the renowned armes.

THE EIGHTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS



THEY FOUGHT STILL, LIKE THE RAGE OF FIRE.  
AND NOW *ANTILOCHUS*  
CAME TO *ÆACIDES*; WHOSE MIND,  
WAS MUCH SOLICITOUS,

For that, which (as he fear'd) was false. He found him neer the fleet  
With upright saile-yeards, uttering this, to his heroike conceit:  
Ay me; why see the *Greeks* themselves, thus beaten from the field,  
And routed headlong to their fleet. O let not heaven yeeld  
Effect to what my sad soule feares; that (as I was foretold)  
The strongest *Myrmidon*, (next me) when I should still behold  
The Sunnes faire light, must part with it. Past doubt, *Menæti*us sonne  
Is he on whom that fate is wrought; O wretch, to leave undone  
What I commanded; that the fleete, once freed of hostile fire,  
(Not meeting *Hector*) instantly, he should his powres retire.

*Achilles to him-  
selfe concerning  
Patroclus.*

As thus his troubl'd mind discourst, *Antilochus* appear'd,  
And told with teares the sad newes thus: My Lord, that must be heard,  
Which would to heaven I might not tell; *Menæti*us sonne lies dead;  
And for his naked corse (his armes already forfeited,  
And worne by *Hector*) the debate, is now most vehement.

*Antilochus re-  
lates Patroclus  
death.*

This said, *Griefe* darkned all his powres. With both his hands he rent  
The blacke mould from the forced earth, and pour'd it on his head;  
Smear'd all his lovely face; his weeds (divinely fashioned)  
All filde and mangl'd; and himselfe, he threw upon the shore;  
Lay, as laid out for funerall. Then tumbl'd round, and tore  
His gracious curles; his Ecstacie, he did so farre extend,  
That all the Ladies wonne by him, and his now slaughterd friend,  
(Afflicted strangely for his plight) came shrieking from the tents,  
And fell about him; beate their breasts; their tender lineaments  
Dissolv'd with sorrow. And with them, wept *Nestors* warlike sonne,  
Fell by him, holding his faire hands, in feare he would have done  
His person violence; his heart (extremely streightned) burn'd,  
Beate, sweld, and sighd, as it would burst. So terribly he mourn'd;  
That *Thetis* sitting in the deepes, of her old fathers seas;  
Heard, and lamented. To her plaints, the bright *Nereides*  
Flockt all; how many those darke gulches, soever comprehend.

*Achilles his rage.*

There *Glauce* and *Cymodoce*, and *Spyo* did attend;  
*Nesæa* and *Cymothoa*, and calme *Amphithoe*;  
*Thalia*, *Thoa*, *Panope*, and swift *Dynanime*;  
*Actæa* and *Lymnoria*; and *Halia* the faire,  
 Fam'd for the beautie of her eyes; *Amathia* for her haire;  
*Iæra*, *Proto*, *Clymene*, and curl'd *Dexamine*;  
*Pherusa*, *Doris*; and with these, the smooth *Amphinome*;  
 Chast *Galathea* so renown'd; and *Callianira* came  
 With *Doto* and *Orythia*, to cheare the mournfull Dame;  
*Apseudes* likewise visited; and *Callianassa* gave  
 Her kind attendance; and with her, *Agave* grac't the Cave;  
*Nemertes*, *Mæra* followed; *Melita*, *Ianesse*,  
 With *Ianira*, and the rest, of those *Nereides*,  
 That in the deepe seas make abode; all which together beate  
 Their dewie bosomes; and to all, thus *Thetis* did repeate  
 Her cause of mourning: Sisters, heare, how much the sorrowes wey,  
 Whose cries, now cald ye: haplesse I, brought forth unhappily  
 The best of all the sonnes of men; who (like a well-set plant,  
 In best soiles) grew and flourished; and when his spirit did want  
 Employment for his youth and strength: I sent him with a fleete  
 To fight at *Ilion*; from whence, his fate-confined feete  
 Passe all my deitie to retire. The court of his high birth,  
 The glorious court of *Peleus*, must entertaine his worth,  
 Never hereafter. All the life, he hath to live with me,  
 Must wast in sorrowes; and this sonne, I now am bent to see,  
 Being now afflicted with some grieffe; not usually grave;  
 Whose knowledge and recure I seeke. This said, she left her cave;  
 Which all left with her; swimming forth; the greene waves, as they swom,  
 Cleft with their bosomes, curld, and gave, quicke way to *Troy*. Being come,  
 They all ascended; two and two; and trod the honor'd shore,  
 Till where the fleete of *Myrmidons* (drawne up in heapes) it bore.  
 There stayd they at *Achilles* ship; and there did *Thetis* lay  
 Her faire hand on her sonnes curl'd head, sigh'd, wept, and bad him say,

*Thetis to the  
Nereides.*

*Thetis to  
Achilles.*

What griefe drew from his eyes those teares? conceale it not (said she)  
Till this houre, thy uplifted hands, have all things granted thee.  
The *Greeks* (all thrust up at their sternes) have pour'd out teares enow;  
And in them seene how much they misse, remission of thy vow.

He said, Tis true, *Olympius*, hath done me all that grace:  
But what joy have I of it all? when thus, thrusts in the place,  
Losse of my whole selfe, in my friend? whom, when his foe had slaine,  
He spoil'd of those prophaned armes, that *Peleus* did obtaine  
From heavens high powres, solemnizing, thy sacred nuptiall bands,  
As th'onely present of them all; and fitted well their hands;  
Being lovely, radiant, marvellous; O would to heaven thy throne,  
With these faire deities of the sea, thou still hadst sate upon;  
And *Peleus* had a mortall wife; since by his meanes is done  
So much wrong to thy grieved mind; my death being set so soone,  
And never suffering my returne, to grace of *Peleus* court;  
Nor do I wish it; nor to live, in any mans resort;  
But onely that the crying bloud, for vengeance, of my friend,  
Mangl'd by *Hector*, may be stild; his foes death paying his end.

*Achilles to  
Thetis.*

She weeping, said: That houre is neare, and thy deaths houre then nie;  
Which in thy wish serv'd of thy foe, succeedeth instantly.

*Thetis to  
Achilles.*

And instantly it shall succeed, (he answerd) since my fate  
Allow'd not to my will a powre, to rescue (ere the date  
Of his late slaughter) my true friend. Farre from his friends he died;  
Whose wrong therein my eyes had light, and right to see denied.  
Yet now I neither light my selfe, nor have so spent my light,  
That either this friend or the rest, (in numbers infinite  
Slaughterd by *Hector*) I can helpe; nor grace, with wisht repaire  
To our deare country; but breathe here, unprofitable aire,  
And onely live a lode to earth, with all my strength, though none  
Of all the *Grecians* equall it. In counsell, many a one  
Is my superiour; what I have, no grace gets; what I want,  
Disgraceth all. How then too soone, can hastiest death supplant  
My fate-curst life? her instrument, to my indignitie,

*Achilles to  
Thetis.*

Being that blacke fiend *Contention*; whom, would to God might die  
 To gods and men; and *Anger* too, that kindles tyrannie  
 In men most wise; being much more sweete, then liquid hony is  
 To men of powre, to satiate, their watchfull enmities;  
 And like a pliant fume it spreads, through all their breasts; as late  
 It stole sterne passage thorough mine; which he did instigate,  
 That is our Generall. But the fact, so long past, the effect  
 Must vanish with it, though both griev'd; nor must we still respect  
 Our soothed humours; *Need* now takes, the rule of eithers mind.  
 And when the loser of my friend, his death in me shall find;  
 Let death take all. Send him, ye gods; Ile give him my embrace;  
 Not *Hercules* himselfe shund death, though dearest in the grace  
 Of *Jupiter*; even him, *Fate* stoopt, and *Juno*s crueltie;  
 And if such Fate expect my life; where death strikes, I will lie.  
 Meane time I wish a good renowme, that these deepe-brested Dames  
 Of *Ilion* and *Dardania*, may, for th'extinguisht flames  
 Of their friends lives, with both their hands, wipe miserable teares  
 From their so curiously-kept cheekes; and be the officers  
 To execute my sighs on *Troy*; when (seeing my long retreat  
 But gatherd strength, and gives my charge, an answerable heate)  
 They well may know twas I lay still; and that my being away,  
 Presented all their happinesse. But any further stay,  
 (Which your much love perhaps may wish) assay not to perswade;  
 All vowes are kept; all prayres heard; now, free way for fight is made.  
 The silver-footed Dame replide: It fits thee well, my sonne,  
 To keepe destruction from thy friends; but those faire armes are wonne  
 And worne by *Hector*, that should keepe, thy selfe in keeping them,  
 Though their fruition be but short; a long death being neare him,  
 Whose cruell glorie they are yet: by all meanes then forbear  
 To tread the massacres of warre, till I againe appeare  
 From *Mulciber* with fit new armes; which, when thy eye shall see  
 The Sunne next rise, shall enter here, with his first beames and me.  
 Thus to her sisters of the sea, she turn'd, and bad them ope

*Thetis to  
 Achilles.*

The doores and deepes of *Nereus*; she, in Olympus top  
Must visite *Vulcan* for new armes, to serve her wreakfull sonne;  
And bad informe her father so, with all things further done.

*Thetis and the  
Nymphs leave  
Achilles*

This said, they underwent the sea, her selfe flew up to heaven;  
In meane space, to the Hellespont, and ships, the *Greeks* were driven,  
In shamefull rout; nor could they yet, from rage of *Priams* sonne,  
Secure the dead of new assaults; both horse and men made on,  
With such impression: thrice the feete, the hands of *Hector* seasd;  
And thrice th' *Ajaces* thumpt him off. With whose repulse displeasd,  
He wreakt his wrath upon the troupes; then to the corse againe,  
Made horrid turnings, crying out, of his repulsed men,  
And would not quit him quite for death. A Lion almost sterv'd,  
Is not by upland herdsmen driven, from urging to be serv'd  
With more contention, then his strength, by those two of a name;  
And had perhaps his much praisd will; if th' airie-footed dame  
(Swift *Iris*) had not stoopt in hast, Ambassadresse from heaven,  
To *Peleus* sonne, to bid him arme; her message being given  
By *Juno*; kept from all the gods; she thus excited him:  
Rise thou most terrible of men, and save the precious lim  
Of thy belov'd; in whose behalfe, the conflict now runnes hie  
Before the fleete; the either host, fels other mutually;  
These to retaine, those to obtaine; amongst whom, most of all  
Is *Hector* prompt; hee's apt to drag, thy friend home; he your pall  
Will make his shoulders; his head forc't; hee'l be most famous; rise,  
No more lie idle; set the foe, a much more costly prise  
Of thy friends value; then let dogs, make him a monument,  
Where thy name will be graven. He askt, What deitie hath sent  
Thy presence hither? She repli'd; *Saturnia*; she alone,  
Not high *Jove* knowing; nor one god, that doth inhabite on  
Snowie Olympus. He againe; How shall I set upon  
The worke of slaughter, when mine armes, are worne by *Priams* son?  
How will my goddesse mother grieve, that bad I should not arme,  
Till she brought armes from *Mulciber*? But should I do such harme

*Iris ambassa-  
dresse to Achil-  
les from Juno.*



To her and dutie: who is he (but *Ajax*) that can vant  
The fitting my brest with his armes? and he is conversant  
Amongst the first, in use of his; and rampiers of the foe  
(Slaine neare *Patroclus*) builds to him. All this (said she) we know,  
And wish, thou onely wouldst but show, thy person to the eyes  
Of these hote *Ilians*, that (afraid, of further enterprise)  
The *Greeks* may gaine some litle breath. She woo'd, and he was won,  
And strait *Minerva* honor'd him; who *Joves* shield clapt upon  
His mightie shoulders; and his head, girt with a cloud of gold,  
That cast beames round about his browes. And as when armes enfold

*Simile.*

A citie in an Ile; from thence, a fume at first appears,  
(Being in the day) but when the Even, her cloudie forehead reares,  
Thicke show the fires, and up they cast, their splendor, that men nie  
Seeing their distresse, perhaps may set, ships out to their supply:  
So (to shew such aid) from his head, a light rose, scaling heaven.

*Simile.*

And forth the wall he stept and stood; nor brake the precept given  
By his great mother (mixt in fight,) but sent abroad his voice,  
Which *Pallas* farre off ecchoed; who did betwixt them hoise  
Shrill Tumult to a toplesse height. And as a voice is heard  
With emulous affection, when any towne is spher'd  
With siege of such a foe, as kils, mens minds; and for the towne  
Makes sound his trumpet: so the voice, from *Thetis* issue throwne,  
Won emulously th'eares of all. His brazen voice once heard,  
The minds of all were startl'd so, they yeelded; and so feard  
The faire-man'd horses, that they flew, backe, and their chariots turn'd,  
Presaging in their augurous hearts, the labours that they mourn'd  
A litle after; and their guides, a repercussive dread  
Tooke from the horrid radiance, of his refulgent head.  
Which *Pallas* set on fire with grace. Thrice great *Achilles* spake;  
And thrice (in heate of all the charge) the *Trojans* started backe.  
Twelve men, of greatest strength in *Troy*, left with their lives exhald,  
Their chariots and their darts, to death, with his three summons cald.  
And then the *Grecians* spritefully, drew from the darts the corse,

And hearst it, bearing it to fleete. His friends, with all remorse  
 Marching about it. His great friend, dissolving then in teares,  
 To see his truly-lov'd return'd, so horst upon an herse,  
 Whom with such horse and chariot, he set out safe and whole;  
 Now wounded with unpittyng steele, now sent without a soule,  
 Never againe to be restor'd, never receiv'd but so;  
 He follow'd mourning bitterly. The Sunne (yet farre to go)  
*Juno* commanded to go downe; who in his powres despight,  
 Sunke to the Ocean; over earth, dispersing sodaine Night.  
 And then the *Greeks*, and *Trojans* both, gave up their horse and darts.  
 The *Trojans* all to counsell call'd, ere they refresht their hearts  
 With any supper; nor would sit; they grew so stiffe with feare,  
 To see (so long from heavie fight) *Æacides* appeare.

*Juno commands  
 the Sunne to go  
 downe before his  
 time.*

*Polydamas* began to speake, who onely could discern  
 Things future by things past; and was, vow'd friend to *Hector*; borne  
 In one night both; he thus advisde: Consider well (my friends)  
 In this so great and sodaine change, that now it selfe extends;  
 What change is best for us t' oppose. To this stands my command;  
 Make now the towne our strength; not here, abide lights rosie hand;  
 Our wall being farre off, and our foe, (much greater) still as nere.  
 Till this foe came, I well was pleasde, to keepe our watches here;  
 My fit hope, of the fleetes surprise, enclin'd me so; but now,  
 Tis stronglier guarded; and (their strength, increast) we must allow  
 Our owne proportionate amends. I doubt exceedingly  
 That this indifferencie of fight, twixt us and th'emie;  
 And these bounds we prefixe to them; will nothing so confine,  
 Th'uncurb'd mind of *Æacides*. The height of his designe  
 Aimes at our citie, and our wives; and all barres in his way  
 (Being backt with lesse then wals) his powre, will scorne to make his stay;  
 And overrunne, as overseene; and not his object. Then  
 Let *Troy* be freely our retreat; lest being enforc't, our men  
 Twixt this, and that, be taken up, by Vultures; who by night  
 May safe come off; it being a time, untimely for his might

*Polydamas to  
 Hector and the  
 Trojans.*

To spend at randome; that being sure. If next light shew us here  
 To his assaults, each man will wish, that *Troy* his refuge were;  
 And then feele, what he heares not now. I would to heaven mine eare  
 Were free even now of those complaints, that you must after heare,  
 If ye remove not. If ye yeeld (though wearied with a fight)  
 So late and long; we shall have strength, in counsell, and the night.  
 And (where we here have no more force, then *Need* will force us to,  
 And which must rise out of our nerves) high ports, towres, walls will do  
 What wants in us. And in the morne, all arm'd upon our towres;  
 We all will stand out to our foe. I will trouble all his powres,  
 To come from fleet, and give us charge; when his high-crested horse,  
 His rage shall satiate with the toyle, of this, and that wayes course;  
 Vaine entrie seeking underneath, our well-defended wals;  
 And he be glad to turne to fleet, about his funerals.  
 For of his entrie here, at home; What mind will serve his thirst?  
 Or ever feed him with sackt *Troy*? the dogs shall eate him first.

*Hectors angry  
 reply to Poly-  
 damas.*

At this speech, *Hector* bent his browes; and said, This makes not great  
 Your grace with me, *Polydamas*; that argue for retreat  
 To *Troys* old prison; have we not, enough of those towres yet?  
 And is not *Troy*, yet, charg'd enough, with impositions set  
 Upon her citizens; to keepe, our men from spoyle, without?  
 But still we must impose, within? that houses, with our rout,  
 As well as purses, may be plagu'd? Before time, *Priams* towne  
 Traffickt with divers-languag'd men; and all gave the renowne  
 Of rich *Troy* to it; brasse, and gold, abounding: but her store  
 Is now from every house exhaust; possessions evermore,  
 Are sold out into *Phrygia*, and lovely *Mæonie*;  
 And have bene, ever since *Joves* wrath. And now his clemencie  
 Gives me the meane, to quit our want, with glorie; and conclude  
 The *Greeks* in sea-bords, and our seas; to slacke it, and extrude  
 His offerd bountie by our flight. Foole that thou art, bewray  
 This counsell to no common eare; for no man shall obay.  
 If any will, Ile checke his will. But what our selfe command,

Let all observe: take suppers all; keepe watch of every hand.  
 If any *Trojan* have some spoyle, that takes his too much care,  
 Make him dispose it publickly; tis better any fare  
 The better for him, then the *Greeks*. When light then deckes the skies,  
 Let all arme for a fierce assault. If great *Achilles* rise,  
 And will enforce our greater toyle; it may rise so to him;  
 On my backe, he shall find no wings; my spirit, shall force my lim  
 To stand his worst; and give, or take; *Mars* is our common Lord,  
 And the desirous sword-mans life; he ever puts to sword.

This counsell gat applause of all; so much were all unwise;  
*Minerva* robd them of their braines, to like the ill advice  
 The great man gave; and leave the good, since by the meaner given.  
 All tooke their suppers; but the *Greeks*, spent all the heavy Even  
 About *Patroclus* mournfull rites; *Pelides* leading all  
 In all the formes of heavinesse: he, by his side did fall;  
 And his man-slaughtering hands imposd, into his oft-kist brest;  
 Sighes, blew up sighes: and Lion-like, grac't with a goodly crest,  
 That in his absence being robd, by hunters of his whelps,  
 Returnes to his so desolate den: and (for his wanted helps)  
 Beholding his unlookt-for wants, flies roring backe againe;  
 Hunts the slie hunter; many a vale, resounding his disdain.  
 So mourn'd *Pelides*, his late losse; so weightie were his mones,  
 Which (for their dumbe sounds) now gave words, to all his *Myrmidons*.  
 O gods (said he) how vaine a vow, I made, (to cheare the mind)  
 Of sad *Menæti*us, when his sonne, his hand to mine resign'd;  
 That high-towr'd *Opus* he should see; and leave rac't *Ilion*,  
 With spoyle, and honor, even with me? but *Jove* vouchsafes to none,  
 Wisht passages to all his vowes; we both were destinate  
 To bloody one earth here in *Troy*; nor any more estate  
 In my returne, hath *Peleus*, or *Thetis*; but because,  
 I, last must undergo the ground, Ile keepe no funerall lawes  
 (O my *Patroclus*) for thy Corse; before I hither bring,  
 The armes of *Hector*, and his head, to thee for offering.

*Simile.*

*Achilles to his  
Myrmidons.*

*Achilles to  
Patroclus.*

Twelve youths, the most renown'd of *Troy*, Ile sacrifice beside,  
 Before thy heape of funerall, to thee unpacifide.  
 In meane time, by our crooked sternes, lye drawing teares from me;  
 And round about thy honour'd Corse, these dames of *Dardanie*,  
 And *Ilion*, with the ample breasts (whom our long speares, and powres,  
 And labours, purchast from the rich, and by-us-ruind towres,  
 And cities strong, and populous, with divers-languag'd men)  
 Shall kneele, and neither, day, nor night, be licenst to abstaine  
 From solemne watches; their toil'd eyes, held ope with endlesse teares.

This passion past; he gave command, to his neare souldiers;  
 To put a Tripod to the fire, to cleanse the festred gore,  
 From off the person. They obeyd, and presently did powre  
 Fresh water in it; kindl'd wood, and with an instant flame,  
 The belly of the Tripod girt; till fires hote qualitie came  
 Up to the water. Then they washt, and fild the mortall wound  
 With wealthy oyle, of nine yeares old; then wrapt the body round,  
 In largenesse of a fine white sheete, and put it then in bed,  
 When all, watchtall night, with their Lord, and spent sighes on the dead.

*Jove to Juno.*

Then *Jove* askt *Juno*, if at length, she had suffisde her splene;  
*Achilles* being wonne to armes? or if she had not bene

*Juno to Jove.*

The naturall mother of the *Greeks*; she did so still preferre  
 Their quarrell? She incenst, askt why, he still was tanting her,  
 For doing good to those she lov'd? since man to man might show  
 Kind offices, though thrall to death; and though they did not know  
 Halfe such deepe counsels, as disclosd; beneath her farre-seeing state:  
 She, reigning Queene of goddesses; and being ingenerate  
 Of one stocke with himselfe; besides, the state of being his wife;  
 And must her wrath, and ill to *Troy*, continue such a strife  
 From time to time, twixt him and her? This private speech they had;

*Thetis enters the  
 Court of Vulcan.*

And now the silver-footed Queene, had her ascension made,  
 To that incorruptible house, that starry golden court  
 Offiery *Vulcan*; beautifull, amongst th'immortall sort.

Which yet the lame god built himselfe: she found him in a sweate,

About his bellowes; and in haste, had twentie Tripods beate,  
 To set for stooles about the sides, of his well-built hall.  
 To whose feete, little wheeles of gold, he put, to go withall;  
 And enter his rich dining roome; alone, their motion free  
 And backe againe go out alone, miraculous to see.  
 And thus much he had done of them; yet handles were to adde;  
 For which he now was making studs. And while their fashion had  
 Employment of his skilfull hand; bright *Thetis* was come neare,  
 Whom first, faire well-haird *Charis* saw, that was the nuptiall fere,  
 Of famous *Vulcan*; who, the hand, of *Thetis* tooke, and said;

Why, faire-train'd, lov'd, and honour'd Dame, are we thus visited  
 By your kind presence? You I thinke, were never here before;  
 Come neare, that I may banquet you, and make you visite more.

*Charis the wife  
 of Vulcan to  
 Thetis.*

She led her in, and in a chaire, of silver (being the fruite  
 Of *Vulcans* hand) she made her sit: a footstool, of a suite,  
 Apposing to her Cristall feete; and cald the god of fire  
 For *Thetis* was arriv'd (she said) and entertain'd desire,  
 Of some grace, that his art might grant. *Thetis* to me (said he)  
 Is mightie, and most reverend, as one that nourisht me,  
 When *Griefe* consum'd me; being cast, from heaven, by want of shame  
 In my proud mother, who because, she brought me forth so lame,  
 Would have me made away; and then, had I bene much distrest,  
 Had *Thetis* and *Eurynome*, in eithers silver breast  
 Not rescu'd me. *Eurynome*, that to her father had  
 Reciprocall *Oceanus*; nine yeares with them I made  
 A number of well-arted things; round bracelets, buttons brave;  
 Whistles, and Carquenets: my forge, stood in a hollow Cave,  
 About which (murmuring with fome) th'unmeasur'd *Ocean*  
 Was ever beating; my abode, knowne nor to god, nor man,  
 But *Thetis*, and *Eurynome*, and they would see me still:  
 They were my loving guardians: now then the starry hill,  
 And our particular rooffe thus grac't, with bright-hair'd *Thetis* here;  
 It fits me alwaies to repay, a recompence as deare

*Vulcan to Charis.*

To her thoughts, as my life to me. Haste *Charis*, and appose  
 Some daintie guest-rites to our friend, while I my bellowes lose  
 From fire, and lay up all my tooles. Then from an anvile rose  
 Th' unweildy Monster; halted downe, and all awry he went.  
 He tooke his bellowes from the fire, and every instrument  
 Lockt safe up in a silver chest. Then with a sponge he drest  
 His face all over, necke and hands, and all his hairie breast:  
 Put on his Cote, his Scepter tooke, and then went halting forth:  
 Handmaids of gold, attending him; resembling in all worth,  
 Living yong damzels; fild with minds, and wisdom, and were train'd  
 In all immortall ministrie; virtue, and voice contain'd,  
 And mov'd with voluntarie powres: and these still waited on  
 Their fierie Sovereigne; who (not apt, to walke) sate neare the throne  
 Of faire-hair'd *Thetis*; tooke her hand; and thus he courted her:

*Vulcan attendants.*

*Vulcan to Thetis.*

For what affaire, ô faire-train'd Queene, reverend to me, and deare,  
 Is our Court honord with thy state? That hast not heretofore  
 Perform'd this kindnesse? Speake thy thoughts; thy suite can be no more,  
 Then my mind gives me charge to grant; can my powre get it wrought?  
 Or that it have not onely powre, of onely act in thought?

*Thetis to Vulcan.*

She thus: O *Vulcan*, is there one, of all that are of heaven,  
 That in her never-quiet mind, *Saturnius* hath given  
 So much affliction as to me? whom onely he subjects  
 (Of all the Sea-Nymphs) to a man; and makes me beare th' affects  
 Of his fraile bed: and all against, the freedome of my will.  
 And he worne to his roote, with age: from him, another ill,  
 Ariseth to me; *Jupiter*, you know, hath given a sonne  
 (The excellenst of men) to me; whose education,  
 On my part, well hath answered, his owne worth; having growne,  
 As in a fruitfull soyle, a tree, that puts not up alone,  
 His body to a naked height; but joyntly gives his growth  
 A thousand branches; yet to him, so short a life I brought,  
 That never I shall see him more, return'd to *Peleus* Court.  
 And all that short life he hath spent, in most unhappy sort.

For first he wonne a worthy Dame, and had her by the hands  
 Of all the *Grecians*: yet this Dame, *Atrides* countermands:  
 For which, in much disdain he mourn'd, and almost pin'd away,  
 And yet, for this wrong, he receiv'd, some honor, I must say;  
 The *Greeks* being shut up at their ships; not sufferd to advance,  
 A head out of their batterd sternes; and mightie suppliance,  
 By all their grave men hath bene made, gifts, honors, all proposde  
 For his reflection; yet he still, kept close, and saw enclosde  
 Their whole host, in this generall plague. But now his friend put on  
 His armes; being sent by him to field, and many a *Myrmidon*  
 In conduct of him; all the day, they fought before the gates  
 Of *Scæa*; and most certainly, that day had seene the dates,  
 Of all *Troyes* honors, in her dust; if *Phæbus* (having done  
 Much mischief more) the envyed life, of good *Menæti*us sonne,  
 Had not with partiall hands enforc't; and all the honor given  
 To *Hector*, who hath prisd his armes; and therefore I am driven,  
 T' embrace thy knees, for new defence, to my lov'd sonne: alas,  
 His life prefixt, so short a date, had need spend that with grace.  
 A shield then for him, and a helme, faire greaves, and curets such,  
 As may renowne thy workmanship; and honor him as much;  
 I sue for, at thy famous hands. Be confident (said he)  
 Let these wants breed thy thoughts, no care; I would it lay in me,  
 To hide him from his heavy death; when Fate shall seeke for him;  
 As well, as with renowned armes, to fit his goodly limme;  
 Which thy hands shall convey to him; and all eyes shall admire:  
 See, and desire againe to see, thy satisfied desire.

*Vulcan to  
Thetis.*

This said, he left her there; and forth, did to his bellows go,  
 Apposde them to the fire againe, commanding them to blow.  
 Through twenty holes made to his harth, at once blew twenty paire,  
 That fir'd his coles, sometimes with soft, sometimes with vehement ayre;  
 As he will'd, and his worke requir'd. Amids the flame he cast,  
 Tin, Silver, precious Gold, and Brasse; and in the stocke he plac't,  
 A mightie anvil; his right hand, a weigntie hammer held;

*Vulcan begins  
to forge armes  
for Achilles.*



His left his tongs. And first he forg'd, a strong and spacious shield  
 Adorn'd with twenty severall hewes: about whose verge he beate,  
 A ring, three-fold and radiant; and on the backe he set,  
 A silver handle; five-fold were, the equall lines he drew  
 About the whole circumference: in which, his hand did shew,  
 (Directed with a knowing mind) a rare varietie:  
 For in it he presented earth; in it, the sea, and skie:  
 In it, the-never-wearied Sunne; the Moone exactly round,  
 And all those starres, with which the browes, of ample heaven are crown'd;  
*Orion*, all the *Pleiades*; and those seven *Atlas* got;  
 The close-beam'd *Hyades*. The *Beare*, surnam'd the Chariot,  
 That turnes about heavens axeltree; holds ope a constant eye  
 Upon *Orion*; and, of all, the Cressets in the skie,  
 His golden forehead never bowes, to th' *Ocean* Emperie.

*Two cities forged  
 in Achilles  
 armes.*

Two cities in the spacious shield, he built with goodly state,  
 Of diverse-languag'd men: the one, did nuptials celebrate,  
 Observing at them, solemne feasts: the Brides from foorth their bowres  
 With torches, usherd through the streets: a world of Paramours  
 Excited by them; youths, and maides, in lovely circles danc't;  
 To whom the merrie Pipe, and Harpe, their spritely sounds advanc't;  
 The matrones standing in their dores, admiring. Otherwhere,  
 A solemne Court of law was kept, where throngs of people were:  
 The case in question, was a fine, imposde on one, that slue  
 The friend of him that follow'd it, and for the fine did sue;  
 Which th' other pleaded he had paide. The adverse part denied,  
 And openly affirm'd he had, no penny satisfied.

*The martiall  
 citie in the  
 shield of  
 Achilles.*

Both put it to arbiterment; the people cryed twas best  
 For both parts; and th' Assistants too, gave their doomes like the rest.  
 The Heralds made the people peace: the Seniors then did beare  
 The voicefull Heralds scepters; sate, within a sacred sphere  
 On polisht stones; and gave by turnes, their sentence. In the Court  
 Two talents gold were cast, for him, that judg'd in justest sort.  
 The other citie, other warres, employ'd as busily,

Two armies glittering in armes, of one confederacie,  
Besieg'd it; and a parle had, with those within the towne;  
Two wayes they stood resolv'd; to see, the citie overthrowne:  
Or that the citizens should heape, in two parts all their wealth,  
And give them halfe. They neither lik't, but arm'd themselves by stealth:  
Left all their old men, wives, and boyes, behind, to man their wals;  
And stole out to their enemies towne. The Queene of martials,  
And *Mars* himselfe conducted them; both which being forg'd of gold,  
Must needs have golden furniture: and men might so behold,  
They were presented deities. The people, *Vulcan* forg'd  
Of meaner mettall. When they came, where that was to be urg'd  
For which they went; within a vale, close to a flood, whose streame  
Usde to give all their cattell drinke; they there enambusht them:  
And sent two scouts out to descrie, when th' enemies heards, and sheepe  
Were setting out. They strait came forth, with two that usde to keepe  
Their passage alwayes; both which pip't, and went on merrily;  
Nor dream'd of Ambuscados there. The Ambush then let flie;  
Slue all their white fleec't sheepe, and neate, and by them laid their guard.  
When those in siege before the towne, so strange an uprore heard,  
Behind, amongst their flocks, and heards; (being then in counsell set)  
They then start up, tooke horse, and soone, their subtle enemy met;  
Fought with them on the rivers shore, where both gave mutuall blowes  
With well pil'd darts. Amongst them all: perverse *Contention* rose,  
Amongst them *Tumult* was enrag'd: amongst them ruinous *Fate*,  
Had her red-finger; some they tooke, in an unhurt estate;  
Some hurt; yet living; some quite slaine: and those they tug'd to them  
By both the feete; strip't off and tooke, their weeds, with all the streame  
Of blood upon them; that their steeles, had manfully let out.  
They far'd as men alive indeed, drew dead indeed about.

To these, the fierie Artizan, did adde a new-ear'd field  
Lardge and thrice plowd; the soyle being soft, and of a wealthy yeeld,  
And many men at plow he made, that drave earth here and there,  
And turnd up stitches orderly; at whose end when they were,

*A new eared  
field in the  
shield,*

A fellow ever gave their hands, full cups of luscious wine;  
Which emptied, for another stitch, the earth they undermine;  
And long till th'utmost bound be reacht, of all the ample Close:  
The soyle turnd up behind the plow, all blacke like earth arose,  
Though forg'd of nothing else but gold, and lay in show as light,  
As if it had bene plowd indeed; miraculous to sight.

*A field of corne.* There grew by this, a field of corne, high, ripe; where reapers wrought,  
And let thicke handfuls fall to earth; for which, some other brought  
Bands, and made sheaves. Three binders stood, and tooke the handfuls  
From boyes that gatherd quickly up; and by them arme-fuls heapt. [reapt,  
Amongst these at a furrowes end, the king stood pleas'd at heart;  
Said no word, but his scepter shewd. And from him, much apart,  
His harvest Bailiffes, underneath, an Oke, a feast prepar'd:  
And having kild a mightie Oxe, stood there to see him shar'd;  
Which women, for their harvest folks (then come to sup) had drest;  
And many-white-wheate-cakes bestow'd, to make it up a feast.

*A vine of gold.* He set neare this, a vine of gold; that crackt beneath the weight  
Of bunches, blacke with being ripe, to keepe which, at the height,  
A silver raile ranne all along; and round about it flow'd  
An azure mote; and to this guard, a quick-set was bestow'd  
Of Tin, one onely path to all; by which the pressemen came  
In time of vintage; youths, and maids, that bore not yet the flame  
Of manly *Hymen*; baskets bore, of grapes, and mellow fruited.  
A lad that sweetly toucht a harpe, to which his voice did suite,  
Centerd the circles of that youth; all whose skill could not do  
The wantons pleasure to their minds, that danc't, sung, whistl'd to.

*A heard of oxen.* A herd of Oxen then he carv'd, with high raisd heads; forg'd all  
Of Gold and Tin (for colour mixt) and bellowing from their stall,  
Rusht to their pastures, at a flood, that eccho'd all their throtes;  
Exceeding swift, and full of reeds; and all in yellow cotes,  
Foure heardsmen follow'd; after whom, nine Mastives went. In head  
Of all the heard, upon a Bull, that deadly bellowed,  
'Two horrid Lions rampt, and seisd, and (tugg'd off) bellowing still,

Both men, and dogs came; yet they tore, the hide, and lapt their fill  
Of blacke blood; and the entrailes eate. In vaine the men assayd,  
To set their dogs on: none durst pinch, but curre-like stood and bayd  
In both the faces of their kings; and all their onsets fled.

Then in a passing pleasant vale, the famous Artsman fed,  
(Upon a goodly pasture ground) rich flocks, of white-fleec't sheepe;  
Built stables, cottages, and cotes; that did the sheapheards keepe  
From winde and weather. Next to these, he cut a dancing place,  
All full of turnings; that was like, the admirable maze  
For faire-hair'd *Ariadne* made, by cunning *Dedalus*;  
And in it, youths, and virgins danc't; all yong and beautious,  
And glewed in anothers palmes. Weeds that the winde did tosse,  
The virgines wore: the youths, woven cotes, that cast a faint dimme glosse,  
Like that of oyle. Fresh garlands to, the virgines temples crownd;  
Theyouths guilt swords wore, at their thighs; with silver bawdricks bound:  
Sometimes all wound close in a ring; to which as fast they spunne,  
As any wheele a Turner makes, being tried how it will runne,  
While he is set; and out againe, as full of speed, they wound;  
Not one left fast, or breaking hands. A multitude stood round;  
Delighted with their nimble sport: to end which two begun  
(Mids all) a song, and turning sung, the sports conclusion.  
All this he circl'd in the shield, with pouring round about  
(In all his rage) the *Ocean*, that it might never out.

*Flocks of sheepe.*

*A labyrinth.*

This shield thus done, he forg'd for him, such curets, as out shin'd  
The blaze of fire: a helmet then (through which no steele could find  
Forc't passage) he composde, whose hue, a hundred colours tooke;  
And in the crest, a plume of gold, that each breath stirr'd, he stucke.

All done; he all to *Thetis* brought, and held all up to her;  
She tooke them all, and lik't the hawke, (surnam'd the Osspringer)  
From *Vulcan* to her mightie sonne; with that so glorious show,  
Stoopt from the steepe *Olympian* hill, hid in eternall snow.

## COMMENTARIUS.

‘ὥς δ’ ὅτ’ ἀριζήλη φωνή, ὅτε τ’ ἴαχε σάλπιγξ  
 Ἄστυ περιπλομένων Δηϊῶν ὑπο θυμοραϊστέων,  
 ὥς τότ’ ἀριζήλη φωνή γένετ’ Αἰακίδαο.  
 Ὅι δ’ ὥς οὖν ἄϊον ὅπα χάλκεον Αἰακίδαο,  
 Πᾶσιν ὀρίνθη θυμός.

*Thus turned by Spondanus ad verbum:*

Ut autem cognitu facilis vox est, cum clangit tuba  
 Urbem obsidentes hostes propter perniciosos:  
 Sic tunc clara vox fuit *Æacidae*,  
 Hi autem postquam igitur audiverunt vocem ferream *Æacidae*:  
 Omnibus commotus est animus.

*Valla thus:*

Sicut enim cum obsidentibus sævis urbem hostibus, vel clarior  
 vox, vel classicum perstrepat; ita nunc *Achilles* magna voce in-  
 clamavit. — quam cum audirent *Trojani*, perturbati sunt  
 animis.

*Eobanus Hessus thus:*

—— Nam sicut ab urbe Obsessa increpuere tubæ, vel classica  
 cantu Ferrea; sic *Troas* vox perturbabat *Achillis*.

*Mine owne harsh conversion (in which I will be bold to repeate after these,  
 thus closely for your easier examination) is this; as before,*

—— And as a voice is heard

With emulous attention, when any towne is spher'd  
 With siege of such a foe as kils, mens minds; and for the towne  
 Makesound his trumpet: so the voice, from *Thetis* issue throwne,  
 Wonne emulously the eares of all. His brazen voice once heard,  
 The minds of all were startl'd so, they yeelded.

*In conference of all our translations, I would gladly learne of my more learn-  
 ed Reader; if the two last conversions do any thing neare expresse the conceipt*

of Homer, or if they beare any grace worth the signification of his words, and the sence of his illustration. Whose intent was not to expresse the clearenesse or shrilnesse of his voice in it self; but the envious terror it wrought in the Trojans. ἀριζήλη φωνή, not signifying in this place clara, or cognitu facilis vox; but emulanda vox, ἀριζηλος signifying, quem valde æmulamur, aut valde æmulandus: though these interpreters would rather receive it here for ἀρίδης, verso λ in ζ, ut sit clarus, illustris, &c. But how silly a curiositie is it to alter the word upon ignorance of the signification it hath in his place? the word ἀριζηλος being a compound of ἀρι, which signifieth valde, and ζήλος, which is æmulatio: or of ζηλώω which signifies æmulo? To this effect then (saith Homer in this Simile,) As a voice that workes a terror, carrying an envy with it, sounds to a citie besieged when the trumpet of a dreadfull and mind-destroying enemy summons it, (for so ληϊων θυμοραϊστέων, signifies, θυμοραϊστής signifying animum destruens, being a compound of ραίω, which signifies destruo; and θυμός which is animus,) that is, when the parole comes, after the trumpets sound, uttering the resolution of the dreadfull enemy before it. The further application of this simile is left out by mischance.

The end of the eighteenth Booke.



# THE NINETEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**T**HETIS, *presenting armour to her sonne;*  
*He cals a Court, with full reflection*  
*Of all his wrath. Takes of the king of men*  
*Free-offerd gifts. All take their breakefast then;*  
*He (onely fasting.) Armes, and brings abroad,*  
*The Grecian host. And (hearing the abode*  
*Of his neare death by Xanthus prophesied)*  
*The horse, for his so bold presage, doth chide.*

## ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

*ταῦ gives the anger period*  
*And great Achilles comes abroad,*





THE MORNE AROSE, AND FROM THE OCEAN,  
IN HER SAFFRON ROBE,  
GAVE LIGHT TO ALL: AS WELL TO GODS,  
AS MEN OF TH'UNDER GLOBE.

*Thetis* stoopt home, and found the prostrate person of her sonne,  
About his friend; still pouring out, himselfe in passion:  
A number more, being heavy consorts to him in his cares.  
Amongst them all, *Thetis* appear'd; and sacred comforters  
Made these short words. Though we must grieve, yet beare it thus; (my son)  
It was no man that prostrated, in this sad fashion  
Thy dearest friend; it was a god, that first laid on his hand;  
Whose will is law: the gods decrees, no humane must withstand.  
Do thou embrace this Fabricke of a god; whose hand, before,  
Nere forg'd the like; and such as yet, no humane shoulder wore.

*Thetis appears  
To Achilles.*

Thus (setting downe;) The precious mettall of the armes was such,  
That all the roome rung with the weight, of every slendrest touch.  
Cold tremblings tooke the *Myrmidons*; none durst sustaine, all fear'd  
T'oppose their eyes: *Achilles* yet, as soone as they appear'd,  
Sterne *Anger* enterd. From his eyes (as if the day-starre rose)  
A radiance terrifying men, did all the state enclose.

*Achilles rapture  
at the sight of  
his armes.*

At length, he tooke into his hands, the rich gift of the god;  
And (much pleas'd, to behold the art, that in the shield he show'd)  
He brake forth into this applause; O mother, these, right well,  
Shew an immortall fingers touch; mans hand must never deale  
With armes againe. Now I will arme; yet (that no honour make  
My friend forgotten) I much feare, lest with the blowes of flies,  
His brasse-inflicted wounds are filde; life gone; his person lies  
All apt to putrification. She bad him, doubt no harme,  
Of those offences: she would care, to keepe the petulant swarme  
Of flies (that usually taint, the bodies of the slaine)  
From his friends person: though a yeare, the earths top should sustaine  
His slaughterd body, it should still, rest sound and rather hold  
A better state, then worse; since time, that death first made him cold:  
And so bad call a Councell to, dispose of new alarmes,  
Where (to the king, that was the Pastor of that flocke in armes)

*Achilles  
summons all the  
Greeks to  
Councell.*

He should depose all anger and, put on a fortitude  
Fit for his armes. All this, his powres, with dreadfull strength indude.  
She, with her faire hand, still'd into, the nostrils of his friend,  
Red *Nectar*, and *Ambrosia*; with which she did defend  
The Corse from putrification. He trod along the shore,  
And summon'd all th' Heroique *Greekes*; with all that spent before  
The time in exercise with him; the Maisters, Pilots to,  
Victlers, and all; all when they saw, *Achilles* summon so,  
Swarm'd to the Councell, having long, left the laborious wars.  
To all these, came two halting kings, true servitors of *Mars*,  
*Tydidēs*, and wise *Ithacus*, both leaning on their speares:  
Their wounds still painefull; and both these, sat first of all the Peeres.

*Achilles first  
speaker in the  
Councell.*

The last come, was the king of men, sore wounded with the lance  
Of *Coon Antenorides*. All set, the first in utterance,  
Was *Thetis* sonne; who rose, and said; *Atrides*, had not this  
Conferd most profite to us both? when both our enmities  
Consum'd us so? and for a wench? whom, when I chusde for prise,  
(In laying *Lyrnessus* ruin'd walls, amongst our victories)  
I would to heaven (as first she set, her daintie foote aboard)  
*Dianas* hand had tumbl'd off, and with a javelin gor'd.  
For then, th'unmeasurable earth, had not so thick bene gnawne,  
(In deaths convulsions) by our friends; since my affects were drawne  
To such distemper. To our foe, and to our foes chiefe friend  
Our jarre brought profite: but the *Greeks*, will never give an end  
To thought of what it prejudic't them. Past things yet, past our aide;  
Fit grieve, for what wrath rulde in them; must make th'amends repaid  
With that necessitie of love; that now forbids our ire;  
Which I with free affects obey. Tis for the senslesse fire  
Still to be burning, having stufte; but men, must curbe rage still,  
Being fram'd with voluntarie powres, as well to checke the will,  
As give it raines. Give you then charge, that for our instant fight,  
The *Greeks* may follow me to field; to trie if still the *Night*  
Will beare out *Trojans* at our ships. I hope there is some one,

Amongst their chiefe encouragers, will thanke me to be gone;  
And bring his heart downe to his knees, in that submission.

The *Greeks* rejoyc't, to heare the heart, of *Peleus* mightie sonne,  
So quallified. And then the king (not rising from his throne,  
For his late hurt) to get good eare; thus orderd his replie:

Princes of *Greece*, your states shall suffer no indignitie;  
If (being farre off) ye stand and heare; nor fits it such as stand,  
At greater distance, to disturbe, the counsell now in hand,  
By uprore; in their too much care, of hearing. Some, of force,  
Must lose some words: for, hard it is, in such a great concourse,  
(Though hearers eares be nere so sharpe) to touch at all things spoke.  
And in assemblies of such thrust, how can a man provoke  
Fit powre to heare, or leave to speake? best auditors may there,  
Lose fittest words; and the most vocall Orator, fit eare.  
My maine end then, to satisfie, *Pelides* with replie,  
My words shall prosecute. To him, my speech especially  
Shall beare direction. Yet I wish, the court in generall,  
Would give fit eare; my speech shall need, attention of all.

*Agamemnon to  
The Princes of  
Greece.*

Oft have our Peeres of *Greece*, much blam'd, my forcing of the prise,  
Due to *Achilles*; of which act, not I, but destinies,  
And *Jove* himselfe; and blacke *Erynnis* (that casts false mists still  
Betwixt us, and our actions done, both by her powre, and will)  
Are authors: what could I do then? The very day, and howre,  
Of our debate, that furie stole, in that act, on my powre.  
And more; All things are done by strife: that ancient seed of *Jove*  
*Ate*, that hurts all, perfects all. Her feete, are soft; and move  
Not on the earth; they beare her still, aloft men heads; and there,  
The harmefull hurts them. Nor was I, alone her prisoner;  
*Jove* (best of men, and gods) hath bene. Not he himselfe hath gone  
Beyond her fetters: no she made, a woman put them on.  
For when *Alcmena* was to vent, the force of *Hercules*,  
In well wall'd *Thebes*: thus *Jove* triumpht; Heere gods, and goddesses,  
The words, my joyes urg'd: In this day, *Lucina* (bringing paine,

*Ate the goddesse  
of contention.*

To labouring women) shall produce, into the light of men,  
 A man, that all his neighbour kings, shall in his Empire hold;  
 And vant, that more then manly race, whose honor'd veines enfold  
 My eminent blood. *Saturnia*, conceiv'd a present sleight,  
 And urg'd confirmance of his vant, t' infringe it; her concept,  
 In this sort urg'd: Thou wilt not hold, thy word with this rare man;  
 Or if thou wilt, confirme it with, the oath *Olympian*;  
 That whosoever fals this day, betwixt a womans knees,  
 Of those mens stockes, that from thy blood, derive their pedigrees  
 Shall all his neighbour townes command. *Jove* (ignorant of fraude)  
 Tooke that great oth, which his great ill, gave little cause t' applaude.  
 Downe from *Olympus* top, she stoopt; and quickly reacht the place  
 In *Argos*, where the famous wife, of *Sthenelus* (whose race  
 He fetch from *Jove*, by *Perseus*) dwelt. She was but seven months gone  
 With issue; yet she brought it forth; *Alcmenas* matchlesse sonne  
 Delaide from light; *Saturnia*, repress the teeming throwes  
 Of his great mother. Up to heaven, she mounts againe, and showes,  
 (In glorie) her deceit to *Jove*. Bright lightning *Jove* (said she)  
 Now th' *Argives* have an Emperour; a sonne deriv'd from thee  
 Is borne to *Persean Sthenelus*; *Eurystheus*, his name;  
 Noble and worthy of the rule, thou swor'st to him. This came  
 Close to the heart of *Jupiter*; and *Ate*, that had wrought  
 This anger by *Saturnia*, by her bright-haire he caught;  
 Held downe her head, and over her, made this infallible vow:  
 That never to the cope of starres, should reascend that brow,  
 Being so infortunate to all. Thus, swinging her about,  
 He cast her from the fierie heaven; who ever since thrust out  
 Her forkt sting, in th' affaires of men. *Jove* ever since did grieve,  
 Since his deare issue *Hercules*, did by his vow atchieve,  
 Th' unjust toyles of *Eurystheus*: thus fares it now with me;  
 Since under *Hectors* violence, the *Grecian* progenie,  
 Fell so unfitly by my splene; whose fals will ever sticke  
 In my griev'd thoughts; my weaknesse yet, (*Saturnius* making sicke

*Junos deceit of  
 Jupiter.*

*Junos insul-  
 tion after her  
 deceit.*

The state my mind held) now recur'd; th'amends shall make even weight  
 With my offence: and therefore rouse, thy spirits to the fight,  
 With all thy forces; all the gifts, proposde thee, at thy tent,  
 (Last day) by royall *Ithacus*, my officers shall present;  
 And (if it like thee) strike no stroke, (though never so on thornes  
 Thy mind stands to thy friends revenge) till my command, adorne  
 Thy tents, and cofers, with such gifts, as well may let thee know,  
 How much I wish thee satisfied. He answerd, let thy vow,  
 (Renown'd *Atrides*) at thy will, be kept, (as justice would)  
 Or keepe thy gifts, tis all in thee. The counsell now we hold,  
 Is for repairing our maine field, with all our fortitude.  
 My faire shew made, brookes no retreat; nor must delaies delude  
 Our deeds expectance. Yet undone, the great worke is; all eyes  
 Must see *Achilles* in first fight, depeopling enemies;  
 As well as counsell it in court: that every man set on;  
 May chuse his man, to imitate, my exercise upon.

*Achilles his  
 noble answer of  
 Agamemnon.*

*Ulysses* answerd, do not yet, (thou man, made like the gods)  
 Take fasting men to field: suppose, that whatsoever ods,  
 It brings against them, with full men, thy boundlesse eminence,  
 Can amplie answer; yet refraine, to tempt a violence.  
 The conflict wearing out our men, was late, and held as long;  
 Wherein, though most, *Jove* stood for *Troy*; he yet made our part strong  
 To beare that most. But twas to beare, and that breeds little heart.  
 Let wine and bread then adde to it: they helpe the twofold part,  
 The soule, and body in a man; both force, and fortitude.  
 All day men cannot fight, and fast; though never so indude  
 With minds to fight; for that supposde, there lurks yet secretly,  
 Thirst, hunger, in th'oppressed joynts; which no mind can supply.  
 They take away a marchers knees. Mens bodyes throughly fed,  
 Their minds share with them in their strength; and (all day combatted)  
 One stirres not, till you call off all. Dismiss them then to meate,  
 And let *Atrides* tender here, in sight of all this seate,  
 The gifts he promist. Let him sweare, before us all, and rise

*Ulysses to  
 Achilles.*

To that oath; that he never toucht, in any wanton wise,  
 The Ladie he enforc't. Besides, that he remaines in mind  
 As chastly satisfied: not toucht, or privily enclind  
 With future vantages. And last; tis fit he should approve  
 All these rites, at a solemne feast, in honour of your love;  
 That so you take no mangl'd law, for merites absolute.  
 And thus the honours you receive, resolving the pursuite  
 Of your friends quarrell, well will quit, your sorrow for your friend.  
 And thou *Atrides* in the tast, of so severe an end;  
 Hereafter may on others hold, a juster government.  
 Nor will it ought empaire a king, to give a sound content  
 To any subject, soundly wrong'd. I joy (replide the king)  
 O *Laertiades*, to heare, thy liberall counselling.  
 In which is all *decorum* kept; nor any point lackes touch,  
 That might be thought on, to conclude, a reconcilment, such  
 As fits example; and us two. My mind yet makes me sweare,  
 Not your impulsion. And that mind, shall rest so kind and cleare,  
 That I will not forswear to God. Let then *Achilles* stay,  
 (Though never so inflam'd for fight) and all men here I pray,  
 To stay, till from my tents these gifts, be brought here; and the truce,  
 At all parts finisht before all. And thou, of all I chuse,  
 (Divine *Ulysses*) and command, to chuse of all your host,  
 Youths of most honour, to present, to him we honour most,  
 The gifts we late vow'd; and the Dames. Meane space, about our tents,  
<sup>a</sup> *Talthybius* shall provide a Bore; to crowne these kind events,  
 With thankfull sacrifice to *Jove*, and to the God of light.

*Agamemnon  
to Ulysses.*

*Achilles to  
Ulysses.*

*Achilles* answerd: These affaires, will shew more requisite  
 (Great king of men) some other time, when our more free estates  
 Yeeld fit cessation from the warre; and when my splene abates.  
 But now (to all our shames besides) our friends by *Hector* slaine,  
 (And *Jove* to friend) lie unfetch off. Haste then, and meate your men;  
 Though I must still say: My command, would leade them fasting forth,  
 And all together feast, at night. Meate will be something worth,

When stomacks first have made it way, with venting infamie,  
 (And other sorrowes late sustain'd) with long'd for wreaques, that lie  
 Heavie upon them, for rights sake. Before which lode be got  
 From off my stomacke; meate nor drinke, I vow, shall downe my throte;  
 My friend being dead; who digd with wounds, & bor'd through both his feet,  
 Lies in the entrie of my tent; and in the teares doth fleete  
 Of his associates. Meate and drinke, have litle merit then  
 To comfort me; but bloud and death, and deadly grones of men.

The great in counsels, yet made good, his former counsels thus: *Ulysses his reply.*  
*O Peleus sonne*, of all the *Greeks*, by much most valorous;  
 Better and mightier then my selfe; no little, with thy lance,  
 I yeeld thy worth; in wisdom yet, no lesse I dare advance  
 My right above thee; since above, in yeares, and knowing more.  
 Let then thy mind rest in thy words; we quickly shall have store,  
 And all satietie of fight; whose steele heapes store of straw,  
 And litle corne upon a floore; when *Jove* (that doth withdraw,  
 And joyne all battels) once begins, t'encline his ballances,  
 In which he weighs the lives of men. The *Greeks* you must not presse,  
 To mourning with the belly; death, hath nought to do with that,  
 In healthfull men, that mourne for friends. His steele we stumble at,  
 And fall at, every day you see, sufficient store, and fast.  
 What houre is it that any breathes? we must not use more hast  
 Then speed holds fit for our revenge: nor should we mourne too much.  
 Who dead is, must be buried; mens patience should be such,  
 That one dayes mone should serve one man: the dead must end with Death,  
 And life last with what strengthens life. All those that held their breath  
 From death in fight, the more should eate, that so they may supply  
 Their fellowes that have stucke in field; and fight incessantly.  
 Let none expect reply to this, nor stay; for this shall stand,  
 Or fall with some offence to him, that lookes for new command;  
 Who ever in dislike holds backe. All joyne then; all things fit,  
 Allow'd for all; set on a charge; at all parts answering it.

This said, he chusde (for noblest youths, to beare the presents) these,



*The names of  
those that caried  
the presents to  
Achilles.*

The sonnes of *Nestor*; and with them, renown'd *Meriones*.

*Phylidas*, *Thoas*, *Lycomed*, and *Meges*, all which went

(And *Menalippus* following, *Ulysses*) to the tent

Of *Agamemnon*. He but spake; and with the word, the deed

Had joynt effect: the fitnessse well, was answerd in the speed.

*The presents.*

The presents, added to the Dame, the Generall did enforce,

Were twentie Caldrons, Tripods seven, twelve yong and goodly horse:

Seven Ladies excellently seene, in all *Minervaes* skill;

The eight *Brisæis*, who had powre, to ravish every will.

Twelve talents of the finest gold; all which *Ulysses* weyd,

And caried first; and after him, the other youths conveyd

The other presents; tenderd all, in face of all the Court.

Up rose the King. *Talthybius* (whose voice had a report

Like to a god) cald to the rites; there, having brought the Bore,

*Atrides* with his knife tooke sey, upon the part before;

*Agamemnons  
attestation.*

And lifting up his sacred hands, to *Jove*, to make his vowes;

Grave Silence strooke the compleate Court; when (casting his high browes,

Up to the broad heaven) thus he spake: Now witnesse *Jupiter*,

(First, highest, and thou best of gods) thou Earth, that all doest beare;

Thou Sunne; ye Furies under earth, that every soule torment,

Whom impious perjury distaines; that nought incontinent,

In bed, or any other act, to any slendrest touch

Of my light vowes, hath wrong'd the Dame; and let my plagues be such,

As are inflicted by the gods, in all extremitie

On whomsoever perjur'd men, if godlesse perjurie

In least degree dishonor me. This said, the bristl'd throte

Of the submitted sacrifice, with ruthlesse steele he cut.

Which straight into the horie sea, *Talthybius* cast, to feed

The sea-borne nation. Then stood up, the halfe-celestiall seed

Of faire-hair'd *Thetis*, strengthning thus, *Atrides* innocence.

*Achilles to  
Jupiter.*

O father *Jupiter*, from thee, descends the confluence

Of all mans ill; for now I see, the mightie king of men,

At no hand forc't away my prise; nor first inflam'd my splene,

With any set ill in himselfe; but thou, the king of gods,  
 (Incenst with *Greece*) made that the meane to all their periods.  
 Which now, amend we, as we may; and give all suffrages  
 To what wise *Ithacus* advisde. Take breakfasts, and addresse  
 For instant conflict. Thus he raisd, the Court, and all tooke way  
 To severall ships. The *Myrmidons*, the presents did convey  
 T' *Achilles* fleete; and in his tents, disposde them; doing grace,  
 Of seate, and all rites to the Dames. The horses put in place,  
 With others of *Æacides*. When (like Loves golden Queene)  
*Brisæis* (all in ghastly wounds) had dead *Patroclus* seene;  
 She fell about him, shrieking out; and with her white hands tore  
 Her haire, breasts, radiant cheekes; and drown'd, in warme teares, did deplore  
 His cruell destinie. At length, she gat powre to expresse  
 Her violent passion; and thus spake, this-like-the goddesses.

*Brisæis com-  
 plaint over the  
 body of  
 Patroclus.*

O good *Patroclus*, to my life, the dearest grace, it had;  
 I (wretched dame) departing hence, enforc' t; and dying sad,  
 Left thee alive, when thou hadst chear'd, my poore captivitie;  
 And now return'd, I find thee dead; misery on miserie,  
 Ever increasing with my steps. The Lord to whom my Sire,  
 And dearest mother gave my life, in nuptials; his lifes fire  
 I saw before our citie gates, extinguisht; and his fate,  
 Three of my worthy brothers lives, in one wombe generate,  
 Felt all, in that blake day of death. And when *Achilles* hand  
 Had slaine all these, and rac't the towne, *Mynetes* did command;  
 (All cause of never-ending griefes, presented) thou took'st all  
 On thy endeavour, to convert, to joy as Generall;  
 Affirming, he that hurt, should heale; and thou wouldst make thy friend  
 (Brave Captaine that thou wert) supply, my vowed husbands end;  
 And in rich *Phthia* celebrate, amongst his *Myrmidons*,  
 Our nuptiall banquets; for which grace, with these most worthy mones,  
 I never shall be satiate; thou ever being kind;  
 Ever delightsome; one sweete grace, fed s'till with one sweete mind.

Thus spake she weeping; and with her, did th' other Ladies mone,

*Patroclus* fortunes in pretext, but in sad truth their owne.

About *Æacides* himselfe, the kings of *Greece* were plac't,  
Entreating him to food; and he, entreated them as fast,  
(Still intermixing words and sighes) if any friend were there  
Of all his dearest; they would ceasse, and offer him no cheare,  
But his due sorrowes; for before, the Sunne had left that skie,  
He would not eate; but of that day, sustaine th' extremitie.

*Nestor.*

Thus all the kings (in resolute grieve, and fasting) he dismiss;  
But both th' *Atrides*, *Ithacus*, and warres old Martialist;  
*Idomenæus* and his friend; and *Phænix*; these remain'd  
Endevoring comfort; but no thought, of his vow'd woe restrain'd.  
Nor could, till that dayes bloudie fight, had calm'd his bloud; he still  
Rememberd something of his friend; whose good, was all his ill.  
Their urging meate, the diligent fashion of his friend renew'd,  
In that excitement: thou (said he) when this speed was pursu'd  
Against the *Trojans*; evermore, apposedst in my tent,  
A pleasing breakfast; being so free, and sweetly diligent,  
Thou mad'st all meate sweete. Then the warre, was tearefull to our foe,  
But now to me; thy wounds so wound me, and thy overthrow.  
For which my readie food I flie, and on thy longings feed.  
Nothing could more afflict me: Fame, relating the foule deed  
Of my deare fathers slaughter; bloud, drawne from my sole sonnes heart,  
No more could wound me. Cursed man, that in this forrein part,  
(For hatefull *Hellen*) my true love; my countrey, Sire, and son,  
I thus should part with. *Scyros* now, gives education  
(O *Neoptolemus*) to thee, (if living yet) from whence  
I hop't (deare friend) thy longer life, (safely return'd from hence,  
And my life quitting thine) had powre, to ship him home; and show  
His yong eyes *Phthia*, subjects, court; my father being now  
Dead, or most short-liv'd; troublous age, oppressing him, and feare  
Still of my deaths newes. These sad words, he blew into the eare  
Of every visitant, with sighs; all eccho'd by the Peares,  
Remembring who they left at home. All whose so humane teares

*Scyros was an  
Ile in the sea  
Ægeum, where  
Achilles himself  
was brought up  
as well as his son.*

*Jove* pitied: and since they all, would in the good of one  
 Be much reviv'd; he thus bespake *Minerva*: *Thetis* sonne,  
 (Now daughter) thou hast quite forgot. O, is *Achilles* care  
 Extinguisht in thee? prostrated, in most extreme ill fare,  
 He lies before his high-sail'd fleet, for his dead friend; the rest  
 Are strengthning them with meate; but he, lies desperatly opprest  
 With heartlesse fasting: Go thy wayes, and to his brest instill  
 Red *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*; that Fast procure no ill  
 To his neare enterprise. This spurre, he added to the free;  
 And like a Harpye (with a voice, that shriekes so dreadfully,  
 And feathers that like needles prickt) she stoopt through all the starres  
 Amongst the *Grecians*; all whose tents, were now fill'd for the warres.  
 Her seres strooke through *Achilles* tent; and closely she instill'd  
 Heavens most-to-be-desired feast, to his great breast; and fill'd  
 His sinewes with that sweete supply, for feare unsavorie Fast  
 Should creepe into his knees. Her selfe, the skies againe enchac't.

*Jove to Minerva.*

The host set forth; and pour'd his steele waves, farre out of the fleete. *The show of the  
 army, setting  
 forth under  
 Achilles con-  
 duct.*  
 And as from aire; the frostie Northwind blowes a cold thicke sleete,  
 That dazels eyes; flakes after flakes, incessantly descending:  
 So thicke helmes, curets, ashen darts, and round shields, never ending,  
 Flow'd from the navies hollow wombe: their splendors gave heavens eye,  
 His beames againe; Earth laught to see, her face so like the skie.  
 Armes shin'd so hote; and she such clouds, made with the dust she cast,  
 She thunderd; feete of men and horse, importun'd her so fast.  
 In midst of all; divine *Achilles* his faire person arm'd;  
 His teeth gnasht as he stood; his eyes, so full of fire, they warm'd.  
 Unsufferd grieve and anger at, the *Trojans* so combin'd.  
 His greaves first usde, his goodly curets on his bosome shin'd;  
 His sword, his shield; that cast a brightnesse from it, like the Moone.  
 And as from sea, sailers discerne, a harmfull fire, let runne  
 By herds mens faults, till all their stall, flies up in wrastling flame;  
 Which being on hils, is seene farre off; but being alone, none came  
 To give it quench; at shore no neighbours; and at sea, their friends

Driven off with tempests; such a fire, from his bright shield extends  
 His ominous radiance; and in heaven, imprest his fervent blaze.  
 His crested helmet, grave and high, had next triumphant place,  
 On his curl'd head: and like a starre, it cast a spurrie ray;  
 About which, a bright thickned bush, of golden haire, did play;  
 Which *Vulcan* forg'd him for his plume. Thus compleate arm'd, he tride  
 How fit they were: and if his motion could with ease abide  
 Their brave instruction; and so farre, they were from hindring it;  
 That to it they were nimble wings; and made so light his spirit,  
 That from the earth, the princely Captaine they tooke up to aire.

Then from his armoury he drew, his lance, his fathers speare,  
 Huge, weightie, firme; that not a *Greeke*, but he himselfe alone  
 Knew how to shake; it grew upon, the mountaine *Pelion*;  
 From whose height, *Chiron* hew'd it for, his Sire; and fatall twas  
 To great-soul'd men. Of *Peleus* and *Pelion*, surnamed *Pelias*.

Then from the stable, their bright horse, *Automedon* withdrawes,  
 And *Alcymus*. Put Poitrils on, and cast upon their jawes,  
 Their bridles; hurling backe the raines, and hung them on the seate.  
 The faire scourge then *Automedon*, takes up, and up doth get,  
 To guide the horse. The fights seate last, *Achilles* tooke behind;  
 Who lookt so arm'd, as if the Sunne, there falne from heaven had shin'd.

*Achilles to his  
horses.*

And terribly, thus charg'd his steeds. *Xanthus*, and *Balius*,  
 Seed of the Harpye; in the charge, ye undertake of us;  
 Discharge it not; as when *Patroclus* ye left dead in field.  
 But when with bloud, for this dayes fast observ'd, *Revenge* shall yeeld  
 Our heart sacietie; bring us off. Thus since *Achilles* spake,  
 As if his aw'd steeds understood: twas *Juno*s will to make  
 Vocall the pallat of the one; who shaking his faire head,  
 (Which in his mane (let fall to earth) he almost buried)  
 Thus *Xanthus* spake: Ablest *Achilles* now (at least) our care  
 Shall bring thee off; but not farre hence, the fatall minutes are,  
 Of thy grave ruine. Nor shall we, be then to be reprov'd,  
 But mightiest Fate, and the great God. Nor was thy best belov'd

*Xanthus the  
horse of Achi.  
to Achilles.*

Spoil'd so of armes by our slow pace; or courages empaire;  
The best of gods, *Latonaes* sonne, that weares the golden haire,  
Gave him his deaths wound; though the grace, he gave to *Hectors* hand.  
We, like the spirit of the West, that all spirits can command  
For powre of wing, could runne him off: but thou thy selfe must go;  
So Fate ordaines; God and a man, must give thee overthrow.

This said, the Furies stopt his voice. *Achilles* farre in rage,  
Thus answerd him: It fits not thee, thus proudly to presage  
My overthrow; I know my selfe, it is my fate to fall  
Thus farre from *Phthia*; yet that Fate, shall faile to vent her gall,  
Till mine vent thousands. These words usde, he fell to horrid deeds;  
Gave dreadfull signall; and forthright, made flie, his one-hov'd steeds.

*Achilles reply  
to Xanthus.*

## COMMENTARIUS.

<sup>a</sup> Κάπρον ἐτοιμασάτω, &c. Aprum præparet mactandum Jovique Solique: He shall prepare a Bore for sacrifice to Jove and the Sunne. *It is the end of Agamemnons speech in this booke before to Ulysses, and promiseth that sacrifice to Jove and the Sun, at the reconciliation of himselfe and Achilles. Our Commentors (Eustathius and Spondanus, &c.) will by no meanes allow the word Κάπρος here for Homers, but an unskilfulnesse in the divulger; and will needs have it ὄς or οὗς; which Spondanus sayes is altogether here to be understood: as Eustathius words teach; for to offer so fierce a beast to Jove as a Bore, he sayes is absurd: and cites Natalis lib. 1. cap. 17. where he sayes, Homer in this place makes a tame Sow sacrificed to Jove; who was as tamely and simply deceived as the rest. Eustathius reason for it, is, that sus is animal salax; and since the oath Agamemnon takes at this sacrifice to satisfie Achilles (that he hath not toucht Briseis) is concerning a woman, very fitly is a Sow here sacrificed. But this seemes to Spondanus something ridiculous (as I hope you will easily judge it.) And, as I conceive, so is his owne opinion to have the originall word Κάπρον altered, and expounded suem. His reason for it, he makes nice to utter, saying, he knowes what is set downe amongst the learned touching the sacrifice of a Sow. But because it is (he sayes) ἀπροσδιόνυσον, nihil ad rem, (though as they expound it, tis too much ad rem) he is willing to keepe his opinion in silence; unlesse you will take it for a splayed or gelded Sow; as if Agamemnon would innuate, that as this Sow (being splayed) is free from Venus, so had he never attempted the dishonour of Briseis. And peradventure (sayes Spondanus) you cannot think of a better exposition: when a worse cannot be conjectured, unlesse that of Eustathius; as I hope you will cleerly grant me, when you heare but mine. Which is this: The sacrifice is not made by Agamemnon, for any resemblance or reference it hath to the Lady now to be restored, (which since these Clerkes will needs have it a Sow, in behalfe of Ladies, I disdain) but onely to the reconciliation of Agamemnon and Achilles; for a sacred signe whereof, and that their wraths were now absolutely appeased,*

*Agamemnon thought fit, a Bore (being the most wrathfull of all beasts) should be sacrificed to Jove; intimating, that in that Bore, they sacrificed their wraths to Jupiter, and became friends. And thus is the originall word preserved, which (together with the sacred sence of our Homer) in a thousand other places, suffers most ignorant and barbarous violence. But here (being weary, both with finding faults, and my labour) till a refreshing come, I wil end my poore Comment. Holding it not altogether unfit with this ridiculous contention of our Commentors, a litle to quicken you, and make it something probable, that their oversight in this trifle, is accompanied with a thousand other errors in matter of our divine Homers depth and gravitie. Which will not open it selfe to the curious austeritie of belabouring art, but onely to the naturall and most ingenuous soule of our thrice sacred Poesie.*

The end of the nineteenth Booke.





# THE TWENTIETH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**B**Y JOVES *permission, all the gods descend  
To aide on both parts. For the Greekes contend,  
Juno, Minerva, Neptune, Mulciber,  
And Mercurie. The deities that prefer  
The Trojan part, are, Phœbus, Cyprides,  
Phœbe, Latona, and the foe to Peace;  
With bright Scamander. Neptune in a mist  
Preserves Æneas, (daring to resist  
Achilles;) by whose hand, much skath is done;  
Besides the slaughter of old Priams sonne,  
(Yong Polydor) whose rescue, Hector makes;  
Him (flying) Phœbus, to his rescue takes,  
The rest (all shunning their importun'd fates)  
Achilles beates, even to the Ilian gates.*

*Mars.*

## ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

*In Ypsilon Strife stirres in heaven.  
The dayes grace, to the Greekes is given.*

THE TWENTIETH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS



THE GREEKS THUS ARM'D; AND MADE INSATIATE,  
WITH DESIRE OF FIGHT,  
ABOUT THEE, *PELEUS* SONNE; THE FOE,  
IN GROUND OF GREATEST HEIGHT,

Stood opposite, rang'd. Then *Jove* charg'd *Themis*, from *Olympus* top

To call a court; she every way, disperst, and summon'd up

All deities; Not any floud (besides *Oceanus*)

But made apparance: not a Nymph (that arboours odorous,

The heads of flouds, and flowrie medowes make their sweete abodes)

Was absent there; but all at his court that is king of gods,

Assembl'd; and in lightsome seates, of admirable frame

(Perform'd for *Jove*, by *Vulcan*) sate. Even angry *Neptune* came;

Nor heard the goddesse with unwilling eare; but with the rest,

Made free ascension from the sea; and did his state invest

In midst of all: begun the counsell, and inquir'd of *Jove*,

His reason for that session; and on what point did move

His high intention for the foes; he thought the heate of warre,

Was then neare breaking out in flames. To him, the Thunderer:

Thou know'st this counsell by the rest, of those forepurposes,

That still inclin'd me; my cares still, must succour the distresse

Of *Troy*; though in the mouth of Fate; yet vow I, not to stirre

One step from off this top of heaven; but all th'affaire referre

To any one. Here Ile hold state, and freely take the joy

Of eithers fate: helpe whom ye please; for tis assur'd, that *Troy*,

Not one dayes conflict can sustaine, against *Æacides*,

If heaven oppose not. His meere lookes, threw darts enow, t'impresse

Their powres with trembling; but when blowes, sent from his fiery hand,

(Thrice heat by slaughter of his friend) shall come and countermand

Their former glories: we have feare, that though Fate keepe their wall,

Hee'l overturne it. Then descend; and cease not till ye all

Adde all your aides; mixe earth and heaven, together with the fight

*Achilles* urgeth. These his words, did such a warre excite,

As no mans powre could wrastle downe; the gods with parted harts,

Departed heaven, and made earth warre. To guide the *Grecian* darts,

*Juno* and *Pallas*, with the god, that doth the earth embrace,

*Jove summons  
all the deities  
to counsell.*

*The names of the  
gods partakers  
with either part.*

And most-for-mans-use, *Mercurie* (whom good wise inwards grace)  
 Were partially, and all emploid; and with them halted downe  
 (Proud of his strength) lame *Mulciber*; his walkers quite misgrowne,  
 But made him tread exceeding sure. To aide the *Ilian* side,  
 The changeable in armes, went (*Mars*); and him accompanied  
*Diana*, that delights in shafts; and *Phæbus*, never shorne;  
 And *Aphrodite*, laughter-pleasde; and she, of whom was borne  
 Still-yong *Apollo*; and the fload, that runnes on golden sands  
 Bright *Xanthus*. All these aided *Troy*; and till these lent their hands,  
 The *Grecians* triumpht in the aide, *Æacides* did adde;  
 The *Trojans* trembling with his sight; so gloriously clad,  
 He overshin'd the field; and *Mars*, no harmfuller then he.  
 He bore the iron streame on cleare; but when *Joves* high decree  
 Let fall the gods amongst their troupes; the field sweld, and the fight  
 Grew fierce and horrible. The Dame, that armies doth excite,  
 Thunderd with Clamor; sometimes set, at dike without the wall,  
 And sometimes on the bellowing shore. On th' other side, the Call  
 Of *Mars* to fight was terrible; he cried out, like a storme;  
 Set on the cities pinnacles; and there he would informe  
 Sometimes his heartnings; Other times, where *Simois* powres on  
 His silver currant, at the foote, of high *Callicolon*.  
 And thus the blest gods, both sides urg'd; they all stood in the mids,  
 And brake Contention to the hosts. And over all their heads,  
 The gods king, in abhorred claps, his thunder rattl'd out.  
 Beneath them, *Neptune* tost the earth; the mountaines round about,  
 Bow'd with affright, and shooke their heads: *Joves* hill, the earth-quake felt;  
 (Steepe *Ida*) trembling at her rootes, and all her fountaines spilt:  
 Their browes all crannied. *Troy* did nod; the *Grecian* navie plaid  
 (As on the sea): th' infernall king, that all things frayes, was fraid;  
 And leapt affrighted from his throne; cried out, lest over him  
*Neptune* should rend in two the earth; and so his house so dim,  
 So lothsome, filthy, and abhord, of all the gods beside,  
 Should open, both to gods and men. Thus, all things shooke and cri'd,

*Pallas.*

*The state of the  
preparation to  
the fight, when  
the gods were to  
encounter.*

When this blacke battell of the gods, was joyning; thus arraied:

Gainst *Neptune*, *Phæbus* with wing'd shafts; gainst *Mars* the blew-eyd maid:

Gainst *Juno*, *Phæbe*, whose white hands, bore singing darts of gold;

Her side arm'd with a sheafe of shafts; and (by the birth twofold

Of bright *Latona*) sister twin, to him that shootes so farre;

Against *Latona*, *Hermes* stood (grave guard in peace and warre,

Of humane beings;) gainst the god, whose Empire is in fire;

The watry godhead; that great flood, to shew whose powre entire

In spoile as th' other: all his streame, on lurking whirlepits trod;

*Xanthus*, by gods; by men *Scamander* cald. Thus, god gainst god,

Enterd the field. *Æacides*, sustain'd a fervent mind

To cope with *Hector*; past all these, his spirit stood enclin'd,

To glut *Mars* with the bloud of him. And at *Æacides*,

*Apollo* set *Anchises* sonne. But first he did impresse,

A more then naturall strength in him; and made him feele th' excesse,

Infusde from heaven. *Lycaons* shape, gave show to his addresse,

(Old *Priams* sonne) and thus he spake: Thou counsellor of *Troy*,

Where now flie out those threats, that late, put all our Peeres in joy

Of thy fight with *Æacides*? Thy tongue once (steep't in wine)

Durst vant as much. He answerd him: But why wouldst thou incline

My powres gainst that proud enemy, and gainst my present heate?

I meane not now to bid him blowes; that feare sounds my retreat,

That heretofore discourag'd me: when after he had rac't

*Lyrnesus*, and strong *Pedasus*, his still breath'd furie chac't

Our oxen from th' *Idæan* hill, and set on me; but *Jove*

Gave strength and knees, and bore me off, that had not walkt above

This center now, but propt by him. *Minervaes* hand (that held

A light to this her favorite; whose beames, shew'd, and impeld

His powres to spoile) had ruin'd me. For these eares heard her crie:

Kill, kill the seed of *Ilion*; kill, th' Asian *Lelegi*.

Meere man then must not fight with him, that still hath gods to friend;

Averting death on others darts; and giving his no end,

But with the ends of men. If God, like Fortune in the fight,

*Apollo instigates  
Æneas to the  
encounter of  
Achilles, in  
shape of Lycaon.*

*Æneas to  
Apollo.*

Would give my forces; not with ease, wing'd *Victorie* should light  
 On his proud shoulders; nor he scape, though all of brasse he bosts  
 His plight consisteth. He replide: Pray thou, those gods of hosts,  
 Whom he implores, as well as he; and his chance may be thine;  
 Thou cam'st of gods like him: the Queene, that reignes in *Salamine*,  
 Fame sounds, thy mother; he deriv'd, of lower deitie.  
 Old *Nereus* daughter bearing him; Beare then thy heart as hie,  
 And thy unwearied steele as right; nor utterly be beate  
 With onely crueltie of words; not prooffe against a threat.

*Juno to the gods  
 of Greece.*

This strenghtned him; & forth he rusht; nor could his strengthening flie,  
 White-wristed *Juno*; nor his drifts. She, every deitie  
 Of th' Achive faction cald to her; and said: Ye must have care  
 (*Neptune* and *Pallas*) for the frame, of this important warre  
 Ye undertake here; *Venus* sonne (by *Phæbus* being impeld)  
 Runnes on *Achilles*; turne him backe; or see our friend upheld  
 By one of us. Let not the spirit of *Æacides*,  
 Be over-dar'd; but make him know, the mightiest deities  
 Stand kind to him; and that the gods, protectors of these towres  
 That fight against *Greece*; and were here, before our eminent powres,  
 Beare no importance. And besides, that all we stoope from heaven  
 To curbe this fight, that no empaire, be to his person given  
 By any *Trojans*, nor their aides, while this day beares the Sunne;  
 Hereafter, all things that are wrapt, in his birth-threed, and spunne  
 By *Parcas*, (in that point of time, his mother gave him aire)  
 He must sustaine. But if *Report*, performe not the repaire  
 Of all this to him, by the *Voice*, of some immortall state,  
 He may be fearfull, (if some god, should set on him) that Fate,  
 Makes him her minister. The gods, when they appeare to men,  
 And manifest their proper formes, are passing dreadfull then.

*Neptune to Juno.*

*Neptune* replide: *Saturnia*, at no time let your Care  
 Exceed your Reason; tis not fit. Where onely huma nes are,  
 We must not mixe the hands of gods; our ods is too extreme.  
 Sit we by, in some place of height, where we may see to them,

And leave the warres of men, to men. But if we see from thence,  
 Or *Mars*, or *Phæbus*, enter fight; or offer least offence  
 To *Thetis* sonne; not giving free way to his conquering rage;  
 Then comes the conflict to our cares; we soone shall dis-engage  
*Achilles*, and send them to heaven, to settle their abode  
 With Equals; flying under-strifes. This said, the blacke-hair'd god,  
 Led to the towre of *Hercules*; built circular and hie  
 By *Pallas* and the *Ilians*, for fit securitie  
 To *Joves* divine sonne, gainst the Whale, that drave him from the shore, *Hercules.*  
 To th' ample field. There *Neptune* sate, and all the gods that bore  
 The *Greekes* good meaning; casting all, thicke mantles made of clouds,  
 On their bright shoulders. Th' oppos'd gods, sate hid in other shrouds,  
 On top of steepe *Callicolon*; about thy golden sides,  
 O *Phæbus*, brandisher of darts; and thine, whose rage abides  
 No peace in cities. In this state, these gods in counsell sate;  
 All lingring purposde fight, to trie, who first would elevate  
 His heavenly weapon. High-thron'd *Jove*, cried out, to set them on;  
 Said; all the field was full of men; and that the earth did grone *Jove sets on the  
other gods to  
fight.*  
 With feete of proud encounterers, burn'd with the armes of men,  
 And barbed horse. Two champions, for both the armies then,  
 Met in their midst, prepar'd for blowes; divine *Æacides*,  
 And *Venus* sonne; *Æneas* first, stept threatning forth the preasse,  
 His high helme nodding; and his breast, bard with a shadie shield,  
 And shooke his javelin. *Thetis* sonne, did his part to the field,  
 As when the harmfull king of beasts, (sore threatn'd to be slaine,  
 By all the countrie up in armes) at first makes coy *Disdaine* *Simile.*  
 Prepare resistance; but at last, when any one hath led  
 Bold charge upon him with his dart; he then turnes yawning head;  
 Fell Anger lathers in his jawes; his great heart swels; his sterne  
 Lasheth his strength up; sides and thighes, wadl'd with stripes to learne  
 Their owne powre; his eyes glow; he rores; and in he leapes, to kill,  
 Secure of killing: So his powre, then rows le up to his will,  
 Matchlesse *Achilles*, coming on, to meete *Anchises* sonne.



*Achilles to  
Æneas.*

Both neare; *Achilles* thus enquir'd: Why standst thou thus alone,  
Thou sonne of *Venus*? calst thy heart, to change of blowes with me?  
Sure *Troyes* whole kingdome is proposde; some one hath promist thee  
The throne of *Priam* for my life; but *Priams* selfe is wise;  
And (for my slaughter) not so mad, to make his throne thy prise.  
*Priam* hath sonnes to second him. Is't then some peece of land,  
Past others, fit to set and sow, that thy victorious hand,  
The *Ilians* offer for my head? I hope that prise will prove  
No easie conquest: once, I thinke, my busie javelin drove,  
(With terror) those thoughts from your spleene. Retain'st thou not the time,  
When single on th' *Idæan* hill, I tooke thee with the crime  
Of Run-away? thy Oxen left? and when thou hadst no face,  
That I could see; thy knees bereft, it, and *Lyrnesus* was  
The maske for that. Then that maske too, I opened to the aire,  
(By *Jove* and *Pallas* helpe) and tooke, the free light from the faire;  
Your Ladies bearing prisoners. But *Jove* and th' other gods,  
Then saft thee; yet againe I hope, they will not adde their ods,  
To save thy wants, as thou presum'st; retire then, aime not at  
*Troys* throne by me; flie ere thy soule, flies; fooles are wise too late.

*Æneas to  
Achilles.*

He answerd him: Hope not that words, can child-like terrifie  
My stroke-prooffe breast; I well could speake, in this indecencie,  
And use tart termes; but we know well, what stocke us both put out;  
Too gentle to beare fruites so rude. Our parents ring about,  
The worlds round bosome; and by fame, their dignities are blowne  
To both our knowledges; by sight; neither, to either knowne;  
Thine, to mine eyes; nor mine to thine. Fame sounds thy worthinesse  
From famous *Peleus*; the sea Nymph, that hath the lovely tresse,  
(*Thetis*) thy mother; I my selfe, affirme my Sire to be  
Great-soul'd *Anchises*; she that holds, the Paphian deitie,  
My mother; and of these, this light, is now t' exhale the teares  
For their lov'd issue; thee or me; childish, unworthy dares,  
Are not enough to part our powres; for if thy spirits want  
Due excitation (by distrust, of that desert I vant)

To set up all rests for my life; Ile lineally prove  
 (Which many will confirme) my race. First, cloud commanding *Jove*  
 Was sire to *Dardanus*, that built, *Dardania*; for the wals  
 Of sacred *Ilion*, spread not yet, these fields; those faire-built hals,  
 Of divers-languag'd men, not raisd; all then made populous  
 The foote of *Idaes* fountfull hill. This *Jove*-got *Dardanus*,  
 Begot king *Erichthonius*; for wealth, past all compares,  
 Of living mortals; in his fens, he fed three thousand mares,  
 All neighing by their tender foles; of which, twice sixe were bred  
 By loftie *Boreas*; their dams, lov'd by him, as they fed;  
 He tooke the brave forme of a horse, that shooke an azure mane,  
 And slept with them. These twice sixe colts, had pace, so swift they ranne  
 Upon the top-ayles of corne-eares; nor bent them any whit.  
 And when the brode backe of the sea, their pleasure was to sit,  
 The superficies of his waves, they slid upon; their hoves  
 Not dipt in danke sweate of his browes. Of *Erichthonius* loves  
 Sprang *Tros*, the king of *Trojans*; *Tros* three yong princes bred,  
*Ilus*, renown'd *Assaracus*, and heavenly *Ganymed*,  
 The fairest youth of all that breath'd; whom (for his beauties love)  
 The gods did ravish, to their state, to beare the cup to *Jove*.  
*Ilus* begot *Laomedon*; god-like *Laomedon*  
 Got *Tithon*, *Priam*, *Clyti*us, Mars-like *Hycetaon*,  
 And *Lampus*. Great *Assaracus*, *Capys* begot; and he,  
*Anchises*; Prince *Anchises*, me. King *Priam*, *Hector*; we  
 Sprang both of one high family. Thus, fortunate men give birth;  
 But *Jove* gives vertue; he augments; and he empaires the worth  
 Of all men; and his will, their Rule; he strong'st; all strength affords;  
 Why then paint we (like dames) the face, of *Conflict* with our words?  
 Both may give language, that a ship, driven with a hundred ores,  
 Would over-burthen: a mans tongue, is voluble, and poures  
 Words out, of all sorts; every way; such as you speake, you heare.  
 What then need we vie calumnies, like women that will weare  
 Their tongues out; being once incenst; and strive for strife, to part

*Æneas*  
*pedigree.*

(Being on their way) they travell so: from words, words may avert;  
 From vertue, not; it is your steele (divine *Æacides*)  
 Must prove my prooffe, as mine shall yours. Thus amply did he ease  
 His great heart of his pedigree; and sharply sent away  
 A dart, that caught *Achilles* shield; and rung so, it did fray  
 The sonne of *Thetis*; his faire hand, farre-thrusting out his shield,  
 For feare the long lance had driven through; O foole, to thinke twould yeeld;  
 And not to know, the gods firme gifts, want want, to yeeld so soone  
 To mens poore powres; the eager lance, had onely conquest wonne  
 Of two plates; and the shield had five; two forg'd of tin, two brasse,  
 One (that was center-plate) of gold, and that forbad the passe  
 Of *Anchisiades* his lance. Then sent *Achilles* forth  
 His lance, that through the first fold strooke; where brasse of litle worth,  
 And no great prooffe of hides was laid; through all which *Pelias* ranne  
 His iron head; and after it, his ashen body wanne  
 Passe to the earth, and there it stucke; his top on th' other side:  
 And hung the shield up; which, hard downe, *Æneas* pluckt to hide  
 His breast from sword blowes; shrunke up round, and in his heavie eye,  
 Was much grieve shadowed; much afraid, that *Pelias* stucke so nie.  
 Then prompt *Achilles* rushing in, his sword drew; and the field  
 Rung with his voice. *Æneas* now, left, and let hang his shield,  
 And (all distracted) up he snatcht, a two mens strength of stone;  
 And either, at his shield or caske, he set it rudely gone,  
 Nor car'd where; so it strooke a place, that put on armes, for death;  
 But he (*Achilles* came so close) had doubtlesse sunke beneath,  
 His owne death, had not *Neptune* seene, and interposde the ods  
 Of his divine powre; uttering this, to the *Achaian* gods:  
 I grieve for this great hearted man; he will be sent to hell,  
 Even instantly, by *Peleus* sonne, being onely mov'd to deale  
 By *Phæbus* words: What foole is he? *Phæbus* did never meane,  
 To adde to his great words, his guard; against the ruine then  
 Summon'd against him: and what cause, hath he, to head him on  
 To others miseries? He being cleare, of any trespasse done

*Æneas*  
*chargeth*  
*Achilles.*

*Achilles at*  
*Æneas.*

*Neptune to*  
*the other gods*  
*of Greece.*

Against the *Grecians*? thankfull gifts, he oft hath given to us;  
 Let us then quit him; and withdraw, this combat; for if thus,  
*Achilles* end him: *Jove* will rage; since his escape in fate,  
 Is purposde; lest the progenie, of *Dardanus* take date;  
 Whom *Jove*, past all his issue, lov'd, begot of mortall dames:  
 All *Priams* race he hates; and this, must propagate the names  
 Of *Trojans*; and their sonnes sonnes rule, to all posteritie.

*Homers prophe-  
 cy of Æneas, to  
 propagate the  
 Trojan race.*

*Saturnia* said, make free your pleasure; save, or let him die;  
*Pallas* and I have taken many, and most publique oathes,  
 That th'ill day never shall avert, her eye (red with our wroths)  
 From hated *Troy*: No, not when all, in studied fire she flames  
 The *Greeke* rage, blowing her last coale. This nothing turn'd his aimes  
 From present rescue: but through all, the whizzing speares he past;  
 And came where both were combatting; when instantly he cast,  
 A mist before *Achilles* eyes; drew from the earth, and shield,  
 His lance, and laid it at his feete: and then tooke up, and held  
 Aloft, the light *Anchises* sonne; who past (with *Neptunes* force)  
 Whole orders of *Heroes* heads; and many a troope of horse  
 Leapt over, till the bounds he reacht, of all the fervent broyle,  
 Where all the *Caucons* quarters lay. Thus (farre freed from the toyle)  
*Neptune* had time to use these words: *Æneas*, who was he  
 Of all the gods, that did so much, neglect thy good, and thee,  
 To urge thy fight with *Thetis* sonne? who, in immortall rates,  
 Is better, and more deare then thee? Hereafter, lest (past fates)  
 Hell be thy headlong home, retire; make bold stand never neare,  
 Where he advanceth: but his fate, once satisfied; then beare,  
 A free, and full sayle: no *Greeke* else, shall end thee. This reveal'd;  
 He left him, and disperst the cloud, that all this act conceal'd  
 From vext *Achilles*: who againe, had cleare light from the skies;  
 And (much disdain'ing the escape) said: O ye gods, mine eyes  
 Discover miracles: my lance, submitted, and he gone  
 At whom I sent it, with desire, of his confusion?  
*Æneas* sure was lov'd of heaven; I thought his vant from thence,

*Juno to Neptune.*

*Neptune to  
 Æneas.*

*Achilles admires  
 the scape of  
 Æneas.*

Had flow'd from glorie. Let him go, no more experience  
 Will his mind long for, of my hands: he flies them now so cleare:  
 Cheare then the *Greeks*, and others trie. Thus rang'd he every where  
 The *Grecian* orders; every man, (of which the most lookt on  
 To see their fresh Lord shake his lance) he thus put charge upon:

Divine *Greeks*, stand not thus at gaze; but man to man apply  
 Your severall valours: tis a taske, laide too unequally  
 On me, left to so many men; one man, opposde to all.  
 Not *Mars*, immortall and a god, nor warres she Generall;  
 A field of so much fight could chace, and worke it out with blowes;  
 But what a man may execute, that all lims will expose,  
 And all their strength to th'utmost nerve (though now I lost some play,  
 By some strange miracle) no more, shall burne in vaine the day;  
 To any least beame; all this host, Ile ransacke, and have hope,  
 Of all; not one (again) will scape; whoever gives such scope  
 To his adventure; and so neare; dares tempt, my angry lance.

*Hector to  
 his Ilians.*

Thus he excited. *Hector* then, as much strives to advance,  
 The hearts of his men; adding threates, affirming he would stand,  
 In combat with *Æacides*. Give *Feare* (said he) no hand,  
 Of your great hearts, (brave *Ilians*) for *Peleus* talking Sonne;  
 Ile fight with any god with words; but when their speares put on,  
 The worke runs high; their strength exceeds, mortalitie so farre.  
 And they may make works crowne their words; which holds not in the warre  
*Achilles* makes; his hands have bounds; this word he shall make good,  
 And leave another to the field: his worst shall be withstood,  
 With sole objection of my selfe. Though in his hands he beare  
 A rage like fire; though fire it selfe, his raging fingers were;  
 And burning steele flew in his strength. Thus he incited his;  
 And they raisd lances, and to worke, with mixed courages;  
 And up flew *Clamor*; but the heate, in *Hector*, *Phæbus* gave  
 This temper: Do not meet (said he) in any single brave,  
 The man thou threatn'st, but in preasse; and in thy strength impeach  
 His violence; for farre off, or neare, his sword, or dart will reach.

*Phæbus to  
 Hector.*

The gods voice made a difference, in *Hectors* owne conceipt,  
Betwixt his, and *Achilles* words; and gave such overweight,  
As weigh'd him backe into his strength, and curb'd his flying out.  
At all threw fierce *Æacides*, and gave a horrid shout.

The first of all he put to dart, was fierce *Iphition*;  
Surnam'd *Otryntides*, whom *Nais*, the water Nymph made sonne  
To towne-destroyer *Otrynteus*. Beneath the snowy hill,  
Of *Tmolus*, in the wealthie towne, of *Ide*: at his will,  
Were many able men at armes. He rushing in, tooke full,  
*Pelides* lance, in his heads midst; that cleft, in two, his skull.  
*Achilles* knew him, one much fam'd; and thus insulted then:

*Iphition slaine  
by Achilles.*

Th'art dead *Otryntides*, though cald, the terriblest of men;  
Thy race runs at *Gygæus* lake, there thy inheritance lay,  
Neare fishy *Hillus*; and the gulfs, of *Hermus*: but this day,  
Removes it to the fields of *Troy*. Thus left he Night to sease  
His closed eyes, his body laid, in course of all the prease;  
Which *Grecian* horse, broke with the strakes, naid to their chariot wheeles.

Next (through the temples) the burst eyes, his deadly javelin seeles  
Of great-in-*Troy* *Antenors* sonne, renown'd *Demoleon*;  
A mightie turner of a field. His overthrow, set gone  
*Hippodamas*, who leapt from horse, and as he fled before  
*Æacides*; his turned backe, he made fell *Pelias* gore,  
And forth he pufte his flying soule; and as a tortur'd Bull;  
(To *Neptune* brought for sacrifice) a troope of yongsters pull  
Downe to the earth, and dragge him round, about the hallowed shore;  
To please the watry deitie, with forcing him to rore;  
And forth he powres his utmost throte. So bellow'd this slaine friend,  
Of flying *Ilion*, with the breath, that gave his being end.

*Demoleon slaine  
by Achilles.*

*Simile.*

Then rusht he on; and in his eye, had heavenly *Polydore*,  
Old *Priams* sonne; whom last of all, his fruitfull *Princesse* bore;  
And for his youth (being deare to him) the king forbad to fight.  
Yet (hote of unexperient blood, to shew how exquisite  
He was of foote: for which of all, the fiftie sonnes he held

*Polydore slaine  
by Achilles.*

The speciall name.) He flew before, the first heate of the field;  
Even till he flew out breath and soule: which, through the backe, the lance  
Of swift *Achilles*, put in ayre, and did his head advance  
Out at his navill: on his knees, the poore Prince crying fell;  
And gatherd with his tender hands, his entrailles; that did swell  
Quite through the wide wound, till a cloud, as blacke as death, conceald  
Their sight, and all the world from him. When *Hector* had beheld  
His brother tumbl'd so to earth (his entrailles still in hand)  
Darke sorrow overcast his eyes; nor farre off could he stand  
A minute longer: but like fire, he brake out of the throng;  
Shooke his long lance, at *Thetis* sonne; And then came he along,  
To feed th' encounter: O (said he) here comes the man that most,  
Of all the world destroyes my minde: the man by whom I lost  
My deare *Patroclus*; now not long, the crooked paths of warre,  
Can yeeld us any privie scapes: Come, keepe not off so farre,  
(He cryed to *Hector*) make the paine, of thy sure death as short,  
As one, so desperate of his life, hath reason. In no sort,  
This frighted *Hector*, who bore close: and said; *Æacides*,  
Leave threates for children; I have powre, to thunder calumnies,  
As well as others; and well know, thy strength superiour farre,  
To that my nerves hold; but the gods, (not nerves) determine warre.  
And yet (for nerves) there will be found, a strength of powre in mine,  
To drive a lance home to thy life; my lance, as well as thine  
Hath point, and sharpenesse, and tis this. Thus brandishing his speare,  
He set it flying; which a breath, of *Pallas*, backe did beare  
From *Thetis* sonne, to *Hectors* selfe; and at his feet it fell.  
*Achilles* usde no dart; but close, flew in; and thought to deale  
With no strokes, but of sure dispatch; but what with all his blood  
He labor'd; *Phæbus* clear'd with ease, as being a god; and stood  
For *Hectors* guard; as *Pallas* did, *Æacides* for thine.  
He rapt him from him; and a cloud, of much *Night* cast betweene  
His person, and the point opposde. *Achilles* then exclaim'd  
O see, yet more gods are at worke; *Apollo*s hand hath fram'd

*Achilles passion  
at the sight of  
Hector.*

*Hector to  
Achilles.*

*Pallas breathes  
backe Hectors  
lance throwne  
at Achilles.*

*Apollo rescues  
Hector.*

(Dog that thou art) thy rescue now: to whom, go, pay the vows  
 Thy safetie owes him; I shall vent, in time, those fatall blowes,  
 That yet beate in my heart, on thine; if any god remaine,  
 My equall fautor. In meane time, my anger must maintaine  
 His fire on other *Ilians*. Then laid he at his feet,  
 Great *Demochus*, *Philetors* sonne; and *Dryope* did greet  
 With like encounter. *Dardanus*, and strong *Laogonus*,  
 (Wise *Byas* sonnes) he hurld from horse, of one, victorious  
 With his close sword; the others life, he conquerd with his lance.

Then *Tros*, *Alastors* sonne made in, and sought to scape their chance,  
 With free submission. Downe he fell, and praid about his knees,  
 He would not kill him, but take ruth; as one that Destinies  
 Made to that purpose; being a man, borne in the selfe same yeare  
 That he himselfe was: O poore foole, to sue to him to beare  
 A ruthfull mind; he well might know, he could not fashion him,  
 In *Ruths* soft mould; he had no spirit, to brooke that interim  
 In his hote furie: he was none, of these remorsefull men;  
 Gentle, and affable: but fierce, at all times, and mad then.

He gladly would have made a prayre, and still so hugg'd his knee,  
 He could not quit him: till at last, his sword was faine to free  
 His fetterd knees: that made a vent, for his white livers blood,  
 That causd such pittifull affects: of which, it pour'd a flood  
 About his bosome; which it fild, even till it drown'd his eyes;  
 And all sense faild him. Forth then flew, this Prince of tragedies,  
 Who next, stoopt *Mulius*, even to death, with his insatiate speare:  
 One eare it enterd, and made good, his passe to th'other eare.

*Echeclus* then, (*Agenors* sonne) he strooke betwixt the browes;  
 Whose blood set fire upon his sword, that coold it till the throwes  
 Of his then labouring braine, let out, his soule to fixed fate,  
 And gave cold entrie to blacke death. *Deucalion* then, had state  
 In these mens beings: where the nerves, about the elbow knit,  
 Downe to his hand his speares steele pierc't, and brought such paine to it,  
 As led *Death* joyntly; whom he saw, before his fainting eyes;



And in his necke felt, with a stroke, laid on so; that off flies  
 His head: one of the twise twelve bones, that all the backe bone make,  
 Let out his marrow; when the head, he helme and all did take,  
 And hurl'd amongst the *Ilians*; the body stretcht on earth.

*Rhigmus* of fruitfull *Thrace*, next fell; he was the famous birth  
 Of *Pireus*: his bellies midsts, the lance tooke; whose sterne force,  
 Quite tumbl'd him from chariot. In turning backe the horse,  
 Their guider *Areithous*, receiv'd another lance,  
 That threw him to his Lord. No end, was put to the mischance

*Simile.*

*Achilles* enterd: But, as fire, falne in a flash from heaven,  
 Inflames the high-woods of drie hils; and with a storme is driven,  
 Through all the Sylvane deepes; and raves, till downe goes every where  
 The smotherd hill: So every way, *Achilles* and his speare  
 Consum'd the Champaine, the blacke earth, flow'd with the veines he tore.  
 And looke how Oxen, (yok't and driven, about the circular floore,  
 Of some faire barne) treade sodainly, the thicke sheaves, thin of corne;  
 And all the corne, consum'd with chaffe: so mixt and overborne,  
 Beneath *Achilles* one-hov'd horse, shields, speares, and men lay trod;  
 His axel-tree, and chariot wheeles, all spatterd with the blood  
 Hurl'd from the steeds hoves, and the strakes. Thus to be magnified,  
 His most inaccessible hands, in humane blood he died.

*Simile.*

*The end of the twentieth Booke.*

# THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**I**N two parts, Troyes host parted; Thetis sonne,  
One to Scamander, one to Ilion  
Pursues. Twelve Lords he takes alive, to end  
In sacrifice, for vengeance to his friend.  
Asteropæus, dies by his fierce hand,  
And Priams sonne, Lycaon. Over land  
The flood breakes: where, Achilles being engag'd,  
Vulcan preserves him; and with spirit enrag'd,  
Sets all the Champaine, and the Flood on fire;  
Contention then, doth all the gods inspire.  
Apollo, in Agenors shape, doth stay  
Achilles furie; and by giving way,  
Makes him pursue; till the deceit gives leave,  
That Troy, in safetie, might her friends receive.

## ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Phy, at the floods shore, doth expresse  
The labours of Æacides.

THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS



AND NOW THEY REACHT, THE GOODLY SWELLING  
CHANNELL OF THE FLOOD,  
GULFE-EATING XANTHUS; WHOM JOVE MIXT,  
WITH HIS IMMORTALL BROOD:

And there *Achilles* cleft the host, of *Ilion*: one side fell  
On *Xanthus*, th' other on the towne: and that did he impell  
The same way, that the last daies rage, put all the *Greeks* in rout,  
When *Hectors* furie reign'd. These now, *Achilles* powr'd about  
The scatterd field. To stay the flight, *Saturnia* cast before  
Their hastie feete, a standing fogge; and then *Flights* violence bore  
The other halfe full on the flood. The silver-gulphed deepe  
Receiv'd them with a mightie crie: the billowes vast and steepe,  
Ror'd at their armours; which the shores, did round about resound:  
This way, and that, they swum, and shriekt; as in the gulphs they drownd:  
And as in fir'd fields, *Locusts* rise, as the unwearied blaze *Simile.*  
Plies still their rising, till in swarmes, all rush as in amaze,  
(For scape) into some neighbour flood: So, th' *Achilleian* stroke,  
Here drave the foe. The gulfie flood, with men and horse did choke.

Then on the shore, the Worthy hid, and left his horrid lance  
Amids the *Tamrises*; and spritelike, did with his sword advance,  
Up to the river; ill affaires, tooke up his furious braine,  
For *Troyes* engagements: every way, he doubl'd slaine on slaine.  
A most unmanly noise was made, with those he put to sword,  
Of grones and outcries; the flood blusht, to be so much engor'd  
With such base soules: And as small fish, the swift-finn'd *Dolphin* flie, *Simile.*  
Filling the deepe pits in the ports; on whose close strength they lie:  
And there he swallowes them in sholes: So here, to rockes, and holes,  
About the flood, the *Trojans* fled; and there most lost their soules:  
Even till he tir'd his slaughterous arme. Twelve faire yong Princes then,  
He chusde of all, to take alive; to have them freshly slaine  
On that most solemne day of wreake, resolv'd on for his friend.  
These led he trembling forth the flood; as fearefull of their end,  
As any *Hinde* calves: all their hands, he pinnioned behind  
With their owne girdles; worne upon, their rich weeds; and resign'd  
Their persons to his *Myrmidons*, to beare to fleete: and he

*Achilles his  
strange en-  
counter of  
Lycaon.*

Plung'd in the streame againe; to take, more worke of *Tragedie*.  
He met, then issuing the flood; with all intent of flight,  
*Lycaon*, (*Dardan Priams sonne*;) whom lately in the night,  
He had surprisde; as in a wood, of *Priams*, he had cut,  
The greene armes of a wild figge tree; to make him spokes to put  
In Naves of his new chariot. An ill then, all unthought,  
Stole on him in *Achilles* shape, who tooke him thence, and brought  
To well-built *Lemnos*, selling him, to famous *Jasons sonne*:  
From whom, a guest then, in his house; (*Imbrius Eetion*)  
Redeem'd at high rate, and sent home, t' *Arisba*; whence he fled,  
And saw againe his fathers court: eleven daies banquetted,  
Amongst his friends; the twelfth god thrust, his haplesse head againe  
In t' hands of sterne *Æacides*; who now must send him slaine,  
To *Plutos* Court; and gainst his will. Him, when *Achilles* knew  
Naked of helmet, shield, sword, lance; (all which for ease he threw  
To earth, being overcome with sweate; and labour wearying  
His flying knees) he storm'd, and said; O heaven, a wondrous thing  
Invades mine eyes; those *Ilians*, that heretofore I slue,  
Rise from the darke dead, quicke againe: this man, fate makes eschew  
Her owne steele fingers: he was sold, in *Lemnos*; and the deepe  
Of all Seas, twixt this *Troy*, and that (that many a man doth keepe  
From his lov'd countrie) barres not him; Come then; he now shall tast  
The head of *Pelias*; and trie, if steele will downe as fast  
As other fortunes; or kind earth, can any surer seise  
On his slie person; whose strong armes, have held downe *Hercules*.

*Lycaons feare  
to be seene of  
Achilles.*

His thoughts thus mov'd, while he stood firme; to see if he, he spide,  
Would offer flight, (which first he thought) but when he had descride,  
He was descried, and flight was vaine; fearefull, he made more nie,  
With purpose to embrace his knees; and now long'd much to flie  
His blacke fate, and abhorred death, by coming in. His foe  
Observ'd all this; and up he raisd, his lance, as he would throw;  
And then *Lycaon* close ran in; fell on his breast, and tooke  
*Achilles* knees; whose lance (on earth, now staid) did overlooke,

His still-turn'd backe; with thirst to glut, his sharpe point with the blood,  
 That lay so readie; but that thirst, *Lycaons* thirst withstood;  
 To save his blood, *Achilles* knee, in his one hand he knit;  
 His other held the long lance hard, and would not part with it:  
 But thus besought: I kisse thy knees, divine *Æacides*:  
 Respect me, and my fortunes rue; I now present th'accesse  
 Of a poore suppliant, for thy ruth: and I am one that is  
 Worthy thy ruth (ô *Joves* belov'd.) First houre my miseries  
 Fell into any hand, twas thine: I tasted all my bread  
 By thy gift since: O since that houre, that thy surprisall led  
 From forth the faire wood, my sad feete; farre from my lov'd allies,  
 To famous *Lemnos*, where I found, an hundred Oxens prise  
 To make my ransome: for which now, I thrise the worth will raise.  
 This day, makes twelve since I arriv'd, in *Ilion*: many daies  
 Being spent before in sufferance: and now a cruell fate,  
 Thrusts me againe into thy hands. I should hant *Jove* with hate,  
 That with such set malignitie, gives thee my life againe.  
 There were but two of us, for whom, *Laothoe* sufferd paine,  
 (*Laothoe*, old *Altes* seed;) *Alte*, whose pallace stood  
 In height of upper *Pedasus*, neare *Satnius* silver flood;  
 And rulde the warre-like *Lelegi*. Whose seed (as many more)  
 King *Priam* married, and begot, the godlike *Polydor*,  
 And me accurst: thou slaughterdst him: and now thy hand on me  
 Will prove as mortall. I did thinke, when here I met with thee,  
 I could not scape thee; yet give eare, and adde thy mind to it;  
 I told my birth to intimate, though one sire did beget;  
 Yet one wombe brought not into light, *Hector* (that slue thy friend)  
 And me. O do not kill me then; but let the wretched end  
 Of *Polydor*, excuse my life. For halfe our being bred  
 Brothers to *Hector*, he (halfe) paid, no more is forfeited.

*Lycaons* ruthfull  
 intercession to  
*Achilles* for his  
 life.

Thus su'd he humbly; but he heard, with this austere replie:  
 Foole, urge not ruth, nor price to me; till that solemnitie  
 Resolv'd on, for *Patroclus* death, pay all his rites to fate.

Till his death, I did grace to *Troy*; and many lives did rate  
 At price of ransome: but none now, of all the brood of *Troy*,  
 (Who ever *Jove* throwes to my hands) shall any breath enjoy,  
 That death can beate out; specially, that touch at *Priams* race.  
 Die, die, (my friend) what teares are these? what sad lookes spoile thy face?  
*Patroclus* died, that farre past thee: nay seest thou not beside,  
 My selfe, even I, a faire yong man, and rarely magnifide;  
 And (to my father, being a king) a mother have, that sits  
 In ranke with goddesses; and yet, when thou hast spent thy spirits,  
*Death*, and as violent a fate, must overtake, even me.  
 By twilight, morne-light, day, high noone; when ever *Destinie*  
 Sets on her man, to hurle a lance; or knit out of his string,  
 An arrow that must reach my life. This said, a languishing  
*Lycaons* heart bent like his knees; yet left him strength t' advance  
 Both hands for mercie, as he kneeld. His foe yet leaves his lance,  
 And forth his sword flies; which he hid, in furrow of a wound  
 Driven through the joynture of his necke; flat fell he on the ground,  
 Stretcht with deaths pangs; & all the earth, embrew'd with timelesse blood.  
 Then gript *Æacides* his heele, and to the loftie flood  
 Flung (swinging) his unpitied corse; to see it swim, and tosse  
 Up on the rough waves: and said; Go, feed fat the fish with losse  
 Of thy left blood: they cleane will sucke, thy greene wounds; & this saves,  
 Thy mother teares upon thy bed. Deepe *Xanthus*, on his waves,  
 Shall hoyse thee bravely to a tombe, that in her burly breast,  
 The sea shall open; where great fish, may keepe thy funerall feast  
 With thy white fat: and on the waves, dance at thy wedding fate,  
 Clad in blacke horror; keeping close, inaccessible state.

So perish *Ilians*, till we plucke, the browes of *Ilion*

Downe to her feete, you flying still: I flying still upon,  
 Thus in the rere; and (as my browes, were forck't, with rabid hornes)  
 Tosse ye together. This brave flood, that strengthens, and adorne  
 Your citie with his silver gulfes; to whom, so many buls,  
 Your zeale hath offerd; which blind zeale, his sacred current guls,

The word is κα-  
 πατίζων, which  
 they translate  
 cadens, but pro-  
 perly signifies  
 dissipans, ut  
 boves infestis  
 cornibus.

With casting chariots, and horse; quicke to his prayd-for aide;  
 Shall nothing profite: perish then, till cruell'st *Death* hath laide  
 All, at the red feet of *Revenge*, for my slaine friend; and all  
 With whom the absence of my hands, made yours a festivall.

This speech, great *Xanthus* more enrag'd; and made his spirit contend,  
 For meanes to shut up, the o'pt vaine, against him; and defend  
 The *Trojans* in it, from his plague. In meane time *Peleus* sonne,  
 (And now with that long lance he hid) for more blood, set upon,  
*Asteropæus*; the descent, of *Pelagon*; and he  
 Of brode-stream'd *Axius*, and the dame (of first nativitie,  
 To all the daughters that renown'd, *Acesamenus* seed)  
 Bright *Peribæa*; whom the flood; (arm'd thicke with loftie reed)  
 Comprest. At her grandchild now went, *Thetis* great sonne; whose foe  
 Stood arm'd with two darts, being set on, by *Xanthus*; angerd so  
 For those youths blood, shed in his streame, by vengefull *Thetis* sonne,  
 Without all mercie. (Both being neare) great *Thetides* begunne  
 With this high question. Of what race, art thou that dar'st oppose  
 Thy powre to mine thus? cursed wombs, they ever did disclose,  
 That stood my anger. He reply'd, What makes thy furies heate,  
 Talke, and seeke Pedigrees? farre hence, lies my innative seate,  
 In rich *Pæonia*. My race, from brode-stream'd *Axius*, runs;  
*Axius*, that gives earth purest drinke, of all the watrie sons  
 Of great *Oceanus*; and got, the famous for his speare,  
*Pelegonus*, that fatherd me; and these *Pæonians* here,  
 Arm'd with long lances, here I leade: and here th'eleventh faire light  
 Shines on us, since we enterd *Troy*: Come now, (brave man) lets fight.

*Achilles to  
Asteropæus.*

*Asteropæus to  
Achilles.*

Thus spake he, threatning; and to him, *Pelides* made replie,  
 With shaken *Pelias*: but his foe, with two at once let flie;  
 (For both his hands were dexterous:) one javelin strooke the shield  
 Of *Thetis* sonne; but strooke not through (the gold (gods gift) repeld  
 The eager point:) the other lance, fell lightly, on the part  
 Of his faire right hands cubit; forth, the blacke blood spunne; the dart  
 Glanc't over, fastening on the earth, and there his splene was spent,

*Asteropæus with  
two darts at  
once at Achilles.*



That wisht the body. With which wish, *Achilles*, his lance sent,  
 That quite mist, and infixt it selfe, fast, in the steepe-up shore.  
 Even to the midst, it enterd it; himselfe then, fiercely bore  
 Upon his enemie with his sword. His foe was tugging hard,  
 To get his lance out: thrise he pluckt; and thrise, sure *Pelias* bard  
 His wisht evulsion. The fourth plucke; he bow'd, and meant to breake  
 The Ashen plant; but (ere that act) *Achilles* sword, did checke  
 His bent powre, and brake out his soule. Full in the navill stead  
 He ript his belly up; and out, his entrailes fell; and dead  
 His breathlesse body: whence his armes, *Achilles* drew, and said:

*Asteropæus  
 slaine by  
 Achilles.*

*Achilles to  
 the body of  
 Asteropæus.*

Lie there, and prove it dangerous, to lift up adverse head,  
 Against *Joves* sonnes; although a flood, were Ancetor to thee.  
 Thy vants urg'd him; but I may vant, a higher pedigree,  
 (From *Jove* himselfe:) king *Peleus*, was sonne to *Æacus*;  
 Infernall *Æacus*, to *Jove*; and I, to *Peleus*.

Thunder-voic't *Jove*, farre passeth floods; that onely murmures raise  
 With earth and water, as they runne, with tribute to the seas.  
 And his seede theirs exceeds as farre. A flood, a mightie flood  
 Rag'd nere thee now; but with no aide *Jove* must not be withstood.  
 King *Achelous*, yeelds to him; and great *Oceanus*;  
 Whence all floods; all the sea; all founts; wells; all deepes humorous,  
 Fetch their beginnings; yet even he, feares *Joves* flash, and the cracke  
 His thunder gives; when, out of heaven, it teares atwo his racke.

*The racke, or  
 motion of the  
 clouds, for the  
 clouds.*

Thus, pluckt he from the shore, his lance; and left the waves to wash  
 The wave-sprung entrailes; about which, *Fausens*, and other fish,  
 Did shole, to nibble at the fat, which his sweet kidneyes hid.  
 This for himselfe; now to his men, (the-well-rode *Peons*) did  
 His rage contend. All which, cold *Feare*, shooke into flight, to see  
 Their Captaine slaine: at whose mazde flight (as much enrag'd) flew he.  
 And then fell all these, *Thrasius*, *Mydon*, *Astypilus*,  
 Great *Ophelestes*, *Ænius*, *Mnesus*, *Thersilochus*.

*Xanthus out of  
 a whirlepit to  
 Achilles.*

And on these, many more had falne; unlesse the angry flood,  
 Had tooke the figure of a man; and in a whirlepit stood,

Thus speaking to *Æacides*. Past all, powre feeds thy will,  
 (Thou great grandchild of *Æacus*) and past all, th'art in ill.  
 And gods themselves, confederates; and *Jove* (the best of gods)  
 All deaths gives thee: all places, not. Make my shores periods  
 To all shore service. In the field, let thy field acts run hie,  
 Not in my waters. My sweet streames, choake with mortalitie  
 Of men, slaine by thee. Carkasses, so glut me, that I faile  
 To powre into the sacred sea, my waves; yet still assaile  
 Thy cruell forces. Ceasse; amaze, affects me with thy rage,  
 Prince of the people. He reply'd; Shall thy command asswage  
 (Gulfe-fed *Scamander*) my free wrath? Ile never leave pursude  
 Prowd *Ilions* slaughters; till this hand, in her fild walls conclude  
 Her flying forces; and hath tried, in single fight, the chance  
 Of warre with *Hector*; whose event, with starke death, shall advance  
 One of our conquests. Thus againe, he like a Furie flew  
 Upon the *Trojans*: when the flood, his sad plaint did pursue,  
 To bright *Apollo*; telling him, he was too negligent  
 Of *Joves* high charge; importuning, by all meanes vehement,  
 His helpe of *Troy*; till latest Even, should her blacke shadowes poure,  
 On earths brode breast. In all his worst, *Achilles* yet from shore,  
 Leapt to his midst. Then sweld his waves, then rag'd, then boyld againe,  
 Against *Achilles*: up flew all, and all the bodies slaine,  
 In all his deeps; (of which the heapes, made bridges, to his waves)  
 He belcht out; roring like a Bull. The unslaine, yet he saves.  
 In his blacke whirlepits, vast and deepe. A horrid billow stood  
 About *Achilles*. On his shield, the violence of the flood  
 Beate so; it drave him backe, and tooke, his feet up; his faire palme,  
 Enforc't to catch into his stay, a brode, and loftie Elme,  
 Whose roots he tost up with his hold; and tore up all the shore,  
 With this then, he repeld the waves; and those thicke armes it bore,  
 He made a bridge to beare him off; (for all fell in) when he,  
 Forth from the channell threw himselfe The rage did terrifie,  
 Even his great spirit, and made him adde, wings to his swiftest feet,

*Achilles to  
Xanthus.*

*Xanthus com-  
plains to Apollo.*

*Note the conti-  
nued height, and  
admired expres-  
sion of Achilles  
glorie.*

And treade the land. And yet not there, the flood left his retreat,  
 But thrust his billowes after him; and blackt them all at top,  
 To make him feare, and flie his charge; and set the brode field ope  
 For *Troy* to scape in. He sprong out, a darts cast; but came on  
 Againe with a redoubl'd force: As when the swiftest flowne,  
 And strong'st of all fowles, (*Joves* blacke Hawke) the huntresse stoopes upo;  
 A much lov'd Quarrie: So charg'd he; his armes with horror rung,  
 Against the blacke waves: yet againe, he was so urg'd, he flung  
 His body from the flood, and fled. And after him againe,  
 The waves flew roring: As a man, that finds a water vaine;  
 And from some blacke fount is to bring, his streames through plants & groves;  
 Goes with his Mattocke, and all checks, set to his course, removes;  
 When that runnes freely: under it, the pibbles all give way,  
 And where it finds a fall, runnes swift: nor can the leader stay  
 His current then: Before himselfe, full pac't, it murmures on.  
 So, of *Achilles*, evermore, the strong flood vantage wonne;  
 (Though most deliver) gods are still, above the powres of men.

*Simile.*

As oft, as th'able godlike man, endeavour'd to maintaine  
 His charge on them, that kept the flood; (and charg'd as he would trie,  
 If all the gods, inhabiting, the brode unreached skie,  
 Could dant his spirit,) so oft, still, the rude waves charg'd him round;  
 Rampt on his shoulders; from whose depth, his strength, & spirit would bound  
 Up to the free aire, vext in soule. And now the vehement flood,  
 Made faint his knees: so overthwart, his waves were, they withstood  
 All the denyed dust, which he wisht; and now, was faine to crie;  
 Casting his eyes, to that brode heaven, that late he long'd to trie:  
 And said, O *Jove*, how am I left? No god vouchsafes to free  
 Me, miserable man; helpe now, and after torture me,  
 With any outrage. Would to heaven, *Hector*, (the mightiest  
 Bred in this region) had imbrew'd, his javelin in my breast;  
 That strong might fall by strong. Where now, weake waters luxurie,  
 Must make my death blush: one, heaven-borne, shall like a hog-herd die,  
 Drown'd in a durtie torrents rage. Yet none of you in heaven,

*Achilles  
 complaint to  
 the gods in  
 his extre-  
 mitie.*

I blame for this: but she alone, by whom this life was given,  
 That now must die thus. She would still, delude me with her tales,  
 Affirming *Phæbus* shafts should end, within the *Trojan* walls  
 My curst beginning. In this straight, *Neptune* and *Pallas* flew  
 To fetch him off. In mens shapes Both, close to his danger drew:  
 And, taking both, both hands, thus spake, the shaker of the world:

*Neptune to  
 Achilles,  
 Pallas and he  
 rescuing him.*

*Pelides*, do not stirre a foot; nor these waves, proudly curld  
 Against thy bold breast, feare a jote; thou hast us two thy friends,  
 (*Neptune* and *Pallas*) *Jove* himselfe, approving th' aide we lend.  
 Tis nothing, as thou fearst with fate; she will not see thee drown'd:  
 This height shall soone downe; thine owne eyes, shall see it set aground.  
 Be rulde then, weele advise thee well; take not thy hand away,  
 From putting all, indifferently, to all, that it can lay  
 Upon the *Trojans*; till the walles, of haughtie *Ilion*  
 Conclude all in a desperate flight: and when thou hast set gone,  
 The soule of *Hector*, turne to fleet: our hands shall plant a wreath  
 Of endlesse glorie, on thy browes. Thus, to the free from death,  
 Both made retreat. He (much impeld, by charge, the godheads gave)  
 The field, that now was overcome, with many a boundlesse wave,  
 He overcame: on their wild breasts, they tost the carkasses,  
 And armes of many a slaughterd man. And now the winged knees,  
 Of this great Captaine, bore aloft: against the flood he flies  
 With full assault: nor could that god, make shrinke his rescu'd thies.  
 Nor shrunk the flood; but as his foe, grew powrefull, he grew mad:  
 Thrust up a billow to the skie, and cristall *Simois* bad  
 To his assistance: *Simois*, Hoe, brother, (out he cried)  
 Come, adde thy current, and resist, this man halfe deified;  
 Or *Ilion* he will pul downe strait; the *Trojans* cannot stand  
 A minute longer. Come, assist; and instantly command  
 All fountaines in thy rule to rise; all torrents to make in,  
 And stufte thy billowes; with whose height, engender such a din,  
 (With trees torne up, and justling stones) as so immane a man,  
 May shrinke beneath us: whose powre thrives, do my powre all it can:

*Xanthus to  
 Simois.*

He dares things fitter for a god. But, nor his forme, nor force,  
Nor glorious armes shall profit him: all which, and his dead corse,  
I vow to rowle up in my sands: Nay, burie in my mud:  
Nay, in the very sincks of *Troy*: that, pour'd into my flood,  
Shall make him drowning worke enough: and being drown'd, Ile set  
A fort of such strong filth on him; that *Greece* shall never get  
His bones from it. There, there shall stand, *Achilles* sepulcher;  
And save a buriall for his friends. This Furie did transferre  
His high-ridg'd billowes on the Prince; roring with blood, and fome,  
And carkasses. The crimson streame, did snatch into her wombe,  
Surpris'd *Achilles*; and her height, stood, held up by the hand  
Of *Jove* himselfe: Then *Juno* cried, and cald (to countermand  
This watry Deitie) the god, that holds command in fire;  
Affraid lest that gulf-stomackt flood, would satiate his desire  
On great *Achilles*: *Mulciber*? my best-lov'd sonne? (she cried)  
Rouse thee: for all the gods conceive, this flood thus amplified,  
Is raisd at thee; and shewes as if, his waves would drowne the skie,  
And put out all the sphere of fire; haste, helpe thy Emperie:  
Light flames, deepe as his pits. Our selfe, the West wind, and the South,  
Will call out of the sea; and breathe, in eithers full-charg'd mouth  
A storme, t'enrage thy fires gainst *Troy*; which shall (in one exhal'd)  
Blow flames of sweate about their browes; and make their armors skald.  
Go thou then, and (gainst these winds rise) make worke on *Xanthus* shore,  
With setting all his trees on fire: and in his owne breast poure,  
A fervor that shall make it burne; nor let faire words or threats  
Avert thy furie, till I speake; and then, subdue the heates  
Of all thy Blazes. *Mulciber*; prepar'd, a mightie fire,  
First, in the field usde: burning up, the bodies, that the ire  
Of great *Achilles* reft of soules: the quite-drown'd field it dried;  
And shrunk the flood up. And as fields, that have bene long time cloide  
With catching wether; when their corne, lies on the gavill heape;  
Are with a constant North wind dried; with which for comfort leape  
Their hearts that sow'd them: So this field, was dride; the bodies burn'd;

*Juno to Vulcan.*

*Simile.*

And even the flood into a fire, as bright as day was turn'd.  
 Elmes, willowes, tamrisks, were enflam'd; the lote trees; sea-grasse reeds,  
 And rushes, with the galingale rootes (of which abundance breeds  
 About the sweet flood) all were fir'd: the gliding fishes flew  
 Upwards, in flames: the groveling Eeeles, crept upright; all which slew  
 Wise Vulcans unresisted spirit. The flood out of a flame,  
 Cried to him; Ceasse, ô *Mulciber*; no deitie can tame  
 Thy matchlesse virtue: nor would I, (since thou art thus hote) strive.  
 Ceasse then thy strife; let *Thetis* sonne, with all thy wisht hast, drive  
 Even to their gates these *Ilians*; what toucheth me their aide,  
 Or this *Contention*? Thus in flames, the burning river prayde:  
 And as a Caldron, underput, with store of fire; and wrought  
 With boyling of a well-fed Brawne, up leapes his wave aloft;  
 Bavins of sere wood urging it, and spending flames apace,  
 Till all the Caldron be engirt, with a consuming blaze.  
 So round this flood burn'd; and so sod, his sweete, and tortur'd streames;  
 Nor could flow forth, bound in the fumes, of *Vulcans* fierie beames.  
 Who (then not mov'd) his mothers ruth, by all his meanes he craves;  
 And askt, why *Vulcan* should invade, and so torment his waves,  
 Past other floods? when his offence, rose not to such degree,  
 As that of other gods, for *Troy*: and that himselfe would free,  
 Her wrath to it, if she were pleasde; and prayd her, that her sonne  
 Might be reflected: adding this, that he would nere be wonne,  
 To helpe keepe off the ruinous day, in which all *Troy* should burne,  
 Fir'd by the *Grecians*. This vow heard; she charg'd her sonne to turne  
 His fierie spirits to their homes: and said, it was not fit,  
 A god should suffer so, for men. Then *Vulcan* did remit  
 His so unmeasur'd violence; and backe the pleasant flood  
 Ranne to his channell. Thus these gods, she made friends; th' other stood  
 At weightie difference; both sides ranne, together with a sound,  
 That Earth resounded; and great heaven, about did surrebound.  
 Jove heard it, sitting on his hill; and l. ught to see the gods,  
 Buckle to armes like angry men: and (he pleasde with their ods)

*Xanthus out of a  
 flaming whirle-  
 pit to Vulcan.*

*Simile.*

They laid it freely. Of them all, thump-buckler *Mars* began;  
 And at *Minerva* with a lance, of brasse he headlong ran;  
 These vile words ushering his blowes: Thou, dog-flie, what's the cause,  
 Thou mak'st gods fight thus? thy huge heart, breakes all our peacefull lawes,  
 With thy insatiate shamelesnesse. Rememberst thou the houre,  
 When *Diomed* charg'd me? and by thee? and thou with all thy powre,  
 Took'st lance thy selfe; and in all sights, rusht on me with a wound?  
 Now vengeance fals on thee for all. This said, the shield fring'd round  
 With fighting Adders, borne by *Jove*, that not to thunder yeelds,  
 He clapt his lance on; and this god, that with the bloud of fields,  
 Pollutes his godhead; that shield pierst, and hurt the armed Maid:  
 But backe she leapt; and with her strong, hand rapt a huge stone, laid  
 Above the Champaine; blacke and sharpe, that did in old time breake  
 Partitions to mens lands; And that, she dusted in the necke  
 Of that impetuous challenger. Downe to the earth he swayed,  
 And overlaid seven Acres land: his haire was all berayd  
 With dust, and bloud mixt; and his armes, rung out. *Minerva* laught,  
 And thus insulted: O thou foole, yet hast thou not bene taught  
 To know mine eminence? thy strength, opposest thou to mine?  
 So pay thy mothers furies then; who for these aides of thine,  
 (Ever affoorded perjur'd *Troy*; *Greece* ever left) takes spleene,  
 And vowes thee mischief. Thus she turn'd, her blew eyes, when Loves Queen  
 The hand of *Mars* tooke; & from earth, raisd him with thick-drawne breath,  
 His spirits not yet got up againe. But from the prease of death,  
 Kind *Aphrodite* was his guide. Which, *Juno* seeing, exclam'd:  
*Pallas*; see, *Mars* is helpt from field? Dog, flie, his rude tongue nam'd  
 Thy selfe even now; but that his love, that dog-flie will not leave,  
 Her old consort. Upon her; flie. *Minerva* did receive  
 This excitation joyfully; and at the *Cyprian* flew;  
 Strooke with her hard hand, her soft breast, a blow that overthrew  
 Both her and *Mars*; and there, both lay together in broad field.  
 When thus she triumpht. So lie all, that any succours yeeld  
 To these false *Trojans*, gainst the *Greeks*; so bold, and patient,

*Mars against  
Minerva.*

*Minerva  
insults  
over Mars.*

*Venus.*

*Mars and  
Venus  
overthrowne  
by Pallas.*

As *Venus*, (shunning charge of me); and no lesse impotent  
 Be all their aides, then hers to *Mars*: so short worke would be made  
 In our depopulating *Troy* (this hardiest to invade,  
 Of all earths cities). At this wish, white-wristed *Juno* smil'd.  
 Next, *Neptune* and *Apollo* stood, upon the point of field;  
 And thus spake *Neptune*: *Phæbus*! come; why, at the lances end  
 Stand we two thus? twill be a shame, for us to re-ascend  
*Joves* golden house, being thus in field; and not to fight. Begin;  
 For tis no gracefull worke for me: thou hast the yonger chin;  
 I older, and know more. O foole! what a forgetfull heart  
 Thou bear'st about thee? to stand here, prest to take th'*Il*ian part,  
 And fight with me? Forgetst thou then, what we two; we alone  
 (Of all the gods) have sufferd here? when proud *Laomedon*,  
 Enjoyd our service, a whole yeare, for our agreed reward?  
*Jove*, in his sway would have it so; and in that yeare I rear'd  
 This broad brave wall about this towne; that (being a worke of mine)  
 It might be inexpugnable. This service then, was thine,  
 In *Ida* (that so many hils, and curld-head forrests crowne)  
 To feed his oxen; crooked shankt, and headed like the Moone.  
 But when the much-joy-bringing houres, brought terme for our reward;  
 The terrible *Laomedon*, dismiss us both, and scard  
 Our high deservings; not alone, to hold our promist fee,  
 But give us threats too. Hands and feete, he swore to fetter thee,  
 And sell thee as a slave; dismiss, farre hence to forreine Iles;  
 Nay more, he would have both our eares. His vowes breach, and reviles,  
 Made us part angry with him than; and doest thou gratulate now,  
 Such a kings subjects? or with us, not their destruction vow,  
 Even to their chaste wives, and their babes? He answerd, he might hold  
 His wisdoms litle; if with him (a god); for men he would  
 Maintaine contention: wretched men, that flourish for a time,  
 Like leaves; eate some of that, Earth yeelds; and give Earth, in their prime,  
 Their whole selves for it. Quickly then, let us flie fight for them;  
 Nor shew it offer'd: let themselves, beare out their owne extreme.

*Apollo to  
 Neptune.*



*Diana reproves  
Apollo for  
leaving the  
Trojans.*

Thus he retir'd, and fear'd to change, blowes with his uncles hands;  
His sister therefore chid him much, (the goddesse that commands  
In games of hunting) and thus spake: Fliest thou? and leav'st the field  
To *Neptunes* glorie? and no blowes? O foole! why doest thou wield  
Thy idle bow? no more my eares, shall heare thee vant in skies,  
Dares to meete *Neptune*; but Ile tell, thy cowards tongue, it lies.

*Juno to Diana.*

He answerd nothing; yet *Joves* wife, could put on no such raines;  
But spake thus loosly: How dar'st thou, dog, whom no feares containes,  
Encounter me? twill prove a match, of hard condition:  
Though the great Ladie of the bow; and *Jove* hath set thee downe,  
For Lion of thy sexe; with gift, to slaughter any Dame  
Thy proud will envies; yet some Dames, will prove, th'hadst better tame  
Wilde Lions upon hils, then them. But if this question rests  
Yet under judgement, in thy thoughts; and that thy mind contests;  
Ile make thee know it. Sodainly, with her left hand she catcht  
Both *Cynthias* palmes, lockt fingers fast; and with her right, she snatcht  
From her faire shoulders, her guilt bow; and (laughing) laid it on,  
About her eares; and every way, her turnings seisd upon,  
Till all her arrowes scatterd out; her quiver emptied quite.

*Simile.*

And as a Dove, that (flying a Hauke) takes to some rocke her flight;  
And in his hollow breasts sits safe; her fate, not yet to die:  
So fled she mourning; and her bow, left there. Then *Mercurie*,  
His opposite, thus undertooke: *Latona*, at no hand,  
Will I bide combat; tis a worke, right dangerous to stand,  
At difference with the wives of *Jove*; Go therefore, freely vant  
Amongst the deities, th'hast subdu'd, and made thy combattant  
Yeeld with plaine powre. She answer'd not, but gather'd up the bow  
And shafts falne from her daughters side, retiring. Up did go  
*Diana* to *Joves* starrie hall; her incorrupted vaile  
Trembling about her; so she shooke. *Phæbus* (lest *Troy* should faile  
Before her Fate) flew to her wals; the other deities flew  
Up to Olympus; some enrag'd, some glad. *Achilles* slew  
Both men and horse of *Ilion*. And as a citie fir'd,

Casts up a heate, that purples heaven; Clamors and shriekes expir'd  
 In every corner; toile to all; to many, miserie;  
 Which fire, th'incensed gods let fall; *Achilles* so let flie,  
 Rage on the *Trojans*; toiles and shriekes, as much by him imposde.  
 Old *Priam* in his sacred towre, stood; and the flight disclosde,  
 Of his forc't people; all in rout, and not a stroke return'd,  
 By fled *Resistance*. His eyes saw, in what a furie burnd  
 The sonne of *Peleus*; and downe, went weeping from the towre,  
 To all the port-guards; and their Chiefes, told of his flying powre,  
 Commanding th'opening of the ports; but not to let their hands  
 Stirre from them; for *Æacides*, would poure in with his bands.  
*Destruction* comes; O shut them straight; when we are in (he praid);  
 For, not our walls I feare, will checke, this violent man. This said,  
 Off lifted they the barres; the ports, hal'd open; and they gave  
*Safetie* her entrie, with the host; which yet they could not save,  
 Had not *Apollo* sallied out, and strooke *Destruction*  
 (Brought by *Achilles* in their neckes) backe; when they, right upon  
 The ports bore all, drie, dustie, spent; and on their shoulders rode  
 Rabide *Achilles* with his lance; still *Glorie* being the gode  
 That prickt his Furie. Then the *Greeks*, high-ported *Ilion*  
 Had seiz'd; had not *Apollo* stird, *Antenors* famous sonne,  
 Divine *Agenor*; and cast in, an undertaking spirit  
 To his bold bosome; and himselfe, stood by to strengthen it,  
 And keepe the heavie hand of death, from breaking in. The god  
 Stood by him, leaning on a beach, and cover'd his abode  
 With night-like darknesse; yet for all, the spirit he inspir'd;  
 When that great citie-racers force, his thoughts strooke, he retir'd;  
 Stood, and went on; A world of doubts, still falling in his way,  
 When (angry with himselfe) he said: Why suffer I this stay,  
 In this so strong need to go on? If, like the rest, I flie;  
 Tis his best weapon to give chace, being swift; and I should die  
 Like to a coward. If I stand, I fall too. These two wayes,  
 Please not my purpose; I would live. What if I suffer these,

*Simile.*

*Priams amaze  
at Achilles.*

*Agenor spirited  
by Apollo.*

*Agenors dis-  
course with him-  
selfe.*

Still to be routed? and (my feete, affoording further length)  
 Passe all these fields of *Ilion*, till *Idas* sylvane strength,  
 And steepe heights shroud me; and at Even, refresh me in the flood,  
 And turne to *Ilion*? O my soule, why drown'st thou in the blood  
 Of these discourses? If this course, that talkes of further flight,  
 I give my feete; his feete more swift, have more ods. Get he sight  
 Of that passe; I passe least; for pace, and length of pace, his thies  
 Will stand out all men. Meete him then; my steele hath faculties  
 Of powre to pierce him; his great breast, but one soule holds; and that  
 Death claimes his right in (all men say); but he holds speciall state  
 In *Joves* high bountie: that's past man, that every way will hold;  
 And that serves all men, every way. This last heart, made him bold,  
 To stand *Achilles*; and stird up, a mightie mind to blowes.  
 And as a Panther (having heard, the hounds traile) doth disclose  
 Her freckl'd forehead; and stares forth, from out some deepe-growne wood,  
 To trie what strength dares her abroad; and when her fierie blood  
 The hounds have kindl'd; no quench serves, of love to live, or feare;  
 Though strooke, though wounded; though quite through, she feels the  
 mortal speare;  
 But till the mans close strength she tries, or strowes earth with his dart;  
 She puts her strength out: So it far'd, with brave *Agenors* hart;  
 And till *Achilles* he had prov'd; no thoughts, no deeds, once stird  
 His fixed foote. To his broad breast, his round shield he preferd,  
 And up his arme went, with his aime; his voice out, with this crie:  
 Thy hope is too great (*Peleus* sonne), this day to shew thine eye  
*Troys Ilion* at thy foote; O foole! the *Greeks* with much more woes,  
 More then are sufferd yet, must buy, great *Ilions* overthrowes.  
 We are within her many strong, that for our parents sakes,  
 Our wives and children, will save *Troy*; and thou (though he that makes  
 Thy name so terrible) shalt make, a sacrifice to her,  
 With thine owne ruines. Thus he threw; nor did his javelin erre;  
 But strooke his foes leg, neare his knee; the fervent steele did ring  
 Against his tin greaves, and leapt backe. The fires strong-handed king,

*Joves bountie  
 serves all men  
 all wayes.*

*Simile.*

*Agenor to  
 Achilles.*

Gave vertue of repulse; and then, *Æacides* assail'd  
Divine *Agenor*; but in vaine; *Apollos* powre prevail'd,  
And rapt *Agenor* from his reach; whom quietly he plac't  
Without the skirmish; casting mists, to save from being chac't,  
His tenderd person; and (he gone) to give his souldiers scape;  
The deitie turn'd *Achilles* still, by putting on the shape  
Of him he thirsted; evermore, he fed his eye, and fled;  
And he with all his knees pursu'd. So cunningly he led;  
That still he would be neare his reach, to draw his rage, with hope,  
Farre from the conflict; To the flood, maintaining still the scope  
Of his attraction. In meane time, the other frighted powres,  
Came to the citie, comforted, when *Troy*, and all her towres,  
Strooted with fillers; none would stand, to see who staid without,  
Who scapt, and who came short; the ports, cleft to receive the rout,  
That pour'd it selfe in. Every man, was for himselfe; Most fleete,  
Most fortunate; who ever scapt, his head might thanke his feete.

*The end of the one and twentieth Booke.*



# THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*ALL Trojans housd but Hector; onely he,  
Keepes field, and undergoes th' extremitie.  
Æacides assaulting; Hector flies.  
Minerva stayes him: he resists, and dies.  
Achilles to his chariot doth enforce;  
And to the navall station, drags his corse.*

## ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

*Hector (in Chi) to death is done,  
By powre of Peleus angry sonne.*

THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS



**T**HUS (CHAC'T LIKE HINDS) THE *ILIANS*,  
TOOKE TIME TO DRINKE AND EATE,  
AND TO REFRESH THEM; GETTING OFF,  
THE MINGL'D DUST AND SWEATE;

And good strong rampires on in stead. The *Greeks* then cast their shields  
Aloft their shoulders; and now Fate, their neare invasion yeelds  
Of those tough wals. Her deadly hand, compelling *Hectors* stay  
Before *Troy* at the Scæan ports. *Achilles* still made way

At *Phæbus*; who, his bright head turn'd; and askt: Why (*Peleus sonne*)  
Pursu'st thou (being a man) a god? thy rage hath never done.

*Apollo to  
Achilles.*

Acknowledge not thine eyes my state? esteemes thy mind no more  
Thy honor in the chase of *Troy*; but puts my chace before  
Their utter conquest? they are all, now housde in *Ilion*,  
While thou hunt'st me. What wishest thou? my bloud will never runne  
On thy proud javelin. It is thou (repli'd *Æacides*)

That putst dishonor thus on me, (thou worst of deities)

*Achilles  
to Apollo.*

Thou turndst me from the walls, whose ports, had never entertaind  
Numbers now enter'd; over whom, thy saving hand hath raign'd,  
And robd my honor. And all is, since all thy actions stand,  
Past feare of reckoning; but held I, the measure in my hand,  
It should affoord thee deare-bought scapes. Thus with elated spirits,  
(Steed-like, that at Olympus games, weares garlands for his merits,  
And rattles home his chariot, extending all his pride)

*Achilles* so parts with the god. When aged *Priam* spide

The great *Greek* come, (sphear'd round with beames) and show'ng as if the star,  
Surnam'd *Orions* hound; that springs, in Autumne, and sends farre  
His radiance through a world of starres; of all whose beames, his owne  
Cast greatest splendor: the midnight, that renders them most showne,  
Then being their foile; and on their points; cure-passing Fevers then,  
Come shaking downe, into the joynts, of miserable men:

As this were falne to earth; and shot, along the field his raies,

Now towards *Priam* (when he saw, in great *Æacides*)

Out flew his tender voice in shriekes; and with raisde hands he smit

His reverend head; then up to heaven, he cast them; shewing it,

What plagues it sent him; Downe againe, then threw them to his sonne,

*Priam's fright at  
the sight of  
Achilles.*



Priam to  
Hector.

To make him shun them. He now stood, without steepe *Ilion*,  
Thirsting the combat; and to him, thus miserably cride  
The kind old king: O *Hector*! flie, this man, this homicide,  
That strait will stroy thee. Hee's too strong; and would to heaven he were,  
As strong in heavens love as in mine; Vultures and dogs should teare  
His prostrate carkasse; all my woes, quencht with his bloody spirits.  
He has robd me of many sonnes; and worthy; and their merits  
Sold to farre Ilands. Two of them (aye me) I misse but now;  
They are not enterd; nor stay here; *Laothoe*, O twas thou,  
(O Queene of women) from whose wombe, they breath'd: O did the tents  
Detaine them onely; brasse and gold, would purchase safe events,  
To their sad durance: tis within. Old *Altes* (yong in fame)  
Gave plentie for his daughters dowre; but if they fed the flame  
Of this mans furie, woe is me; woe to my wretched Queene.  
But in our states woe, their two deaths, will nought at all be seene;  
So thy life quit them: take the towne; retire (deare sonne) and save  
*Troys* husbands and her wives; nor give, thine owne life to the grave,  
For this mans glorie: pitie me; me, wretch, so long alive;  
Whom in the doore of *Age*, *Jove* keepes; that so he may deprive  
My being, in Fortunes utmost curse; to see the blackest thred  
Of this lifes miseries; my sonnes slaine; my daughters ravished;  
Their resting chambers sackt; their babes, torne from them, on their knees  
Pleading for mercie; themselves dragd, to Grecian slaveries,  
(And all this drawne through my red eyes.) Then last of all kneele I,  
Alone, all helplesse, at my gates, before my enemye,  
That (ruthlesse) gives me to my dogs: all the deformitie  
Of age discover'd; and all this, thy death (sought wilfully)  
Will poure on me. A faire yong man, at all parts it beseemes,  
(Being bravely slaine) to lie all gasht; and weare the worst extremes  
Of warres most crueltie; no wound, of whatsoever ruth,  
But is his ornament: but I, a man so farre from youth;  
White head, white bearded, wrinkl'd, pin'd; all shames must shew the eye:  
Live; prevent this then; this most shame, of all mans miserie.

Thus wept the old king, and tore off, his white haire; yet all these  
 Retir'd not *Hector*. *Hecuba*, then fell upon her knees;  
 Stript nak't her bosome, shew'd her breasts, and bad him reverence them,  
 And pitie her: if ever she, had quieted his exclaime,  
 He would ceasse hers, and take the towne; not tempting the rude field,  
 When all had left it: thinke (said she) I gave thee life to yeeld  
 My life recomfort; thy rich wife, shall have no rites of thee,  
 Nor do thee rites: our teares shall pay, thy corse no obsequie,  
 Being ravisht from us; Grecian dogs, nourisht, with what I nurst.

Thus wept both these; and to his ruth, proposde the utmost worst,  
 Of what could chance them; yet he staid. And now drew deadly neare,  
 Mightie *Achilles*; yet he still, kept deadly station there.  
 Looke how a Dragon, when she sees, a traveller bent upon  
 Her breeding den; her bosome fed, with fell contagion,  
 Gathers her forces, sits him firme, and at his nearest pace,  
 Wraps all her Caverne in her folds, and thrusts a horrid face  
 Out at his entrie: *Hector* so, with unextinguisht spirit,  
 Stood great *Achilles*; stird no foote; but at the prominent turret,  
 Bent to his bright shield, and resolv'd, to beare falne heaven on it.  
 Yet all this resolute abode, did not so truly fit  
 His free election; but he felt, a much more galling spurre  
 To the performance, with conceit, of what he should incurre,  
 Entring, like others; for this cause; to which, he thus gave way.

*A Simile expres-  
 sing how Hector  
 stood Achilles.*

O me, if I shall take the towne, *Polydamas* will lay  
 This flight, and all this death on me; who counseld me to leade  
 My powres to *Troy*: this last blacke night, when so I saw make head,  
 Incenst *Achilles*; I yet staid; though (past all doubt) that course  
 Had much more profited then mine; which, (being by so much worse,  
 As comes to all our flight, and death) my folly now I feare,  
 Hath bred this scandall; all our towne, now burnes my ominous eare  
 With whispering: *Hectors selfe conceit, hath cast away his host.*  
 And (this true) this extremitie, that I relie on most,  
 Is best for me; stay, and retire, with this mans life; or die

*Hectors dis-  
 course.*

Here for our citie with renowme; since all else fled, but I.  
 And yet one way, cuts both these wayes; what if I hang my shield,  
 My helme and lance here, on these wals; and meete in humble field,  
 Renowm'd *Achilles*, offering him, *Hellen*, and all the wealth,  
 What ever in his hollow keeles, bore *Alexanders* stealth  
 For both th' *Atrides*? For the rest; what ever is possest  
 In all this citie, knowne, or hid, by oath shall be confest  
 Of all our citizens; of which, one halfe the *Greeks* shall have;  
 One halfe themselves. But why (lov'd soule) would these suggestions save  
 Thy state still in me? Ile not sue; nor would he grant; but I,  
 (Mine armes cast off) should be assur'd, a womans death to die.  
 To men of oke and rocke, no words; virgins and youths talke thus;  
 Virgins and youths, that love, and wooe; there's other warre with us:  
 What blowes and conflicts urge, we crie; hates and defiances;  
 And with the garlands these trees beare, trie which hand *Jove* will blesse.  
 These thoughts emplot his stay; and now, *Achilles* comes; now neare  
 His *Mars*-like presence, terribly, came brandishing his speare;  
 His right arme shooke it; his bright armes, like day came glittering on,  
 Like fire-light, or the light of heaven, shot from the rising Sun.  
 This sight outwrought discourse; cold *Feare*, shooke *Hector* from his stand;  
 No more stay now; all ports were left; he fled in feare the hand  
 Of that *Feare*-master, who hauk-like, aires swiftest passenger,  
 That holds a timorous Dove in chace; and with command doth beare  
 His fierie onset: the Dove hasts; the Hauke comes whizzing on;  
 This way, and that, he turnes, and winds, and cuffes the Pigeon;  
 And till he trusse it, his great spirit, layes hote charge on his wing:  
 So urg'd *Achilles*, *Hectors* flight; so still, *Feares* point did sting  
 His troubl'd spirit; his knees wrought hard; along the wall he flew;  
 In that faire chariot way, that runnes, beneath the towre of view,  
 And *Troys* wilde fig-tree; till they reacht, where those two mother springs,  
 Of deepe *Scamander*, pour'd abroad, their silver murmurings.  
 One warme, and casts out fumes, as fire; the other, cold as snow,  
 Or haile dissolv'd. And when the Sunne, made ardent sommer glow,

*Achilles dread-  
 full approach  
 to Hector.*

*The pleasing  
 description of  
 two springs  
 under the walls  
 of Troy.*

There waters concrete cristall shin'd; neare which, were cisternes made,  
 All pav'd, and cleare; where *Trojan* wives, and their faire daughters had  
 Landrie for their fine linnen weeds; in times of cleanly *Peace*,  
 Before the *Grecians* brought their siege. These Captaines noted these;  
 One flying; th' other in pursuite; a strong man flew before;  
 A stronger follow'd him by farre, and close up to him bore.  
 Both did their best; for neither now, ranne for a sacrifice;  
 Or for the sacrificers hide, (our runners usuall prise)  
 These ranne for tame-horse *Hectors* soule. And as two running Steeds,  
 Backt in some set race for a game, that tries their swiftest speeds,  
 (A tripod, or a woman given, for some mans funerals):

*Hectors flight  
 from Achilles,  
 and his chace of  
 Hector.*

Such speed made these men; and on foote, ranne \*thrice about the wals. \*Up and downe

The gods beheld them; all much mov'd; and *Jove* said: O ill sight!  
 A man I love much, I see forc't, in most unworthy flight  
 About great *Ilion*; my heart grieves; he paid so many vowes,  
 With thighes of sacrificed beeves; both on the loftie browes  
 Of *Ida*, and in *Ilions* height. Consult we; shall we free  
 His life from death? or give it now, t' *Achilles* victorie?

*the wals, it is to  
 be understood.  
 Joves grieve for  
 Hector.*

*Minerva* answer'd: Alter Fate? one, long since markt for death,  
 Now take from death? do thou; but know, he still shall runne beneath,  
 Our other censures. Be it then, (replide the Thunderer)  
 My lov'd *Tritonia*, at thy will; in this I will preferre  
 Thy free intention; worke it all. Then stoopt she from the skie,  
 To this great combat. *Peleus* sonne, pursu'd incessantly  
 Still-flying *Hector*: As a Hound, that having rouz'd a Hart,  
 Although he tappish ne're so oft; and every shrubbie part,  
 Attempts for strength, and trembles in; the Hound doth still pursue  
 So close, that not a foote he failes; but hunts it still at view:

*Pallas against  
 Hectors preser-  
 vation.*

So plied *Achilles*, *Hectors* steps; as oft as he assai'd  
 The *Dardan* ports and towres for strength, (to fetch from thence some aid,  
 With winged shafts) so oft forc't he, amends of pace; and stept  
 Twixt him and all his hopes; and still, upon the field he kept  
 His utmost turnings to the towne. And yet, as in a dreame,

*Simile.*

*A most ingen-  
 ious Simile,  
 used (as all  
 our Homer  
 besides) by  
 Virgil, but  
 this as a  
 translator  
 meerly.*

One thinkes he gives another chace; when such a fain'd extreame  
 Possesseth both; that he in chace, the chacer cannot flie;  
 Nor can the chacer get to hand, his flying enemie:  
 So, nor *Achilles* chace could reach, the flight of *Hectors* pace;  
 Nor *Hectors* flight enlarge it selfe, of swift *Achilles* chace.

But how chanc't this? how, all this time, could *Hector* beare the knees  
 Of fierce *Achilles*, with his owne; and keepe off *Destinies*,  
 If *Phæbus* (for his last and best) through all that course had fail'd,  
 To adde his succours to his nerves? And (as his foe assail'd)  
 Neare, and within him, fed his scape. *Achilles* yet well knew,  
 His knees would fetch him; and gave signes, to some friends (making shew  
 Of shooting at him) to forbear, lest they detracted so  
 From his full glorie; in first wounds; and in the overthrow,  
 Make his hand last. But when they reacht, the fourth time, the two founts;  
 Then *Jove*, his golden skoles weigh'd up; and tooke the last accounts  
 Of Fate for *Hector*; putting in, for him, and *Peleus* sonne,  
 Two fates of bitter death; of which, high heaven receiv'd the one,  
 The other hell: so low declin'd, the light of *Hectors* life.

*Pallas to  
 Achilles.*

Then *Phæbus* left him, when warres Queene, came to resolve the strife,  
 In th' others knowledge: Now (said she) *Jove*-lov'd *Æacides*,  
 I hope at last to make *Renowme*, performe a brave accesse  
 To all the *Grecians*; we shall now, lay low this champions height;  
 Though never so insatiate, was his great heart of fight.  
 Nor must he scape our pursuite still; though at the feete of *Jove*,  
*Apollo* bowes into a sphere, soliciting more love,  
 To his most favour'd. Breath thee then, stand firme; my selfe will hast,  
 And hearten *Hector* to change blowes. She went, and he stood fast;  
 Lean'd on his lance; and much was joy'd, that single strokes should trie  
 This fadging conflict. Then came close, the changed deitie,

*Pallas like  
 Deiphobus to  
 Hector.*

To *Hector*, like *Deiphobus*, in shape, and voice; and said:  
 O brother, thou art too much urg'd, to be thus combatted  
 About our owne wals; let us stand, and force to a retreat  
 Th' insulting Chaser. *Hector* joy'd, at this so kind deceit;

And said: O good *Deiphobus*, thy love was most before  
 (Of all my brothers) deare to me; but now, exceeding more  
 It costs me honor; that thus urg'd, thou com'st to part the charge  
 Of my last fortunes; other friends, keepe towne, and leave at large  
 My rackt endeavours. She replide: Good brother, tis most true;  
 One after other, King and Queene; and all our friends did sue  
 (Even on their knees) to stay me there; such tremblings shake them all,  
 With this mans terror: but my mind, so griev'd to see our wall  
 Girt with thy chases; that to death, I long'd to urge thy stay.  
 Come, fight we, thirstie of his bloud; no more let's feare to lay  
 Cost on our lances; but approve, if bloudied with our spoiles,  
 He can beare glorie to their fleete, or shut up all their toiles,  
 In his one sufferance on thy lance. With this deceit, she led;  
 And (both come neare) thus *Hector* spake: Thrice I have compassed  
 This great towne (*Peleus sonne*) in flight, with aversation,  
 That out of Fate put off my steps; but now, all flight is flowne;  
 The short course set up; death or life. Our resolutions yet,  
 Must shun all rudenesse; and the gods, before our valour set,  
 For use of victorie; and they, being worthiest witnesses  
 Of all vowes; since they keepe vowes best; before their deities,  
 Let vowes of fit respect, passe both; when *Conquest* hath bestow'd  
 Her wreath on either. Here I vow, no furie shall be show'd,  
 That is not manly, on thy corse; but, having spoil'd thy armes,  
 Resigne thy person; which sweare thou. These faire and temperate termes,  
 Farre fled *Achilles*; his browes bent; and out flew this reply.

*Hector to  
Pallas for  
Deiphobus.*

*Hector to  
Achilles.*

*Hector*, thou onely pestilence, in all mortalitie,  
 To my sere spirits; never set, the point twixt thee and me  
 Any conditions; but as farre, as men and Lions flie,  
 All termes of covenant; lambes and wolves: in so farre opposite state,  
 (Impossible for love t' attone) stand we; till our soules satiate  
 The god of souldiers; do not dreame, that our disjunction can  
 Endure condition. Therefore now, all worth that fits a man,  
 Call to thee; all particular parts, that fit a souldier;

*Achilles sterne  
reply to Hector.*

And they, all this include, (besides, the skill, and spirit of warre)  
 Hunger for slaughter; and a hate, that eates thy heart, to eate  
 Thy foes heart. This stirs; this supplies, in death, the killing heate;  
 And all this needst thou. No more flight; *Pallas Athenia*  
 Will quickly cast thee to my lance; now, now together draw  
 All griefes for vengeance; both in me, and all my friends late dead  
 That bled thee; raging with thy lance. This said, he brandished  
 His long lance; and away it sung: which, *Hector* giving view,  
 Stoupt low, stood firme, (foreseeing it best) and quite it overflow,  
 Fastening on earth. \**Athenia*, drew it, and gave her friend,  
 Unseene of *Hector*. *Hector* then, thus spake: Thou want'st thy end,  
 (God-like *Achilles*;) now I see, thou hast not learn'd my fate,  
 Of *Jove* at all; as thy high words, would bravely intimate;  
 Much tongue affects thee; cunning words, well serve thee to prepare  
 Thy blowes with threats, that mine might faint, with want of spirit to dare;  
 But my backe never turnes with breath; it was not borne to beare  
 Burthens of wounds; strike home, before; drive at my breast thy speare,  
 As mine at thine shall; and trie then, if heavens will favor thee  
 With scape of my lance; O would *Jove*, would take it after me,  
 And make thy bosome take it all; an easie end would crowne  
 Our difficult warres, were thy soule fled; thou most bane of our towne.

*Achilles first  
 encounter with  
 Hector.  
 \*Pallas.*

*Hector at  
 Achilles.*

Thus flew his dart, toucht at the midst, of his vast shield, and flew  
 A huge way from it; but his heart, wrath enterd with the view  
 Of that hardscape; and heaviethoughts, strooke through him, when he spide  
 His brother vanisht; and no lance, beside left; out he cride,

*Hectors amaze  
 with the deceit  
 of Pallas.*

*Deiphobus*! another lance. Lance, nor *Deiphobus*  
 Stood neare his call. And then his mind, saw all things ominous,  
 And thus suggested: Woe is me; the gods have cald, and I  
 Must meete *Death* here; *Deiphobus*, I well hop't had bene by,  
 With his white shield; but our strong wals, shield him; and this deceit  
 Flowes from *Minerva*; now, ô now, ill death comes; no more flight,  
 No more recoverie: O *Jove*, this hath bene otherwise;  
 Thy bright sonne, and thy selfe, have set, the *Greeks* a greater prise

Of *Hectors* bloud then now; of which, (even jealous) you had care;  
 But Fate now conquers; I am hers; and yet, not she shall share  
 In my renowme; that life is left, to every noble spirit;  
 And that, some great deed shall beget; that all lives shall inherit.

Thus, forth his sword flew, sharpe and broad, and bore a deadly weight;  
 With which, he rusht in: And looke how, an Eagle from her height,  
 Stoopest to the rapture of a Lambe; or cuffes a timorous Hare:

*The last encounter of Achilles and Hector.*

So fell in *Hector*; and at him, *Achilles*; his minds fare,  
 Was fierce and mightie: his shield cast, a Sun-like radiance;  
 Helme nodded; and his foure plumes shooke; and when he raisde his lance,  
 Up *Hesperus* rose, amongst th' evening starres. His bright and sparkling eies,  
 Lookt through the body of his foe; and sought through all that prise,  
 The next way to his thirsted life. Of all wayes, onely one  
 Appear'd to him; and that was, where, th' unequall winding bone,  
 That joynes the shoulders and the necke, had place; and where there lay  
 The speeding way to death: and there, his quicke eye could display  
 The place it sought; even through those armes, his friend *Patroclus* wore,  
 When *Hector* slue him. There he aim'd, and there his javelin tore  
 Sterne passage quite through *Hectors* necke; yet mist it so his throte,  
 It gave him powre to change some words; but downe to earth it got  
 His fainting bodie. Then triumpht, divine *Æacides*;

*Hector wounded to death. Achilles insultation.*

*Hector*, (said he) thy heart supposde, that in my friends deceasse,  
 Thy life was safe; my absent arme, not car'd for: Foole! he left  
 One at the fleete, that better'd him; and he it is that reft  
 Thy strong knees thus; and now the dogs, and fowles, in foulest use  
 Shall teare thee up; thy corse exposde, to all the *Greeks* abuse.

He, fainting, said: Let me implore, even by thy knees, and soule,  
 And thy great parents; do not see, a crueltie so foule  
 Inflicted on me; brasse and gold, receive at any rate,  
 And quit my person; that the Peeres, and Ladies of our state,  
 May tombe it; and to sacred fire, turne thy prophane decrees.

*Hectors dying request to Achilles.*

Dog, (he replied) urge not my ruth, by parents, soule, nor knees;  
 I would to God that any rage, would let me eate thee raw,

*Achilles inflexibilitie.*



Slic't into peeces; so beyond, the right of any law,  
 I tast thy merits; and beleewe, it flies the force of man,  
 To rescue thy head from the dogs. Give all the gold they can;  
 If ten or twentie times so much, as friends would rate thy price,  
 Were tenderd here; with vowes of more; to buy the cruelties  
 I here have vow'd; and after that, thy father with his gold  
 Would free thy selfe; all that should faile, to let thy mother hold  
 Solemnities of death with thee; and do thee such a grace,  
 To mourne thy whole corse on a bed; which peecemeale Ile deface  
 With fowles and dogs. He (dying) said: I (knowing thee well) foresaw  
 Thy now tried tyrannie; nor hop't, for any other law,  
 Of nature, or of nations: and that feare, forc't much more  
 Then death, my flight; which never toucht, at *Hectors* foote before.  
 A soule of iron informes thee; marke, what vengeance th'equall fates  
 Will give me of thee, for this rage; when in the Scæan gates,  
*Phæbus* and *Paris* meete with thee. Thus deaths hand closde his eyes;  
 His soule flying his faire lims, to hell; mourning his destinies,  
 To part so with his youth and strength. Thus dead; thus *Thetis* sonne,  
 His prophecie answer'd: Die thou now; when my short thred is spunne,  
 Ile beare it as the will of *Jove*. This said, his brazen speare,  
 He drew, and stucke by: then his armes (that all embrewed were)  
 He spoil'd his shoulders off. Then all, the *Greeks* ran in to him,  
 To see his person; and admir'd, his terror-stirring lim:  
 Yet none stood by, that gave no wound, to his so goodly forme;  
 When each to other said: O *Jove*, he is not in the storme,  
 He came to fleete in, with his fire; he handles now more soft.  
 O friends, (said sterne *Æacides*) now that the gods have brought  
 This man thus downe; Ile freely say, he brought more bane to *Greece*,  
 Then all his aiders. Trie we then, (thus arm'd at every peece,  
 And girding all *Troy* with our host) if now their hearts will leave  
 Their citie cleare; her cleare stay slaine; and all their lives receave;  
 Or hold yet, *Hector* being no more. But why use I a word  
 Of any act, but what concernes, my friend? dead, undeplor'd,

*Hectors prophecy  
of Achilles death.*

*The Greeks ad-  
miracion of  
Hectors person  
being slaine.*

*Achilles to the  
Grecians.*

Unsepulcherd; he lies at fleete, unthought on; never houre  
 Shall make his dead state, while the quicke, enjoyes me; and this powre,  
 To move these movers. Though in hell, men say, that such as die,  
*Oblivion* seiseth; yet in hell, in me shall *Memorie*  
 Hold all her formes still, of my friend. Now, (youths of *Greece*) to fleete  
 Beare we this body; *Pæans* sing; and all our navie greete  
 With endlesse honor; we have slaine, *Hector*, the period  
 Of all *Troys* glorie; to whose worth, all vow'd, as to a god.

This said; a worke, not worthy him, he set to: of both feete,  
 He bor'd the nerves through, from the heele, to th' ankle; and then knit  
 Both to his chariot, with a thong, of whitleather; his head  
 Trailing the center. Up he got, to chariot; where he laid  
 The armes repurchac't; and scourg'd on, his horse, that freely flew.  
 A whirlwind made of startl'd dust, drave with them, as they drew;  
 With which were all his blacke-browne curls, knotted in heapes, and fil'd.  
 And there lay *Troys* late Gracious; by *Jupiter* exil'd  
 To all disgrace, in his owne land, and by his parents seene.

*Achilles* tyranny  
 to *Hectors* per-  
 son, which we lay  
 on his fury, and  
 love to his slaine  
 friend, for whom  
 himselfe living,  
 suffered so much.

When (like her sonnes head) all with dust, *Troys* miserable Queene,  
 Distain'd her temples; plucking off, her honor'd haire; and tore  
 Her royall garments, shrieking out. In like kind, *Priam* bore  
 His sacred person; like a wretch, that never saw good day,  
 Broken, with outcries. About both, the people prostrate lay;  
 Held downe with *Clamor*; all the towne, vail'd with a cloud of teares.  
*Ilion*, with all his tops on fire, and all the massacres,  
 Left for the *Greeks*, could put on lookes, of no more overthrow  
 Then now fraid life. And yet the king, did all their lookes outshow.  
 The wretched people could not beare, his soveraigne wretchednesse,  
 Plaguing himselfe so; thrusting out, and praying all the preasse  
 To open him the *Dardan* ports; that he alone might fetch  
 His dearest sonne in; and (all fil'd, with tumbling) did beseech  
 Each man by name, thus: Loved friends, be you content; let me  
 (Though much ye grieve) be that poore meane, to our sad remedie,  
 Now in our wishes; I will go, and pray this impious man,

*Priam* and  
*Hecubas* miser-  
 able plight for  
*Hector*.

*Priam* to his  
 friend.

*Hecubas com-  
plaint for  
Hector.*

(Author of horrors) making prooffe, if ages reverence can  
Excite his pitie. His owne sire, is old like me; and he,  
That got him to our griefes; perhaps, may (for my likenesse) be  
Meane for our ruth to him. Ahlas, you have no cause of cares,  
Compar'd with me; I, many sonnes, grac't, with their freshest yeares  
Have lost by him: and all their deaths, in slaughter of this one,  
(Afflicted man) are doubl'd: this, will bitterly set gone  
My soule to hell. O would to heaven, I could but hold him dead  
In these pin'd armes: then teares, on teares, might fall, till all were shed  
In common fortune. Now amaze, their naturall course doth stop,  
And pricks a mad veine. Thus he mourn'd; and with him, all brake ope  
Their store of sorrowes. The poore Queene, amongst the women wept,  
Turn'd into anguish: O my sonne, (she cried out) why, still kept,  
Patient of horrors, is my life, when thine is vanished?  
My dayes thou glorifiedst; my nights, rung of some honour'd deed,  
Done by thy virtues: joy to me, profite to all our care.  
All made a god of thee; and thou, mad'st them, all that they are.  
Now under fate, now dead. These two, thus vented as they could,  
Their sorrowes furnace. *Hectors* wife, not having yet bene told  
So much, as of his stay without. She in her chamber close,  
Sate at her Loom: a peece of worke, grac't with a both sides glosse,  
Strew'd curiously with varied flowres, her pleasure was; her care,  
To heate a Caldron for her Lord, to bath him, turn'd from warre:  
Of which, she chiefe charge gave her maides. Poore Dame, she little knew  
How much her cares lackt of his case. But now the *Clamor* flew  
Up to her turret: then she shooke; her worke fell from her hand,  
And up she started, cald her maides; she needs must understand  
That ominous outcrie. Come (said she) I heare through all this crie  
My mothers voyce shrieke; to my throte, my heart bounds; Ecstasie  
Utterly alters me: some fate, is neare the haplesse sonnes  
Of fading *Priam*: would to god, my words suspicions  
No eare had heard yet: O I feare, and that most heartily;  
That with some stratageme, the sonne, of *Peleus* hath put by

The wall of *Ilion*, my Lord; and (trusty of his feet)  
 Obtained the chase of him alone; and now the curious heate  
 Of his still desperate spirit is cool'd. It let him never keep  
 In guard of others; before all, his violent foote must step,  
 Or his place, forfeited he held. Thus furie-like she went,  
 Two women (as she will'd) at hand; and made her quicke ascent  
 Up to the towre, and preasse of men; her spirit in uprore. Round  
 She cast her greedy eye, and saw, her *Hector* slaine, and bound  
 T' *Achilles* chariot; manlesly, dragg'd to the *Grecian* fleet.  
 Blacke night strooke through her; under her, *Trance* tooke away her feet,  
 And backe she shrunke, with such a sway; that off her head-tire flew;  
 Her Coronet, Call, Ribands, Vaile, that golden *Venus* threw  
 On her white shoulders; that high day, when warre-like *Hector* wonne  
 Her hand in nuptials, in the Court, of king *Eetion*;  
 And that great dowre, then given with her. About her, on their knees,  
 Her husbands sisters, brothers wives, fell round, and by degrees  
 Recoverd her. Then, when agaire, her respirations found  
 Free passe, (her mind and spirit met) these thoughts her words did sound.

*Andromaches  
 complaint for  
 Hector.*

O *Hector*, O me cursed dame; both borne beneath one fate:  
 Thou here, I in *Cilician Thebes*; where *Placus* doth elate,  
 His shadie forehead, in the Court, where king *Eetion*,  
 (Haplesse) begot unhappy me; which would he had not done,  
 To live past thee: thou now art div'd, to *Plutos* gloomie throne,  
 Sunke through the coverts of the earth: I, in a hell of mone,  
 Left here thy widdow: one poore babe, borne to unhappy both,  
 Whom thou leav'st helplesse, as he thee; he borne to all the wroth  
 Of woe, and labour. Lands left him, will others seise upon:  
 The Orphan day, of all friends helps, robs every mothers son.  
 An Orphan, all men suffer sad; his eyes stand still with teares.  
 Need tries his fathers friends; and failes. Of all his favourers  
 If one the cup gives, tis not long; the wine he finds in it,  
 Scarce moistis his palate: if he chance, to gaine the grace, to sit;  
 Surviving fathers sonnes repine; use contumelies, strike,

Bid, leave us; where's thy fathers place? He (weeping with dislike)  
 Retires to me. To me, *ahlas*, *Astyanax* is he  
 Borne to these miseries. He that late, fed on his fathers knee,  
 To whom all knees bow'd; daintiest fare, apposed him; and when *Sleepe*  
 Lay on his temples, his cries still'd (his heart, even laid in steepe,  
 Of all things precious) a soft bed; a carefull nurses armes  
 Tooke him to guardiance; but now, as huge a world of harmes,  
 Lies on his suffrance; now thou wantst, thy fathers hand to friend:  
 O my *Astyanax*, O my Lord; thy hand that did defend,  
 These gates of *Ilion*: these long walls, by thy arme, measur'd still,  
 Amply, and onely: yet at fleete, thy naked corse must fill  
 Vile wormes, when dogs are satiate; farre from thy parents care;  
 Farre from those funerall ornaments; that thy mind would prepare,  
 (So sodaine being the chance of armes) ever expecting death.  
 Which taske (though my heart would not serve, t'employ my hands  
 I made my women yet performe. Many, and much in price [beneath)  
 Were those integuments they wrought, t'adorne thy Exequies:  
 Which, since they flie thy use, thy Corse, not laid in their attire;  
 Thy sacrifice they shall be made; these hands in mischievous fire  
 Shall vent their vanities. And yet, (being consecrate to thee)  
 They shall be kept for citizens; and their faire wives, to see.  
 Thus spake shee weeping; all the dames, endeavouring to cheare  
 Her desert state; (fearing their owne) wept with her teare for teare.

*Andromache*  
*wrought many*  
*funerall orna-*  
*ments for Hector*  
*before his death.*

*The end of the two and twentieth Booke.*

# THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**A**CHILLES orders *Justs of exequies*  
*For his Patroclus; and doth sacrifice*  
*Twelve Trojan Princes; most lov'd hounds and horse;*  
*And other offerings, to the honour'd Corse.*  
*He institutes, besides, a funerall game;*  
*Where Diomed, for horse-race, wins the fame:*  
*For foote, Ulysses; others otherwise*  
*Strive, and obtaine: and end the exequies.*

## ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

*Psi, sings the rites of the decease*  
*Ordaind by great Æacides.*

THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS



THUS MOURN'D ALL TROY: BUT WHEN AT FLEET,  
AND HELLESPONTUS SHORE,  
THE GREEKS ARRIV'D, EACH TO HIS SHIP:  
ONELY THE CONQUEROR

Kept undisperst his *Myrmidons*: and said, Lov'd countriment,  
Disjoyne not we, chariots, and horse: but (bearing hard our reine)  
With state of both; march soft, and close, and mourne about the corse:  
Tis proper honour to the dead. Then take we out our horse;  
When with our friends kinde woe, our hearts, have felt delight to do  
A virtuous soule right, and then sup. This said, all full of woe,  
Circl'd the Corse. *Achilles* led, and thrise about him, close  
All bore their goodly coted horse. Amongst all, *Thetis* rose,  
And stirr'd up a delight, in griefe; till all their armes with teares  
And all the sands, were wet: so much, they lov'd that Lord of *Feares*.  
Then to the center fell the Prince; and (putting in the breast  
Of his slaine friend, his slaughtering hands;) began to all the rest  
Words to their teares. Rejoyce (said he) O my *Patroclus*: Thou  
Courtied by *Dis* now: now I pay, to thy late overthrow,  
All my revenges vow'd before; *Hector* lies slaughterd here  
Dragd at my chariot; and our dogs, shall all in peeces teare  
His hated lims. Twelve *Trojan* youths, borne of their noblest straines,  
I tooke alive: and (yet enrag'd) will emptie all their vaines  
Of vitall spirits; sacrificde, before thy heape of fire.

*Achilles to his  
Myrmidons.*

*Achilles to the  
person of Patro-  
clus.*

This said, a worke unworthy him, he put upon his ire,  
And traml'd *Hector* under foote, at his friends feet. The rest  
Disarm'd; tooke horse from chariot, and all to sleepe addrest,  
At his blacke vessell. Infinite, were those that rested there.

Himselfe yet sleepes not; now his spirits, were wrought about the chere,  
Fit for so high a funerall. About the steele usde then,  
Oxen in heapes lay bellowing; preparing food for men.  
Bleating of sheepe, and goates, fild aire; numbers of white-tooth'd swine,  
(Swimming in fat) lay sindging there: the person of the slaine  
Was girt with slaughter. All this done, all the Greeke kings convaide  
*Achilles* to the king of men; his rage, not yet allaid,  
For his *Patroclus*. Being arriv'd, at *Agamemnons* tent;



*Achilles over-  
hearing, used  
this abrupton.*

Himselfe bad Heralds put to fire, a Caldron; and present  
The service of it to the Prince; to trie if they could win  
His pleasure, to admit their paines, to cleanse the blood sok't in  
About his conquering hands, and browes. Not, by the king of heaven  
(He swore). The lawes of friendship damne, this false-heart licence given  
To men that lose friends: not a drop, shall touch me till I put  
*Patroclus* in the funerall pile; before these curles be cut;  
His tombe erected. Tis the last, of all care, I shall take,  
While I consort the carefull: yet, for your entreaties sake,  
(And though I lothe food) I will eate: but early in the morne,  
*Atrides*, use your strict command, that lodes of wood be borne  
To our design'd place; all that fits, to light home such a one,  
As is to passe the shades of *Death*; that fire enough, set gone  
His person quickly from our eyes; and our diverted men  
May plie their businesse. This all eares, did freely entertaine,  
And found observance. Then they supt, with all things fit; and all  
Repair'd to tents and rest. The friend, the shores maritimall,  
*Achilles* sought for his bed, and found a place, faire, and upon which plaide  
The murmuring billowes. There, his lims, to rest, not sleepe, he laid,  
Heavily sighing. Round about (silent, and not too neare)  
Stood all his *Myrmidons*; when strait, (so over-labour'd were  
His goodly lineaments, with chace, of *Hector*; that beyond  
His resolution not to sleepe:) *Sleepe* cast his sodaine bond  
Over his sense, and losde his care. Then, of his wretched friend,  
*Patroclus* The soule appear'd; at every part, the forme did comprehend  
His likenesse; his faire eyes, his voice, his stature; every weed  
His person wore, it fantased; and stood above his head,  
This sad speech uttering: Dost thou sleepe? *Æacides*, am I  
Forgotten of thee? Being alive, I found thy memorie  
Ever respectfull: but now dead, thy dying love abates.  
Interre me quickly; enter me, in *Plutoes* iron gates;  
For now, the soules (the shades) of men, fled from this being, beate  
My spirit from rest; and stay, my much desir'd receipt

*Achilles retreat  
from company to  
the seas shore.*

*Patroclus ap-  
peares to Achil-  
les sleeping.*

Amongst soules, plac't beyond the flood. Now every way I erre  
 About this brode-dor'd house of *Dis*. O helpe then, to preferre  
 My soule yet further; here I mourne: but had the funerall fire  
 Consum'd my bodie; never more, my spirit should retire  
 From hels low region: from thence, soules never are retriu'd  
 To talke with friends here; nor shall I; a hatefull fate depriv'd  
 My being here; that at my birth, was fixt; and to such fate,  
 Even thou, ô god-like man, art markt; the deadly *Ilion* gate,  
 Must entertaine thy death. O then, I charge thee now, take care  
 That our bones part not: but as life, combinde in equall fare,  
 Our loving beings; so let *Death*. When, from *Opuntas* towres,  
 My father brought me, to your roofes, (since (gainst my will) my powres  
 Incenst, and indiscreet, at dice, slue faire *Amphidamas*)  
 Then *Peleus* entertaind me well; then in thy charge I was  
 By his injunction, and thy love: and therein, let me still  
 Receive protection. Both our bones, provide, in thy last Will,  
 That one Urne may containe; and make, that vessell all of gold,  
 That *Thetis* gave thee; that rich Urne. This said; *Sleepe* ceast to hold  
*Achilles* temples; and the shade, thus he receiv'd: O friend,  
 What needed these commands? my care, before, meant to commend  
 My bones to thine, and in that Urne. Be sure, thy will is done.  
 A little stay yet, lets delight, with some full passion  
 Of woe enough; eithers affects, embrace we. Opening thus  
 His greedie armes; he felt no friend: like matter vaporious  
 The spirit vanisht under earth, and murmur'd in his stoope.  
*Achilles* started; both his hands, he clapt, and lifted up,  
 In this sort wondring; O ye gods, I see we have a soule  
 In th' underwellings; and a kind, of man-resembling idole:  
 The soules seate yet, all matter felt, staies with the carkasse here.  
 O friends, haplesse *Patroclus* soule, did all this night appeare,  
 Weeping, and making mone to me; commanding every thing  
 That I intended towards him; so truly figuring  
 Himselfe at all parts, as was strange. This accident did turne

*Achilles waking  
 to the shade of  
 Patroclus.*

*Achilles his dis-  
 course with him  
 selfe about the  
 apparition of  
 Patroclus shade.*

*The morning.*

*Agamemnon  
sends out compa-  
nies to fetch  
fewell for the  
funerall heape, of  
which company  
Meriones was  
Captaine.*

To much more sorrow; and begat, a greedinesse to mourne  
In all that heard. When mourning thus, the rosie morne arose:  
And *Agamemnon*, through the tents, wak't all; and did dispose,  
Both men and Mules for cariage, of matter for the fire.  
Of all which worke, *Meriones*, (the *Cretan* soveraigns squire)  
Was Captaine, and abroad they went. Wood-cutting tooles they bore;  
Of all hands, and well-twisted cords. The Mules marcht all before.  
Up hill, and downe hill; overthwarts, and breake-necke clifts they past:  
But when the fountfull *Idas* tops, they scal'd, with utmost haste,  
All fell upon the high-hair'd Okes; and downe their curled browes  
Fell busling to the earth: and up, went all the boles and bowes,  
Bound to the Mules; and backe againe, they parted the harsh way  
Amongst them, through the tanglingshrubs; and long they thought the day,  
Till in the plaine field all arriv'd: for all the woodmen bore  
Logs on their neckes; *Meriones*, would have it so: the shore  
At last they reacht yet; and then, downe, their carriages they cast,  
And sat upon them; where the sonne, of *Peleus* had plac't,  
The ground for his great sepulcher, and for his friends, in one.

They raisd a huge pile; and to armes, went every *Myrmidon*,  
Charg'd by *Achilles*; chariots, and horse were harnessed;  
Fighters and charioters got up; and they, the sad march led:  
A cloud of infinite foote behind. In midst of all was borne  
*Patroclus* person, by his Peeres: on him, were all heads shorne;  
Even till they cover'd him with curles. Next to him, marcht his friend  
Embracing his cold necke, all sad; since now he was to send,  
His dearest, to his endlesse home. Arriv'd all, where the wood,  
Was heapt for funerall, they set downe. Apart *Achilles* stood;  
And when enough wood was heapt on, he cut his golden haire;  
Long kept, for *Sperchius*, the flood; in hope of safe repaire  
To *Phthia*, by that rivers powre, but now, left hopelesse thus,  
(Enrag'd, and looking on the sea) he cried out: *Sperchius*;  
In vaine, my fathers pietie, vow'd; (at my implor'd returne,  
To my lov'd countrie) that these curls, should on thy shores be shorne.

*Achilles cuts his  
haire over his  
friends body.*

Besides a sacred Hecatombe; and sacrifice beside,  
 Of fiftie Weathers; at those founts, where men have edifice  
 A loftie temple; and perfum'd, an altar to thy name.  
 There vow'd he all these offerings; but fate prevents thy fame;  
 His hopes not suffering satisfied: and since, I never more  
 Shall see my lov'd soyle; my friends hands, shall to the *Stygian* shore  
 Convey these Tresses. Thus he put, in his friends hands the haire.  
 And this bred fresh desire of mone; and in that sad affaire,  
 The Sunne had set amongst them all; had *Thetis* sonne not spoke  
 Thus to *Atrides*: King of men, thy aide I still invoke,  
 Since thy Command, all men still heare; dismisse thy souldiers now,  
 And let them victle; they have mourn'd, sufficient; tis we owe  
 The dead this honour; and with us, let all the Captaines stay.

*Achilles to  
 Agamemnon.*

This heard; *Atrides* instantly, the souldiers sent away;  
 The funerall officers remain'd, and heapt on matter still,  
 Till, of an hundred foote about, they made the funerall pile:  
 In whose hote height, they cast the Corse; and then they pour'd on teares.  
 Numbers of fat sheepe, and like store, of crooked-going steres,  
 They slue before the solemne fire: stript off their hides and drest.  
 Of which, *Achilles* tooke the fat; and cover'd the deceast  
 From head to foote: and round about, he made the officers pile  
 The beasts nak't bodyes; vessels full, of honey, and of oyle,  
 Pour'd in them, laide upon a bere; and cast into the fire.  
 Foure goodly horse; and of nine hounds, two most in the desire  
 Of that great Prince, and trencher-fed; all fed that hungry flame.

Twelve *Trojan* Princes last stood foorth; yong, and of toward fame:  
 All which, (set on with wicked spirits) there strooke he, there he slew.  
 And to the iron strength of fire, their noble lims he threw.

*Twelve Princes  
 sacrificed on the  
 funerall pile of  
 Patroclus.*

Then breath'd his last sighes, and these words: Againe rejoyce my friend,  
 Even in the joylesse depth of hell: now give I complete end  
 To all my vowes. Alone thy life, sustain'd not violence;  
 Twelve *Trojan* Princes waite on thee, and labour to incense  
 Thy glorious heape of funerall. Great *Hector* Ile excuse,

The dogs shall eate him. These high threates, perform'd not their abuse;  
*Joves* daughter, *Venus*, tooke the guard, of noble *Hectors* Corse,  
 And kept the dogs off: night, and day, applying soveraigne force  
 Of rosie balmes; that to the dogs, were horrible in tast:  
 And with which she the body fild. Renowm'd *Apollo* cast  
 A cloude from heaven; lest with the Sunne, the nerves and lineaments  
 Might drie, and putrifie. And now, some powres denide consents  
 To this solemnitie: the fire, (for all the oyly fewell  
 It had injected) would not burne; and then the loving Cruell  
 Studied for helpe, and standing off; invokt the two faire winds  
 (*Zephyr* and *Boreas*) to affoord, the rage of both their kinds,  
 To aid his outrage. Precious gifts, his earnest zeale did vow,  
 Powr'd from a golden bowle much wine; and prayde them both to blow  
 That quickly, his friends Corse might burne; and that heapes sturdy breast  
 Embrace *Consumption*. *Iris* heard; The winds were at a feast;  
*Iris to the winds.* All in the Court of *Zephyrus* (that boisterous blowing aire)  
 Gather'd together. She that weares, the thousand-colourd haire,  
 Flew thither, standing in the porch. They (seeing her) all arose;  
 Cald to her; every one desir'd: she would a while repose,  
 And eate with them. She answerd; No, no place of seate is here;  
 Retreate cals to the *Ocean*, and *Æthiopia*; where  
 A Hecatombe is offering now, to heaven: and there must I  
 Partake the feast of sacrificise; I come to signifie  
*The North and West wind flie to incense the funerall pile.* That *Thetis* sonne implores your aides (Princes of *North* and *West*)  
 With vowes of much faire sacrificise; if each, will set his breast  
 Against his heape of funerall, and make it quickly burne;  
*Patroclus* lies there; whose deceasse, all the *Achaians* mourne.

She said, and parted; and out rusht, with an unmeasur'd rore,  
 Those two winds, tumbling clouds in heapes; ushers to eithers blore.  
 And instantly they reacht the sea. Up flew the waves; the gale  
 Was strong; reacht fruitfull *Troy*; and full, upon the fire they fall.  
 The huge heape thunderd. All night long, from his chok't breast they blew  
 A liberall flame up; and all night, swift-foote *Achilles* threw

Wine from a golden bowle, on earth; and steept the soyle in wine,  
 Still calling on *Patroclus* soule. No father could incline  
 More to a sonne most deare; nor more, mourne at his burned bones,  
 Then did the great Prince, to his friend, at his combustions;  
 Still creeping neare and neare the heape; still sighing, weeping still:  
 But when the day starre look't abrode, and promist from his hill  
 Light, which the saffron morne made good, and sprinkl'd on the seas;  
 Then languisht the great pile; then sunke, the flames; and then calme *Peace*  
 Turn'd backe the rough winds to their homes, the *Thracian* billow rings  
 Their high retreat; ruff'd with cuffes, of their triumphant wings.

*The morning.*

*Pelides* then forsooke the pile; and to his tired limme  
 Chusd place of rest; where laide, sweete sleepe, fell to his wish on him.  
 When all the kings guard (waiting then, perceiving will to rise  
 In that great Session,) hurried in, and op't againe his eyes  
 With tumult of their troope, and haste. A little then he rear'd  
 His troubled person; sitting up, and this affaire referd,  
 To wisht commandment of the kings; *Atrides*, and the rest  
 Of our Commanders generall, vouchsafe me this request  
 Before your parting: Give in charge, the quenching with blacke wine,  
 Of this heapes reliques; every brand, the yellow fire made shine.  
 And then, let search *Patroclus* bones, distinguishing them well;  
 As well ye may; they kept the midst: the rest, at randome fell,  
 About th' extreme part of the pile; Mens bones, and horses mixt.  
 Being found, Ile finde an urne of gold, t' enclose them; and betwixt  
 The aire and them; two kels of fat, lay on them; and to *Rest*  
 Commit them, till mine owne bones seale, our love; my soule deceast.  
 The sepulcher, I have not charg'd, to make of too much state;  
 But of a modell something meane: that you of yonger Fate,  
 (When I am gone) may amplifie; with such a bredth and height,  
 As fits your judgements, and our worths. This charge receiv'd his weight  
 In all observance: first they quencht, with sable wine, the heape,  
 As farre as it had fed the flame. The ash fell wondrous deepe,  
 In which, his consorts, that his life, religiously lov'd,

*Achilles to  
 Agamemnon and  
 the other kings.*

Searcht, weeping, for his bones; which found, they conscionably prov'd  
 His will, made to *Æacides*; and what his love did adde.  
 A golden vessell, double fat, containd them; all which (clad  
 In vailes of linnen, pure and rich) were solemnly convoid  
 T' *Achilles* tent. The platforme then, about the pile they laid,  
 Of his fit sepulcher; and raisd, a heape of earth; and then  
 Offerd departure. But the Prince, retaind there still his men;  
 Employing them to fetch from fleete, rich Tripods for his games,  
 Caldrons, Horse, Mules, brode-headed Beeves, bright steele, & brighter dames.

*The games for  
 Patroclus  
 funerall.*

The best at horse race, he ordain'd, a Lady for his prise,  
 Generally praisefull; faire, and yong, and skild in housewiferies,  
 Of all kind fitting; and withall, a Trivet, that enclose  
 Twentie two measures roome, with eares. The next prise he proposde,  
 Was (that, which then had high respect) a mare of sixe yeares old,  
 Unhandl'd; horsed with a mule: and readie to have foald.

*Achilles to the  
 Grecian kings.*

The third game, was a Caldron, new, faire, bright, and could for sise  
 Containe two measures. For the fourth, two talents quantities,  
 Of finest gold. The fift game was, a great new standing boule,  
 To set downe both waies. These brought in, *Achilles* then stood up,  
 And said; *Atrides*, and my Lords, chiefe horsemen of our host,  
 These games expect ye. If my selfe, should interpose my most,  
 For our horse race; I make no doubt, but I should take againe  
 These gifts proposde. Ye all know well, of how divine a straine  
 My horse are, and how eminent. Of *Neptunes* gift they are  
 To *Peleus*; and of his to me. My selfe then, will not share  
 In gifts given others; nor my steeds, breathe any spirit to shake  
 Their airie pasterns; so they mourne, for their kind guiders sake,  
 Late lost; that usde with humorous oyle, to slick their loftie manes;  
 Cleare water having cleansd them first: and (his bane, being their banes)  
 Those loftie manes now strew the earth; their heads held shaken downe.  
 You then, that trust in chariots, and hope with horse to crowne  
 Your conquering temples; gird your selves; now fame and prise stretch for,  
 All that have spirits. This fir'd all; the first competitor

Was king *Eumelus*; whom the Art, of horsemanship did grace,  
 Sonne to *Admetus*. Next to him, rose *Diomed* to the race,  
 That under reines rul'd *Trojan* horse; of late, forc't from the sonne  
 Of Lord *Anchises*; himselfe freed, of neare confusion  
 By *Phæbus*. Next to him set foorth, the yellow-headed king  
 Of *Lacedæmon*, *Joves* high seed; and in his managing,  
*Podargus*, and swift *Æthe* trod, steeds to the king of men.  
*Æthe*, given by *Echepolus*; the *Anchisiaden*,  
 As bribe to free him from the warre, resolv'd for *Ilion*.  
 So *Delicacie* feasted him; whom *Jove* bestow'd upon  
 A mightie wealth; his dwelling was, in brode *Sicyone*.  
 Old *Nestors* sonne, *Antilochus*, was fourth for chivalrie  
 In this Contention: his faire horse, were of the *Pylian* breed,  
 And his old father (coming neare) inform'd him (for good speed)  
 With good Race notes; in which himselfe, could good instruction give.

*Antilochus*, though yong thou art; yet thy grave virtues live  
 Belov'd of *Neptune*, and of *Jove*: their spirits have taught thee all  
 The art of horsemanship; for which, the lesse thy merits fall  
 In need of doctrine. Well thy skill, can wield a chariot  
 In all fit turnings; yet thy horse, their slow feet handle not,  
 As fits thy manage; which makes me, cast doubts of thy successe.  
 I well know, all these are not scene, in art of this addresse,  
 More then thy selfe: their horses yet, superior are to thine,  
 For their parts: thine want speed to make, discharge of a designe  
 To please an *Artist*. But go on, shew but thy art and hart  
 At all points; and set them against, their horses, heart, and art;  
 Good Judges will not see thee lose. A *Carpenters* desert  
 Stands more in cunning then in powre. A *Pylote* doth avert  
 His vessell from the rocke, and wracke, tost with the churlish winds,  
 By skill, not strength: so sorts it here; One chariotere that finds  
 Want of anothers powre in horse, must in his owne skill set  
 An overplus of that, to that; and so the prooffe will get  
 Skill, that still rests within a man, more grace, then powre without.

*Nestor to his son  
 Antilochus gives  
 instructions for  
 the race with  
 chariots.*



He that in horse and chariots trusts, is often hurl'd about,  
 This way, and that, unhandsomely; all heaven wide of his end.  
 He better skild, that rules worse horse, will all observance bend,  
 Right on the scope still of a Race; beare neare; know ever when to reine,  
 When give reine, as his foe before, (well noted in his veine,  
 Of manage, and his steeds estate) presents occasion.  
 Ile give thee instance now, as plaine, as if thou saw'st it done.  
 Here stands a drie stub of some tree, a cubite from the ground;  
 (Suppose the stub of Oake, or Larch; for either are so sound  
 That neither rots with wet) two stones, white (marke you) white for view  
 Parted on either side the stub; and these lay where they drew  
 The way into a streight; the Race, betwixt both lying cleare.  
 Imagine them some monument, of one long since tomb'd there;  
 Or that they had bene lists of race, for men of former yeares;  
 As now the lists *Achilles* sets, may serve for charioteres  
 Many yeares hence. When neare to these, the race growes; then as right,  
 Drive on them as thy eye can judge; then lay thy bridles weight  
 Most of thy left side: thy right horse, then switching; all thy throte  
 (Spent in encouragements) give him; and all the reine let flote  
 About his shoulders: thy neare horse, will yet be he that gave  
 Thy skill the prise; and him reine so, his head may touch the Nave  
 Of thy left wheele: but then take care, thou runst not on the stone,  
 (With wracke of horse and chariot) which so thou bear'st upon.  
 Shipwracke within the haven avoide, by all meanes; that will breed  
 Others delight, and thee a shame. Be wise then, and take heed  
 (My lov'd sonne) get but to be first, at turning in the course;  
 He lives not that can cote thee then: not if he backt the horse  
 The gods bred, and *Adrastus* ow'd. Divine *Arions* speed,  
 Could not outpace thee; or the horse, *Laomedon* did breed;  
 Whose race is famous, and fed here. Thus sat *Neleides*,  
 When all that could be said, was said. And then *Meriones*  
 Set fiftly forth his faire-man'd horse. All leapt to chariot;  
 And every man then for the start, cast in, his proper lot.

*A Comment  
 might well be  
 bestowed upon  
 this speech of  
 Nestor.*

*Nestors aged  
 love of speech,  
 was here briefly  
 noted.*

*Achilles* drew; *Antilochus*, the lot set foremost forth;  
*Eumelus* next; *Atrides* third; *Meriones* the fourth.  
 The fifth and last, was *Diomed*; farre first in excellence.  
 All stood in order, and the lists, *Achilles* fixt farre thence  
 In plaine field; and a seate ordain'd, fast by. In which he set  
 Renowned *Phanix*, that in grace, of *Peleus* was so great;  
 To see the race, and give a truth, of all their passages.  
 All start together, scourg'd, and cried; and gave their businesse  
 Study and order. Through the field, they held a winged pace.  
 Beneath the bosome of their steeds, a dust so dim'd the race:  
 It stood above their heads in clowds; or like to stormes amaz'd.  
 Manes flew like ensignes with the wind; the chariots sometime graz'd,  
 And sometimes jump't up to the aire; yet still sat fast the men:  
 Their spirits even panting in their breasts, with fervour to obtaine.  
 But when they turn'd to fleet againe: then all mens skills were tride;  
 Then stretcht the pasternes of their steeds. *Eumelus* horse in pride  
 Still bore their Sovereigne. After them, came *Diomed*s coursers close,  
 Still apt to leape their chariot, and ready to repose  
 Upon the shoulders of their king, their heads. His backe even burn'd  
 With fire, that from their nostrils flew. And then, their Lord had turn'd  
 The race for him, or given it doubt, if *Phæbus* had not smit  
 The scourge out of his hands; and teares, of helplesse wrath with it,  
 From forth his eyes; to see his horse, for want of scourge, made slow;  
 And th' others (by *Apollo*s helpe) with much more swiftnesse go.

*Phanix* chiefe  
 judge of the best  
 deservers in the  
 race.

*Apollo*s spite, *Pallas* discern'd, and flew to *Tydeus* sonne;  
 His scourge reacht, and his horse made fresh. Then tooke her angry runne  
 At king *Eumelus*; brake his geres; his mares on both sides flew;  
 His draught tree fell to earth; and him, the tost up chariot threw  
 Downe to the earth; his elbowes torne; his forehead, all his face  
 Strooke at the center; his speech lost. And then the turned race  
 Fell to *Tyrides*: before all, his conquering horse he drave:  
 And first he glitter'd in the race: divine *Athenia* gave  
 Strength to his horse, and fame to him. Next him, drave *Spartas* king.

*Antilochus to  
his steeds.*

*Antilochus*, his fathers horse, then urg'd, with all his sting  
Of scourge and voice. Runne low (said he) stretch out your lims, and flie.  
With *Diomedes* horse, I bid not strive; nor with himselfe strive I.  
*Athenia* wings his horse, and him, renowmes. *Atrides* steeds  
Are they ye must not faile but reach; and soone, lest soone succeeds  
The blot of all your fames: to yeeld, in swiftnesse to a mare:  
To femall *Æthe*. Whats the cause (ye best that ever were)  
That thus ye faile us? Be assur'd, that *Nestors* love ye lose  
For ever if ye faile his sonne: through both your both sides goes  
His hote steele, if ye suffer me, to bring the last prise home.  
Haste, overtake them instantly; we needs must overcome.  
This harsh way next us: this my mind, will take; this I despise  
For perill; this Ile creepe through; hard, the way to honor lies.  
And that take I, and that shall yeeld. His horse by all this knew  
He was not pleasde, and fear'd his voice; and for a while, they flew:  
But straite, more cleare, appear'd the streight, *Antilochus* foresaw;  
It was a gaspe the earth gave, forc't, by humours, cold and raw,  
Pour'd out of Winters watrie breast; met there, and cleaving deepe  
All that neare passage to the lists. This *Nestors* sonne would keepe,  
And left the rode way, being about; *Atrides* fear'd, and cride:  
*Antilochus*! thy course is mad; containe thy horse; we ride  
A way most dangerous; turne head, betime take larger field,  
We shall be splitted. *Nestors* sonne, with much more scourge impeld  
His horse, for this; as if not heard; and got as farre before,  
As any youth can cast a quoyte; *Atrides* would no more;  
He backe againe, for feare himselfe, his goodly chariot,  
And horse together, strew'd the dust; in being so dustie hote,  
Of thirsted conquest. But he chid, at parting, passing sore:  
*Antilochus* (said he) a worse, then thee, earth never bore:  
Farewell; we never thought thee wise, that were wise; but not so  
Without othes, shall the wreath (be sure) crowne thy mad temples, Go.  
Yet he bethought him, and went too; thus stirring up his steeds:  
Leave me not last thus, nor stand vext; let these faile in the speeds

*Menelaus in  
feare to follow  
Antilochus, who  
ye may see  
playd upon him.*

*Menelaus chides  
Antilochus.*

Of feet and knees; not you: shall these, these old jades, (past the flowre  
 Of youth, that you have) passe you? This, the horse fear'd, and more powre  
 Put to their knees; strait getting ground. Both flew, and so the rest;  
 All came in smokes, like spirits; the *Greeks*, (set to see who did best,  
 Without the race, aloft:) now made, a new discoverie,  
 Other then that they made at first; *Idomeneus* eye  
 Distinguisht all; he knew the voice, of *Diomed*; seeing a horse  
 Of speciall marke, of colour bay, and was the first in course;  
 His forehead putting forth a starre, round, like the Moone, and white.  
 Up stood the *Cretan*, uttering this; Is it alone my sight,  
 (Princes, and Captaines) that discernes, another leade the race,  
 With other horse, then led of late? *Eumelus* made most pace,  
 With his fleete mares; and he began, the flexure, as we thought.  
 Now all the field I search, and find, no where his view; hath nought  
 Befalne amisse to him? perhaps, he hath not with successe  
 Perform'd his flexure: his reines lost, or seate, or with the tresse  
 His chariot faild him; and his mares, have outraid with affright:  
 Stand up, trie you your eyes; for mine, hold with the second sight.  
 This seemes to me, th' *Etolian* king; the *Tydean* *Diomed*.

*Idomeneus the  
king of Crete  
first discovers  
the runners.*

To you it seemes so, (rustickly) *Ajax Oileus* said;  
 Your words are suited to your eyes. Those mares leade still, that led;  
*Eumelus* owes them: and he still, holds reines and place that did;  
 Not false as you hop't: you must prate, before us all, though last  
 In judgement of all: y'are too old, your tongue goes still too fast;  
 You must not talke so. Here are those, that better thee, and looke  
 For first place in the censure. This, *Idomeneus* tooke  
 In much disdain; and thus replide: Thou best, in speeches worst;  
 Barbarous languag'd; others here, might have reprov'd me first:  
 Not thou, unfitst of all. I hold, a Tripode with thee here,  
 Or Caldron; and our Generall make, our equall arbiter,  
 Those horse are first; that when thou paist, thou then maist know. This fir'd  
*Oileades* more; and more then words, this quarell had inspir'd,  
 Had not *Achilles* rose; and usde, this pacifying speech.

*Ajax Oileus  
angry with  
Idomeneus.*

*Idomeneus to  
Ajax.*

*Achilles pacifies  
Idomeneus and  
Ajax.*

No more: away with words in warre, it toucheth both with breach  
Of that which fits ye; your deserts, should others reprehend,  
That give such foule termes: sit ye still, the men themselves will end  
The strife betwixt you instantly ;and eithers owne lode beare,  
On his owne shoulders. Then to both, the first horse will appeare,  
And which is second. These words usde, *Tydidēs* was at hand;  
His horse ranne high, glanc't on the way, and up they tost the sand,  
Thicke on their Coachman; on their pace, their chariot deckt with gold  
Swiftly attended; no wheele seene, nor wheelēs print in the mould  
Imprest behind them. These horse flew, a flight; not ranne a race.

*The runners  
arrive at the  
races end.*

Arriv'd; amidst the lists they stood; sweate trickling downe apace  
Their high manes, and their prominent breasts; and downe jumpt *Diomed*,  
Laid up his scourge aloft the seate; and straite his prise was led  
Home to his tent: rough *Sthenelus*, laid quicke hand on the dame,  
And handled Trivet, and sent both, home by his men. Next came  
*Antilochus*, that wonne with wiles, not swiftnesse of his horse,  
Precedence of the gold-lockt king; who yet maintaind the course  
So close, that not the kings owne horse, gat more before the wheele  
Of his rich chariot; that might still, the insecution feele  
With the extreme haire of his taile: (and that sufficient close  
Held to his leader: no great space, it let him interpose,  
Considerd in so great a field.) Then *Nestors* wylie sonne  
Gate of the king: now at his heeles, though at the breach he wonne  
A quoytes cast of him; which the king, againe, at th' instant gaind.  
*Æthe*, *Agamemnonides*, that was so richly maind,  
Gat strength still, as she spent; which words, her worth had prov'd with deeds,  
Had more ground bene allow'd the race; and coted farre, his steeds,  
No question leaving for the prise. And now *Meriones*,  
A darts cast came behind the king; his horse of speed much lesse;  
Himselfe lesse skild t' importune them; and give a chariot wing.  
*Admetus* sonne was last; whose plight, *Achilles* pittying,  
Thus spake: Best man comes last; yet Right, must see his prise not least;  
The second, his deserts must beare; and *Diomed* the best.

*Achilles sen-  
tence.*

He said, and all allow'd; and sure, the mare had bene his owne,  
 Had not *Antilochus* stood forth; and in his answer showne,  
 Good reason for his interest. *Achilles*, (he replied)  
 I should be angry with you much, to see this ratified.  
 Ought you to take from me my right? because his horse had wrong,  
 Himselfe being good? he should have usde (as good men do) his tongue,  
 In prayre to their powres that blesse good (not trusting to his owne)  
 Not to have bene in this good, last. His chariot overthrowne,  
 O' rethrew not me; who's last? who's first? mens goodnesse, without these  
 Is not our question. If his good, you pitie yet; and please,  
 Princely to grace it; your tents hold, a goodly deale of gold,  
 Brasse, horse, sheepe, women; out of these, your bountie may be bold  
 To take a much more worthy prise, then my poore merit seekes,  
 And give it here, before my face, and all these; that the *Greekes*  
 May glorifie your liberall hands. This prise, I will not yeeld;  
 Who beares this (whatsoever man) he beares a tried field.  
 His hand and mine must change some blowes. *Achilles* laught, and said:

*Antilochus to  
Achilles.*

If thy will be (*Antilochus*) Ile see *Eumelus* paid,  
 Out of my tents; Ile give him th' armes, which late I conquerd in  
*Asteropæus*; forg'd of brasse, and wav'd about with tin;  
 T will be a present worthy him. This said, *Automedon*,  
 He sent for them. He went; and brought; and to *Admetus* sonne,  
*Achilles* gave them. He, well pleasde, receiv'd them. Then arose,  
 Wrong'd *Menelaus*, much incenst, with yong *Antilochus*.  
 He, bent to speake; a herald tooke, his Scepter, and gave charge  
 Of silence to the other *Greeks*; then did the king enlarge  
 The spleene he prisoned; uttering this: *Antilochus*? till now,  
 We grant thee wise; but in this act, what wisdom utter'st thou?  
 Thou hast disgrac't my vertue; wrong'd, my horse; preferring thine,  
 Much their inferiors; but go to, *Princes*; nor his, nor mine,  
 Judge of with favour; him, nor me; lest any *Grecian* use  
 This scandall; *Menelaus* wonne, with *Nestors* sonnes abuse,  
 The prise in question; his horse worst; himselfe yet wanne the best,

*Note Menelaus  
ridiculous speech  
for conclusion of  
his character.*

By powre and greatnesse. Yet because, I would not thus contest,  
 To make parts taking; Ile be judge; and I suppose, none here  
 Will blame my judgement; Ile do right; *Antilochus*, come neare;  
 Come (noble gentleman) tis your place; sweare by th' earth circling god,  
 (Standing before your chariot, and horse; and that selfe rod,  
 With which you scourg'd them, in your hand) if both with will and wile,  
 You did not crosse my chariot. He thus did reconcile  
 Grace with his disgrace; and with wit, restor'd him to his wit;  
 Now crave I patience: ô king, what ever was unfit,  
 Ascribe to much more youth in me, then you; you more in age,  
 And more in excellence; know well, the outraies that engage  
 All yong mens actions; sharper wits, but duller wisdomes still  
 From us flow, then from you; for which, curbe with your wisdom, will.  
 The prise I thought mine, I yeeld yours; and (if you please) a prise  
 Of greater value; to my tent, Ile send for, and suffice  
 Your will at full, and instantly; for in this point of time,  
 I rather wish to be enjoyn'd, your favors top to clime,  
 Then to be falling all my time, from height of such a grace;  
 (O *Jove*-lov'd king) and of the gods, receive a curse in place.

*Antilochus his  
 ironically reply.*

*Ironick.*

*This Simile like-  
 wise is meerly  
 Ironically.*

This said; he fetcht the prise to him; and it rejoyc't him so;  
 That as corne-eares shine with the dew; yet having time to grow;  
 When fields set all their bristles up: in such a ruffe wert thou,  
 (O *Menelaus*) answering thus; *Antilochus*, I now,  
 (Though I were angry) yeeld to thee; because I see th' hadst wit,  
 When I thought not; thy youth hath got, the mastery of thy spirit.  
 And yet for all this, tis more safe, not to abuse at all,

*Menelaus to  
 Antilochus.*

Great men; then (ventring) trust to wit, to take up what may fall.  
 For no man in our host beside, had easely calm'd my spleene,  
 Stird with like tempest. But thy selfe, hast a sustainer bene  
 Of much affliction in my cause: so thy good father too,  
 And so thy brother, at thy suite; I therefore let all go;  
 Give thee the game here, though mine owne; that all these may discerne,  
 King *Menelaus* beares a mind, at no part, proud, or sterne.

The king thus calm'd, *Antilochus*, receiv'd; and gave the steed  
 To lov'd *Noemon*, to leade thence; and then receiv'd beside  
 The caldron. Next, *Meriones*, for fourth game, was to have  
 Two talents, gold. The fift (unwonne) renown'd *Achilles* gave  
 To reverend *Nestor*; being a boule, to set on either end,  
 Which through the preasse he caried him; Receive (said he) old friend,  
 This gift, as funerall monument, of my deare friend deceast, *Achilles his gift*  
 Whom never you must see againe; I make it his bequest *to Nestor.*  
 To you; as without any strife, obtaining it from all.  
 Your shoulders must not undergo, the churlish whoorlbats fall;  
 Wrastling is past you; strife in darts; the footes celeritie;  
 Harsh age in his yeares fetters you; and honor sets you free.

Thus gave he it; he tooke, and joyd; but ere he thank't, he said;  
 Now sure my honorable sonne, in all points thou hast plaid *Nestors glorie in*  
 The comely Orator; no more, must I contend with nerves; *the gift of*  
 Feete faile, and hands; armes want that strength, that this, and that swinge serves *Achilles.*  
 Under your shoulders. Would to heaven, I were so yong chind now,  
 And strength threw such a many of bones, to celebrate this show;  
 As when the *Epians* brought to fire (actively honoring thus)  
 King *Amarynceas* funerals, in faire *Buprasius*.  
 His sonnes put prises downe for him; where, not a man matcht me,  
 Of all the *Epians*; or the sonnes, of great-soul'd *Ætolie*;  
 No nor the *Pilians* themselves, my countrimen. I beate  
 Great *Clydomedeus*, *Enops* sonne, at buffets; at the feate  
 Of wrastling, I laid under me; one that against me rose,  
*Ancæus* cald *Pleuronius*. I made *Ipiclus* lose  
 The foot-game to me. At the speare, I conquer'd *Polydore*,  
 And strong *Phyleus*. Actors sonnes, (of all men) onely bore  
 The palme at horse race; conquering, with lashing on more horse,  
 And envying my victorie; because (before their course)  
 All the best games were gone with me. These men were twins; one was  
 A most sure guide; a most sure guide. The other gave the passe  
 With rod and mettle. This was then. But now, yong men must wage



These workes; and my joynts undergo, the sad defects of age.

\*His desire of  
praise pants still.

Though then I was another man; \* at that time I exceld  
Amongst th'heroes. But forth now, let th'other rites be held  
For thy deceast friend: this thy gift, in all kind part I take;  
And much it joyes my heart, that still, for my true kindnesse sake,  
You give me memorie. You perceive, in what fit grace I stand  
Amongst the *Grecians*; and to theirs, you set your gracefull hand.

Another note of  
Nestors humor,  
not so much be-  
ing to be plainly  
observed in all  
these *Iliads* as in  
this booke.

The gods give ample recompence, of grace againe to thee,  
For this, and all thy favors. Thus, backe through the thrust drave he,  
When he had staid out all the praise, of old *Neleides*.

And now for buffets (that rough game) he orderd passages;  
Proposing a laborious Mule, of sixe yeares old, untam'd,  
And fierce in handling; brought, and bound, in that place where they gam'd:  
And to the conquerd, a round cup; both which, he thus proclames.

Achilles proposes  
the game for  
buffets.

*Atrides*, and all friends of *Greece*, two men, for these two games;  
I bid stand forth; who best can strike, with high contracted fists,  
(*Apollo* giving him the wreath) know all about these lists,  
Shall winne a Mule, patient of toyle? the vanquisht, this round cup.

Note the sharp-  
nes of wit in our  
Homer, if where  
you looke not for  
it, you can find it.

This utterd; *Panopeus* sonne, *Epeus*, straight stood up;  
A tall huge man; that to the naile, knew that rude sport of hand;  
And (seising the tough mule) thus spake: Now let some other stand  
Forth for the cup; this Mule is mine; at cuffes I bost me best;  
Is't not enough I am no souldier? who is worthiest  
At all workes? none; not possible. At this yet, this I say,  
And will performe this; who stands forth; Ile burst him; I will bray  
His bones as in a mortar; fetch, surgeons enow, to take  
His corse from under me. This speech, did all men silent make;  
At last stood forth *Euryalus*; a man, god-like, and sonne  
To king *Mecistens*; the grand child, of honor'd *Talaon*.  
He was so strong, that (coming once to *Thebes*, when *Oedipus*  
Had like rites solemniz'd for him) he went victorious  
From all the *Thebanes*. This rare man, *Tydides* would prepare;  
Put on his girdle; oxehide cords, faire wrought; and spent much care,

That he might conquer; heartned him; and taught him trickes. Both drest  
 Fit for th' affaire; both forth were brought; then breast opposde to breast;  
 Fists against fists rose; and they joynd; ratling of jawes was there;  
 Gnashing of teeth; and heavie blowes, dasht bloud out every where.  
 At length, *Epeus* spide cleare way; rusht in; and such a blow  
 Drave underneath the others eare; that his neate lims did strow  
 The knockt earth; no more legs had he; But as a huge fish laid  
 Neare to the cold-weed-gathering shore, is with a North flaw fraid;  
 Shootes backe; and in the blacke deepe hides: So sent against the ground,  
 Was foyl'd *Euryalus*; his strength, so hid in more profound  
 Deepes of *Epeus*; who tooke up, th' intranc't Competitor;  
 About whom rusht a crowd of friends, that through the clusters bore  
 His faltring knees; he spitting up, thicke clods of bloud; his head  
 Totterd of one side; his sence gone. When (to a by-place led)  
 Thither they brought him the round cup. *Pelides* then set forth  
 Prise for a wrastling; to the best, a trivet, that was worth  
 Twelve oxen, great, and fit for fire; the conquer'd was t' obtaine  
 A woman excellent in workes; her beautie, and her gaine,  
 Priske at foure oxen. Up he stood, and thus proclaim'd: Arise  
 You wrastlers, that will prove for these. Out stept the ample sise  
 Of mightie *Ajax*, huge in strength; to him, *Laertes* sonne,  
 That craftie one, as huge in sleight. Their ceremonie done,  
 Of making readie; forth they stept; catch elbowes with strong hands;  
 And as the beames of some high house, cracke with a storme, yet stands  
 The house, being built by well-skild men: So crackt their backe bones wrincht  
 With horrid twitches. In their sides, armes, shoulders (all bepincht)  
 Ran thicke the wals, red with the bloud, ready to start out; both  
 Long'd for the conquest, and the prise; yet shewd no play; being loth  
 To lose both; nor could *Ithacus*, stirre *Ajax*; nor could he  
 Hale downe *Ulysses*; being more strong, then with mere strength to be  
 Hurl'd from all vantage of his sleight. Tir'd then, with tugging play;  
 Great *Ajax Telamonius* said: Thou wisest man; or lay  
 My face up, or let me lay thine; let *Jove* take care for these.

*Achilles puts  
downe prise for  
wrastlers.*

*Ulysses and  
Ajax wrastle.*

*Simile.*

*Ajax to  
Ulysses.*

This said, he hoist him up to aire, when *Laertiades*  
 His wiles forgot not; *Ajax* thigh, he strooke behind; and flat  
 He on his backe fell; on his breast, *Ulysses*. Wonderd at  
 Was this of all; all stood amaz'd. Then the-much-suffering-man  
 (Divine *Ulysses*) at next close; the *Telamonian*  
 A little raisde from earth; not quite; but with his knee implide  
 Lockt legs; and downe fell both on earth, close by each others side;  
 Both fil'd with dust; but starting up, the third close they had made,  
 Had not *Achilles* selfe stood up; restraining them, and bad;  
 No more tug one another thus, nor moyle your selves; receive  
 Prise equall; conquest crownes ye both; the lists to others leave.

*Achilles parts  
 Ulysses and  
 Ajax.*

They heard and yeelded willingly; brusht off the dust; and on  
 Put other vests. *Pelides* then, to those that swiftest runne,  
 Proposde another prise; a boule, beyond comparison  
 (Both for the sise and workmanship) past all the boules of earth;  
 It held sixe measures; silver all; but had his speciall worth,  
 For workmanship; receiving forme, from those ingenious men  
 Of *Sydon*: the *Phœnicians*, made choise; and brought it then,  
 Along the greene sea; giving it, to *Thoas*; by degrees  
 It came t' *Eunæus*, *Jasons* sonne; who, yong *Priamides*,  
 (*Lycaon*) of *Achilles* friend, bought with it; and this, here  
*Achilles* made best game, for him, that best his feete could beare.  
 For second, he proposde an Oxe; a huge one, and a fat;  
 And halfe a talent gold for last. These, thus he set them at.

*Ulysses, Ajax  
 Oileus and  
 Antilochus for  
 the Foot-race.*

Rise, you that will assay for these; forth stept *Oileades*;  
*Ulysses* answerd; and the third, was one, esteem'd past these  
 For footmanship; *Antilochus*. All rankt; *Achilles* show'd  
 The race-scope. From the start, they glid; *Oileades* bestow'd  
 His feete the swiftest; close to him, flew god-like *Ithacus*;  
 And as a Ladie at her loome, being yong and beauteous,  
 Her silke-shittle close to her breast (with grace that doth inflame,  
 And her white hand) lifts quicke, and oft, in drawing from her frame  
 Her gentle thred; which she unwinds, with ever at her brest,

*Simile.*

Gracing her faire hand: So close still, and with such interest,  
 In all mens likings, *Ithacus*, unwound, and spent the race  
 By him before; tooke out his steps, with putting in their place,  
 Promptly and gracefully his owne; sprinkl'd the dust before;  
 And clouded with his breath his head: so facillie he bore  
 His royall person, that he strooke, shoutes from the *Greekes*, with thirst,  
 That he should conquer; though he flew; yet come, come, ô come first,  
 Ever they cried to him; and this, even his wise breast did move,  
 To more desire of victorie; it made him pray, and prove,  
*Minervas* aide (his fautesse still): O goddesse, heare (said he)  
 And to my feete stoope with thy helpe; now happie Fautresse be.

*Ulysses prays to  
Minerva for  
speed.*

She was; and light made all his lims; and now (both neare their crowne)  
*Minerva* tript up *Ajax* heeles, and headlong he fell downe,  
 Amids the ordure of the beasts, there negligently left,  
 Since they were slaine there; and by this, *Minervas* friend bereft  
*Oileades* of that rich bowle; and left his lips, nose, eyes,  
 Ruthfully smer'd. The fat oxe yet, he seisd for second prise,  
 Held by the horne, spit out the taile; and thus spake, all besmear'd:

O villanous chancel! this *Ithacus*, so highly is indear'd  
 To his *Minerva*; that her hand, is ever in his deeds:  
 She, like his mother, nestles him; for from her it proceeds,  
 (I know) that I am usde thus. This, all in light laughter cast;  
 Amongst whom, quicke *Antilochus*, laught out his coming last,  
 Thus wittily: Know, all my friends, that all times past, and now,  
 The gods most honour, most-liv'd men; *Oileades* ye know,  
 More old then I; but *Ithacus*, is of the formost race;  
 First generation of men. Give the old man his grace;  
 They count him of the greene-hair'd eld; they may, or in his flowre;  
 For not our greatest flourisher, can equall him in powre,  
 Of foote-strife, but *Æacides*. Thus sooth'd he *Thetis* sonne;  
 Who thus accepted it: Well youth, your praises shall not runne,  
 With unrewarded feete, on mine; your halfe a talents prise,  
 Ile make a whole one: take you sir. He tooke, and joy'd. Then flies

*Ajax Oileus  
jests out his fall  
to the Greekes.*

*Antilochus like-  
wise helps out  
his coming last.*

*Achilles to  
Antilochus.*

Another game forth; *Thetis* sonne, set in the lists, a lance,  
A shield, and helmet; being th' armes, *Sarpedon* did advance  
Against *Patroclus*; and he prisde. And thus he nam'd th' addresse:

*Prise for the  
fighters armed.*

Stand forth, two the most excellent, arm'd; and before all these,  
Give mutuall onset, to the touch, and wound of eithers flesh;  
Who first shall wound, through others armes, his blood appearing fresh;  
Shall win this sword, silverd, and hatcht; the blade is right of *Thrace*;  
*Asteropæus* yeelded it. These armes shall part their grace,  
With eithers valour; and the men, Ile liberally feast  
At my pavilion. To this game, the first man that addrest,

*Diomed and  
Ajax combat.*

Was *Ajax Telamonius*; to him, king *Diomed*;  
Both, in opposde parts of the preasse, full arm'd; both entered  
The lists amids the multitude; put lookes on so austere,  
And joyn'd so roughly; that amaze, surprisde the *Greeks*, in feare  
Of eithers mischiefe. Thrice they threw, their fierced darts; and closdethrice.  
Then *Ajax* strooke through *Diomed's* shield, but did no prejudice;  
His curets saft him. *Diomed's* dart, still over shoulders flew;  
Still mounting with the spirit it bore. And now rough *Ajax* grew  
So violent, that the *Greeks* cried: Hold; no more; let them no more  
Give equall prise to either; yet, the sword, proposde before,

*Achilles proposes  
a game for  
hurling of the  
stone or boule.*

For him did best; *Achilles* gave, to *Diomed*. Then a stone,  
(In fashion of a sphere) he show'd; of no invention,  
But naturall; onely melted through, with iron. T was the boule,  
That king *Eetion* usde to hurle: but he, bereft of soule,  
By great *Achilles*; to the fleete, with store of other prise,  
He brought it; and proposde it now; both for the exercise,  
And prise it selfe. He stood, and said: Rise you that will approve  
Your armes strengths now, in this brave strife: his vigor that can move  
This furthest; needs no game but this; for reach he nere so farre,  
With large fields of his owne, in *Greece*; (and so needs for his Carre,  
His Plow, or other tooles of thrift, much iron) Ile able this

*Ironick.*

For five revolved yeares; no need, shall use his messages  
To any towne, to furnish him; this onely boule shall yeeld

Iron enough, for all affaires. This said; to trie this field,  
 First *Polypates* issued; next *Leontæus*; third  
 Great *Ajax*; huge *Epeus* fourth. Yet he was first that stird  
 That myne of iron. Up it went; and up he tost it so,  
 That laughter tooke up all the field. The next man that did throw,  
 Was *Leontæus*; *Ajax* third; who gave it such a hand,  
 That farre past both their markes it flew. But now twas to be mann'd  
 By *Polypetes*; and as farre, as at an Oxe that strayes,  
 A herdsman can swing out his goade: so farre did he outraise  
 The stone past all men; all the field, rose in a shout to see't.  
 About him flockt his friends; and bore, the royall game to fleete.

*Another game.*

For Archerie, he then set forth, ten axes, edg'd two waies;  
 And ten of one edge. On the shore, farre off, he causd to raise  
 A ship-mast; to whose top they tied, a fearfull Dove by th' foote;  
 At which, all shot; the game put thus: He that the Dove could shoote,  
 Nor touch the string that fastn'd her; the two-edg'd tooles should beare  
 All to the fleete. Who toucht the string, and mist the Dove, should share  
 The one-edg'd axes. This proposde; king *Teucers* force arose;  
 And with him rose *Meriones*; and now lots must dispose  
 Their shooting first; both which, let fall, into a helme of brasse;  
 First *Teucers* came; and first he shot; and his crosse fortune was,  
 To shoote the string; the Dove untoucht: *Apollo* did envie  
 His skill; since not to him he vow'd (being god of archerie)  
 A first falne Lambe. The bitter shaft, yet cut in two the cord,  
 That downe fell; and the Dove aloft, up to the Welkin soar'd.  
 The *Greeks* gave shouts; *Meriones*, first made a heartie vow,  
 To sacrifice a first falne Lambe, to him that rules the Bow;  
 And then fell to his aime; his shaft, being ready nockt before.  
 He spide her in the clouds, that here, there, every where did soare;  
 Yet at her height he reacht her side, strooke her quite through, and downe  
 The shaft fell at his feete; the Dove, the mast againe did crowne;  
 There hung the head; and all her plumes, were ruff'd; she starke dead;  
 And there (farre off from him) she fell. The people wondered,

And stood astonisht. Th' Archer pleas'd. *Æacides* then shewes  
A long lance, and a caldron, new, engrail'd with twentie hewes;  
Prisde at an Oxe. These games were shew'd, for men at darts; and then  
Uprose the Generall of all; up rose the king of men:  
Uprose late-crown'd *Meriones*. *Achilles* (seeing the king  
Do him this grace) prevents more deed; his royall offering  
Thus interrupting; King of men, we well conceive how farre  
Thy worth, superiour is to all; how much most singular,  
Thy powre is, and thy skill in darts; accept then this poore prise,  
Without contention; and (your will, please with what I advise)  
Affoord *Meriones* the lance. The king was nothing slow  
To that fit grace; *Achilles* then, the brasse lance did bestow  
On good *Meriones*. The king, his present would not save;  
But to renowm'd *Talthybius*, the goodly Caldron gave.

*The end of the three and twentieth Booke.*

# THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS

## THE ARGUMENT.

**J**OVE, *entertaining care of Hectors corse;*  
*Sends Thetis to her sonne, for his remorse;*  
*And fit dismissal of it. Iris then,*  
*He sends to Priam; willing him to gaine*  
*His sonne for ransome. He, by Hermes led,*  
*Gets through Achilles guards; sleepes deepe, and dead,*  
*Cast on them by his guide. When, with accesse,*  
*And humble sute, made to Æacides,*  
*He gaines the bodie; which, to Troy he beares,*  
*And buries it with feasts, buried in teares.*

## ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

*Ωmega sings the exequies,*  
*And Hectors redemptorie prise.*



THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS



THE GAMES PERFORM'D; THE SOULDIER,  
WHOLLY DISPERST TO FLEETE;  
SUPPER AND SLEEPE, THEIR ONELY CARE.  
CONSTANT *ACHILLES* YET,

Wept for his friend; nor sleepe it selfe, that all things doth subdue,  
Could touch at him. This way, and that, he turn'd, and did renue  
His friends deare memorie; his grace, in managing his strength;  
And his strengths greatnesse. How life rackt, into their utmost length,  
Griefes, battels, and the wraths of seas, in their joynt sufferance.  
Each thought of which, turn'd to a teare. Sometimes he would advance  
(In tumbling on the shore) his side; sometimes his face; then turne  
Flat on his bosome; start upright. Although he saw the morne  
Shew sea and shore his extasie; he left not, till at last  
Rage varied his distraction. Horse, chariot, in hast  
He cald for; and (those joyn'd) the corse, was to his chariot tide;  
And thrice about the sepulcher, he made his Furie ride;  
Dragging the person. All this past; in his pavilion  
Rest seisd him; but with *Hectors* corse, his rage had never done;  
Still suffering it t'opresse the dust. *Apollo* yet, even dead,  
Pitied the Prince; and would not see, inhumane tyrannie fed,  
With more pollution of his lims; and therefore coverd round  
His person with his golden shield; that rude dogs might not wound  
His manly lineaments (which threat, *Achilles* cruelly  
Had usde in furie). But now heaven, let fall a generall eye  
Of pitie on him; the blest gods, perswaded *Mercurie*  
(Their good observer) to his stealth; and every deitie  
Stood pleasd with it, *Juno* except; Greene *Neptune*, and the Maide  
Grac't with the blew eyes; all their hearts, stood hatefully appaid,  
Long since; and held it, as at first, to *Priam*, *Ilion*,  
And all his subjects, for the rape, of his licentious sonne,  
Proud *Paris*, that despisde these dames, in their divine accesse,  
Made to his cottage; and praisd her, that his sad wantonnesse,  
So costly nourisht. The twelfth morne, now shin'd on the delay  
Of *Hectors* rescue; and then spake, the deitie of the day,  
Thus to th'immortals: Shamelesse gods; authors of ill ye are,

*Apollo to the  
other gods.*

To suffer ill. Hath *Hectors* life, at all times show'd his care  
 Of all your rights; in burning thighs, of Beeves and Goates to you,  
 And are your cares no more of him? vouchsafe ye not even now  
 (Even dead) to keepe him? that his wife, his mother, and his sonne,  
 Father and subjects may be mov'd, to those deeds he hath done,  
 See'ng you preserve him that serv'd you; and sending to their hands  
 His person for the rites of fire? *Achilles*, that withstands  
 All helpe to others, you can helpe; one that hath neither hart  
 Nor soule within him, that will move, or yeeld to any part,  
 That fits a man; but Lion-like; uplandish, and meere wilde;  
 Slave to his pride; and all his nerves, being naturally compil'd  
 Of eminent strength; stalkes out and preyes, upon a silly sheepe:  
 And so fares this man. That fit ruth, that now should draw so deepe  
 In all the world; being lost in him. And *Shame* (a qualitie  
 Of so much weight; that both it helpes, and hurts excessively,  
 Men in their manners) is not knowne; nor hath the powre to be  
 In this mans being. Other men, a greater losse then he,  
 Have undergone; a sonne, suppose, or brother of one wombe;  
 Yet, after dues of woes and teares, they bury in his tombe  
 All their deplorings. Fates have given, to all that are true men,  
 True manly patience; but this man, so soothes his bloody veine,  
 That no bloud serves it; he must have, divine-soul'd *Hector* bound  
 To his proud chariot; and danc't, in a most barbarous round,  
 About his lov'd friends sepulcher, when he is slaine: Tis vile,  
 And drawes no profit after it. But let him now awhile  
 Marke but our angers; his is spent; let all his strength take heed,  
 It tempts not our wraths; he begets, in this outrageous deed,  
 The dull earth, with his furies hate. White-wristed *Juno* said,  
 (Being much incenst) This doome is one, that thou wouldst have obaid,  
 Thou bearer of the silver bow) that we, in equall care  
 And honour should hold *Hectors* worth, with him that claimes a share  
 In our deservings? *Hector* suckt, a mortall womans brest;  
*Æacides* a goddesses? our selfe had interest,

*Shame a quality  
 that burts and  
 helpes men ex-  
 ceedingly.*

Both in his infant nourishment, and bringing up with state;  
 And to the humane *Peleus*, we gave his bridall mate,  
 Because he had th'immortals love. To celebrate the feast  
 Of their high nuptials; every god, was glad to be a guest;  
 And thou fedst of his fathers cates; touching thy harpe, in grace  
 Of that beginning of our friend; whom thy perfidious face,  
 (In his perfection) blusheth not, to match with *Priams* sonne;  
 O thou, that to betray, and shame, art still companion.

*Jove* thus receiv'd her: Never give, these brode termes to a god.  
 Those two men shall not be compar'd; and yet, of all that trod  
 The well-pav'd *Ilion*; none so deare, to all the deities,  
 As *Hector* was, at least to me. For offrings most of prise,  
 His hands would never pretermitt. Our altars ever stood,  
 Furnisht with banquets fitting us; odors, and every good,  
 Smokt in our temples; and for this, (foreseeing it) his fate,  
 We markt with honour, which must stand: but to give stealth, estate,  
 In his deliverance; shun we that; nor must we favour one,  
 To shame another. Privily, with wrong to *Thetis* sonne,  
 We must not worke out *Hectors* right. There is a ransome due,  
 And open course, by lawes of armes: in which, must humbly sue,  
 The friends of *Hector*. Which just meane, if any god would stay,  
 And use the other, twould not serve; for *Thetis*, night and day,  
 Is guardian to him. But would one, call *Iris* hither; I  
 Would give directions, that for gifts, the *Trojan* king should buy  
 His *Hectors* body; which the sonne, of *Thetis* shall resigne.

*Jove to Juno.*

This said, his will was done; the Dame, that doth in vapours shine,  
 Dewie and thin, footed with stormes; jumpt to the sable seas  
 Twixt *Samos*, and sharpe *Imbers* cliffes; the lake gron'd with the presse  
 Of her rough feete; and (plummet-like, put in an oxes horne  
 That beares death to the raw-fed fish) she div'd, and found forlorne  
*Thetis*, lamenting her sonnes fate; who was in *Troy* to have  
 (Farre from his countrey) his death serv'd. Close to her *Iris* stood,  
 And said; Rise *Thetis*: prudent *Jove* (whose counsels thirst not blood)

*Iris to Thetis.*

Cals for thee. *Thetis* answerd her, with asking; Whats the cause  
The great god cals? my sad powres fear'd, to breake th'immortall lawes,  
In going, fil'd with griefes, to heaven. But he sets snares for none  
With colourd counsels; not a word, of him, but shall be done.

She said, and tooke a sable vaile; a blacker never wore  
A heavenly shoulder; and gave way. Swift *Iris* swum before;  
About both rowld the brackish waves. They tooke their banks and flew  
Up to *Olympus*, where they found, *Saturnius* (farre-of-view)  
Spher'd with heavens ever-being states. *Minerva* rose, and gave  
Her place to *Thetis*, neare to *Jove*; and *Juno* did receive  
Her entry with a cup of gold; in which she dranke to her,  
Grac't her with comfort; and the cup, to her hand did referre.  
She dranke, resigning it. And then, the sire of men and gods,  
Thus entertain'd her; Com'st thou up, to these our blest abodes,  
(Faire goddess *Thetis*) yet art sad? and that in so high kind,  
As passeth suffrance? this I know; and try'd thee, and now find  
Thy will by mine rulde; which is rule, to all worlds government.  
Besides this triall yet; this cause, sent downe for thy ascent;  
Nine dayes *Contention* hath bene held, amongst th'immortals here,  
For *Hectors* person, and thy sonne; and some advices were,  
To have our good spie *Mercurie*, steale from thy sonne the Corse:  
But that reproch I kept farre off; to keepe in future force,  
Thy former love, and reverence. Haste then, and tell thy sonne,  
The gods are angrie; and my selfe, take that wrong he hath done  
To *Hector*, in worst part of all: the rather, since he still  
Detaines his person. Charge him then, if he respect my will,  
For any reason; to resigne, slaine *Hector*; I will send  
*Iris* to *Priam*, to redeeme, his sonne; and recommend  
Fit ransome to *Achilles* grace; in which right, he may joy,  
And end his vaine griefe. To this charge, bright *Thetis* did employ  
Instant endeavour. From heavens tops, she reacht *Achilles* tent;  
Found him still sighing; and some friends, with all their complements  
Soothing his humour: othersome, with all contention

Dressing his dinner: all their paines, and skills consum'd upon  
 A huge wooll-bearer, slaughterd there. His reverend mother then,  
 Came neare, tooke kindly his faire hand; and askt him: Deare sonne, when  
 Will sorrow leave thee? How long time, wilt thou thus eate thy heart?  
 Fed with no other food, nor rest? twere good thou wouldst divert  
 Thy friends love, to some Ladie; cheare, thy spirits with such kind parts  
 As she can quit thy grace withall: the joy of thy deserts,  
 I shall not long have; death is neare, and thy all-conquering fate,  
 Whose haste thou must not haste with griefe; but understand the state,  
 Of things belonging to thy life, which quickly order. I  
 Am sent from *Jove* t' advertise thee, that every deitie  
 Is angry with thee, himselfe most; that rage, thus reigns in thee,  
 Still to keepe *Hector*. Quit him then; and for fit ransome free  
 His injur'd person. He replied; Let him come that shall give  
 The ransome; and the person take. *Joves* pleasure must deprive  
 Men of all pleasures. This good speech, and many more, the sonne,  
 And mother usde, in eare of all, the navall *Station*.

*Thetis to  
Achilles.*

And now to holy *Ilion*, *Saturnius*, *Iris* sent:

Go swiftfoote *Iris*, bid *Troys* king, beare fit gifts, and content  
*Achilles* for his sonnes release; but let him greet alone  
 The *Grecian* navie; not a man, excepting such a one,  
 As may his horse and chariot guide: a herald, or one old,  
 Attending him; and let him take, his *Hector*. Be he bold,  
 Discourag'd, nor with death, nor feare; wise *Mercurie* shall guide  
 His passage, till the Prince be neare. And (he gone) let him ride  
 Resolv'd, even in *Achilles* tent. He shall not touch the state  
 Of his high person; nor admit, the deadliest desperate  
 Of all about him. For (though fierce) he is not yet unwise,  
 Nor inconsiderate; nor a man, past awe of deities:  
 But passing free, and curious, to do a suppliant grace.

*Joves sends Iris  
to Priam.*

This said, the Rainbow to her feet, tied whirlwinds, and the place  
 Reacht instantly: the heavie Court, *Clamor*, and *Mourning* fill'd.  
 The sonnes all set about the sire; and there stood *Griefe*, and still'd

Teares on their garments. In the midst, the old king sate: his weed  
 All wrinkl'd; head, and necke dust fil'd; the Princesses, his seed;  
 The Princesses, his sonnes faire wives, all mourning by; the thought  
 Of friends so many, and so good, (being turn'd so soone to nought  
 By *Grecian* hands) consum'd their youth; rain'd beautie from their eyes.

*Iris* came neare the king; her sight, shooke all his faculties;  
*Iris to Priam.* And therefore spake she soft, and said; Be glad *Dardanides*;  
 Of good occurrents, and none ill, am I Ambassadresse.  
*Jove* greets thee; who, in care (as much, as he is distant) daines  
 Eye to thy sorrowes, pitying thee. My ambassie containes  
 This charge to thee, from him; he wills, thou shouldst redeeme thy sonne;  
 Beare gifts t' *Achilles*, cheare him so: but visite him alone;  
 None but some herald let attend; thy mules and chariot,  
 To manage for thee. Feare, nor death, let dant thee; *Jove* hath got  
*Hermes* to guide thee; who as neare, to *Thetis* sonne as needs,  
 Shall guard thee: and being once with him; nor his, nor others deeds,  
*Joves witnesse of Achilles.* Stand toucht with, he will all containe. Nor is he mad, nor vaine,  
 Nor impious; but with all his nerves, studious to entertaine,  
 One that submits, with all fit grace. Thus vanisht she like wind.

He mules and chariot cals: his sonnes, bids see them joynd, and bind  
 A trunke behind it; he himselfe, downe to his wardrobe goes,  
 Built all of Cedar; highly rooft, and odoriferous;  
 That much stufte, worth the sight containd. To him he cald his Queene,  
*Priam to Hecuba.* Thus greeting her: Come, haplesse dame; an Angell I have seene,  
 Sent downe from *Jove*; that bad me free, our deare sonne from the fleet,  
 With ransome pleasing to our foe; what holds thy judgement meet?  
 My strength, and spirit, layes high charge, on all my being, to beare  
*Hecuba to Priam.* The *Greeks* worst, ventring through their host. The Queene cried out to heare  
 His ventrous purpose; and replied: O whither now is fled,  
 The late discretion that renown'd, thy grave, and knowing head,  
 In forreine; and thine owne rulde realmes? that thus thou dar'st assay,  
 Sight of that man? in whose browes sticks, the horrible decay  
 Of sonnes so many, and so strong? thy heart is iron I thinke.

If this sterne man (whose thirst of blood, makes crueltie his drinke)  
 Take, or but see thee, thou art dead. He nothing pities woe,  
 Nor honours age. Without his sight, we have enough to do,  
 To mourne with thought of him: keepe we, our Pallace, weepe we here;  
 Our sonne is past our helpes. Those throwes, that my deliverers were,  
 Of his unhappy lineaments; told me they should be torne  
 With blacke foote dogs. Almighty fate, that blacke howre he was borne  
 Spunne, in his springing thred that end; farre from his parents reach.  
 This bloodie fellow, then ordain'd, to be their meane: this wretch,  
 Whose stony liver, would to heaven, I might devoure; my teeth,  
 My sonnes Revengers made. Curst *Greece*, he gave him not his death  
 Doing an ill worke; he alone, fought for his countrie; he  
 Fled not, nor fear'd, but stood his worst; and cursed policie  
 Was his undoing. He replied, What ever was his end,  
 Is not our question; we must now, use all meanes to defend  
 His end from scandall: from which act, dissuade not my just will;  
 Nor let me nourish in my house, a bird presaging ill  
 To my good actions: tis in vaine. Had any earthly spirit  
 Given this suggestion: if our Priests, or Soothsayers, challenging merit  
 Of Prophets, I might hold it false; and be the rather mov'd  
 To keepe my Pallace; but these eares; and these selfe eyes approv'd  
 It was a goddess, I will go; for not a word she spake,  
 I know was idle. If it were; and that my fate will make,  
 Quicke riddance of me at the fleet; kill me *Achilles*; Come;  
 When, getting to thee, I shall find, a happy dying roome,  
 On *Hectors* bosome; when enough, thirst of my teares finds there,  
 Quench to his fervour. This resolv'd, the works most faire, and deare,  
 Of his rich screenes, he brought abroad; twelve veiles wrought curiously;  
 Twelve plaine gownes; and as many suits, of wealthy tapistry;  
 As many mantles; horsemens coates; ten talents of fine gold;  
 Two Tripods; Caldrons foure; a bowle, whose value he did hold  
 Beyond all price; presented by, th' Ambassadors of *Thrace*.  
 The old king, nothing held too deare, to rescue from disgrace,



Priam enraged  
against his  
citizens.

His gracious *Hector*. Forth he came. At entry of his Court,  
The *Trojan* citizens so prest; that this opprobrious sort,  
Of checke he usde; Hence cast-awayes; away ye impious crew;  
Are not your griefes enough at home? what come ye here to view?  
Care ye for my griefes? would ye see, how miserable I am?  
Ist not enough, imagine ye? ye might know ere ye came,  
What such a sonnes losse weigh'd with me. But know this for your paines,  
Your houses have the weaker doores: the *Greeks*, will find their gaines  
The easier for his losse, be sure: but ô *Troy*, ere I see  
Thy ruine; let the doores of hell, receive, and ruine me.

Priam enraged  
against his sons.

Thus, with his scepter set he on, the crowding citizens;  
Who gave backe, seeing him so urge. And now he entertaines  
His sonnes as roughly; *Hellenus*, *Paris*, *Hippothonus*,  
*Pammon*, divine *Agathones*, renown'd *Deiphobus*,  
*Agavus*, and *Antiphonus*; and last, not least in armes,  
The strong *Polites*. These nine sonnes, the violence of his harmes,  
Helpt him to vent, in these sharpe termes: Haste you infamous brood,  
And get my chariot; would to heaven, that all the abject blood,  
In all your veines, had *Hector* scusde: O me, accursed man,  
All my good sonnes are gone; my light, the shades *Cimmerian*  
Have swallow'd from me: I have lost, *Mestor*, surnam'd the faire;  
*Troilus*, that readie knight at armes; that made his field repaire,  
Ever so prompt and joyfully. And *Hector*, amongst men,  
Esteem'd a god; not from a mortals seed; but of th' eternall straine  
He seem'd to all eyes. These are gone; you that survive, are base;  
Liers, and common free-booters: all faultie, not a grace  
But in your heeles, in all your parts; dancing companions,  
Ye all are excellent: Hence ye brats: love ye to heare my mones?  
Will ye not get my chariot? command it quickly; flie,  
That I may perfect this deare worke. This all did terrifie;  
And strait his mule-drawne chariot came, to which they fast did bind  
The trunke with gifts: and then came forth, with an afflicted mind,  
Old *Hecuba*. In her right hand, a bowle of gold she bore,

With sweet wine crown'd; stood neare, and said; Receive this, and implore  
 (With sacrificing it to *Jove*) thy safe returne. I see  
 Thy mind likes still to go; though mine, dislikes it utterly.  
 Pray to the blacke-cloud-gathering god, (*Idæan Jove*) that viewes  
 All *Troy*, and all her miseries; that he will deigne to use,  
 His most lov'd bird, to ratifie, thy hopes; that her brode wing,  
 Spred on thy right hand; thou maist know, thy zealous offering  
 Accepted; and thy safe returne, confirm'd; but if he faile;  
 Faile thy intent, though never so, it labours to prevaile.

This I refuse not (he replide) for no faith is so great,  
 In *Joves* high favour; but it must, with held up hands intreate.

This said; the chamber-maid that held, the Ewre, and Basin by,  
 He bad powre water on his hands; when looking to the skie,  
 He tooke the bowle; did sacrifice, and thus implor'd: O *Jove*,  
 From *Ida* using thy commands, in all deserts above  
 All other gods; vouchsafe me safe; and pitie in the sight  
 Of great *Achilles*: and for trust, to that wisht grace; excite  
 Thy swift-wing'd messenger, most strong; most of aires region lov'd,  
 To sore on my right hand; which sight, may firmly see approv'd  
 Thy former summons, and my speed. He prayd, and heavens king heard;  
 And instantly, cast from his fist, aires all commanding bird;  
 The blacke wing'd huntresse, perfectest, of all fowles; which gods call  
*Pernos*; the Eagle. And how brode, the chamber nuptiall  
 Of any mightie man, hath dores; such breadth cast either wing;  
 Which now she usde; and spred them wide, on right hand of the king.  
 All saw it, and rejoyc't; and up, to chariot he arose;  
 Drave forth: the Portall, and the Porch, resounding as he goes.  
 His friends all follow'd him, and mourn'd; as if he went to die:  
 And bringing him past towne, to field; all left him: and the eye  
 Of *Jupiter* was then his guard; who pittied him, and usde  
 These words to *Hermes*: *Mercurie*, thy helpe hath bene profusde,  
 Ever, with most grace, in consorts, of travailers distrest;  
 Now consort *Priam* to the fleet: but so, that not the least

*Priams prayer  
 to Jove.*

*Jove to Mercury.*

Suspicion of him be attaind, till at *Achilles* tent,  
 Thy convoy hath arriv'd him safe. This charge incontinent,  
 He put in practise. To his feete, his featherd shoes he tide,  
 Immortall, and made all of gold; with which he usde to ride  
 The rough sea; and th'unmeasur'd earth; and equald in his pace,  
 The puffs of wind. Then tooke he up, his rod, that hath the grace  
 To shut what eyes he lists, with sleep; and open them againe  
 In strongest trances. This he held; flew forth, and did attaine  
 To *Troy*, and *Hellespontus* strait: then, like a faire yong Prince,  
 First-downe chinn'd; and of such a grace, as makes his lookes convince  
 Contending eyes to view him: forth, he went to meete the king.  
 He, having past the mightie tombe, of *Ilus*; watering  
 His Mules in *Xanthus*; the darke Even, fell on the earth; and then  
*Idæus* (guider of the Mules) discern'd this Grace of men;  
 And spake affraide to *Priamus*; Beware *Dardanides*,  
 Our states aske counsell: I discern, the dangerous accesse  
 Of some man neare us; Now I feare, we perish. Is it best  
 To flie? or kisse his knees, and aske, his ruth of men distrest?

Confusion strooke the king, cold *Feare*, extremely quencht his vaines;  
 Upright, upon his languishing head, his haire stood; and the chaines  
 Of strong *Amaze*, bound all his powres. To both which, then came neare  
 The Prince-turn'd Deitie; tooke his hand, and thus bespake the Peere:

*Priamis amaze.*

To what place (father) driv'st thou out, through solitarie *Night*,  
 When others sleepe? give not the *Greeks*, sufficient cause of fright,  
 To these late travailes? being so neare, and such vow'd enemies?  
 Of all which; if with all this lode; any should cast his eyes  
 On thy adventures; what would then, thy minde esteeme thy state?  
 Thy selfe old; and thy follower old? Resistance could not rate  
 At any value: As for me; be sure, I mind no harme  
 To thy grave person; but against, the hurt of others arme.

*Mercurie ap-  
peares to him.*

Mine owne lov'd father did not get, a greater love in me  
 To his good; then thou dost to thine. He answerd: The degree  
 Of danger in my course (faire sonne) is nothing lesse then that

*Priam to  
Mercurie.*

Thou urgest; but some gods faire hand, puts in, for my safe state,  
 That sends so sweete a Guardian, in this so sterne a Time  
 Of night, and danger, as thy selfe; that all grace in his prime,  
 Of body, and of beautie shew' st: all answerd with a mind  
 So knowing, that it cannot be, but of some blessed kind,  
 Thou art descended. Not untrue (said *Hermes*) thy concept  
 In all this holds; but further truth, relate, if of such weight  
 As I conceive thy cariage be? and that thy care conuaies  
 Thy goods of most price, to more guard? or go ye all your waies,  
 Frighted from holy *Ilion*? So excellent a sonne  
 As thou had' st, (being your speciall strength) falne to *Destruction*;  
 Whom no *Greeke* betterd for his fight? O what art thou (said he)  
 (Most worthy youth?) of what race borne? that thus recountst to me,  
 My wretched sonnes death with such truth? Now father (he replide)  
 You tempt me farre, in wondering how, the death was signified  
 Of your divine sonne, to a man, so mere a stranger here,  
 As you hold me: but I am one, that oft have seene him beare  
 His person like a god, in field; and when in heapes he slew,  
 The *Greeks*, all routed to their fleet: his so victorious view,  
 Made me admire; not feele his hand; because *Æacides*  
 (Incenst) admitted not our fight; my selfe being of accesse  
 To his high person, serving him; and both to *Ilion*  
 In one ship saild. Besides, by birth, I breathe a *Myrmidon*;  
*Polystor* (cald the rich) my sire; declin'd with age like you.  
 Sixe sonnes he hath; and me a seventh; and all those sixe live now  
 In *Phthia*; since all casting lots, my chance did onely fall,  
 To follow hither. Now for walke, I left my Generall.  
 To morrow all the Sunne-burn'd *Greeks*, will circle *Troy* with armes;  
 The Princes rage to be withheld, so idly; your alarmes  
 Not given halfe hote enough they thinke; and can containe no more.  
 He answerd; If you serve the Prince, let me be bold t' implore  
 This grace of thee; and tell me true, lies *Hector* here at fleet,  
 Or have the dogs his flesh? He said, Nor dogs, nor fowle have yet

*Mercurie to  
Priam.*

Tought at his person: still he lies, at fleet, and in the tent  
Of our great Captaine; who indeed, is much too negligent  
Of his fit usage: but though now, twelve dayes have spent their heate  
On his cold body; neither wormes, with any taint have eate,  
Nor putrification perisht it: yet ever when the Morne  
Lifts her divine light from the sea; unmercifully borne  
About *Patroclus* sepulcher; it beares his friends disdain, e,  
Bound to his chariot; but no Fits, of further outrage, raigne  
In his distemper: you would muse, to see how deepe a dew,  
Even steepes the body, all the blood, washt off, no slenderst shew  
Of gore, or quittance; but his wounds, all closde; though many were  
Opened about him. Such a love, the blest immortals beare,  
Even dead to thy deare sonne; because, his life shew'd love to them.

*Priam to  
Mercurie.*

He joyfull answerd; O my sonne, it is a grace supreme,  
In any man, to serve the gods. And I must needs say this;  
For no cause (having season fit) my *Hectors* hands would misse  
Advancement to the gods with gifts; and therefore do not they  
Misse his remembrance after death. Now let an old man pray  
Thy graces to receive this cup, and keepe it for my love;  
Nor leave me till the gods and thee, have made my prayres approve  
*Achilles* pitie; by thy guide, brought to his Princely tent.

*Hermes againe  
to Priam.*

*Hermes* replide; You tempt me now, (old king) to a consent,  
Farre from me; though youth aptly erres. I secretly receive  
Gifts, that I cannot brodely vouch? take graces that will give  
My Lord dishonour? or what he, knowes not? or will esteeme  
Perhaps unfit? such briberies, perhaps at first may seeme  
Sweet, and secure; but futurely, they still prove sowre; and breed  
Both feare, and danger. I could wish, thy grave affaires did need  
My guide to *Argos*; either shipt, or lackying by thy side;  
And would be studious in thy guard; so nothing could be tride,  
But care in me, to keepe thee safe; for that I could excuse,  
And vouch to all men. These words past, he put the deeds in use,  
For which *Jove* sent him; up he leapt, to *Priams* chariot,

Tooke scourge and reines, and blew in strength, to his free steeds; and got  
 The navall towres and deepe dike strait. The guards were all at meat,  
 Those he enslumberd; op't the ports, and in he safely let  
 Old *Priam*, with his wealthy prise. Forthwith they reacht the Tent  
 Of great *Achilles*. Large, and high; and in his most ascent  
 A shaggy rooffe of seedy reeds, mowne from the meades; a hall  
 Of state they made their king in it, and strengthned it withall,  
 Thicke with firre rafters; whose approch, was let in, by a dore  
 That had but one barre; but so bigge, that three men evermore  
 Raisd it, to shut; three fresh take downe: which yet *Æacides*  
 Would shut and ope himselfe. And this with farre more ease  
*Hermes* set ope, entring the king; then leapt from horse, and said:

Now know (old king) that, *Mercurie* (a god) hath given this aid  
 To thy endeavour, sent by *Jove*; and now, away must I:  
 For men would envy thy estate, to see a Deitie  
 Affect a man thus: enter thou, embrace *Achilles* knee;  
 And by his sire, sonne, mother pray, his ruth, and grace to thee.

This said; he high *Olympus* reacht, the king then left his coach  
 To grave *Idæus*, and went on; made his resolv'd approach:  
 And enterd in a goodly roome; where, with his Princes sate  
*Jove-lov'd Achilles*, at their feast; two onely kept the state  
 Of his attendance, *Alcymus*, and Lord *Automedon*.

At *Priams* entrie; a great time, *Achilles* gaz'd upon  
 His wonderd-at approach; nor eate: the rest did nothing see,  
 While close he came up; with his hands, fast holding the bent knee  
 Of *Hectors* conqueror; and kist, that large man-slaughtering hand,  
 That much blood from his sonnes had drawne; And as in some strange land,  
 And great mans house; a man is driven, (with that abhorr'd dismay,  
 That followes wilfull bloodshed still; his fortune being to slay  
 One, whose blood cries alowde for his) to pleade protection  
 In such a miserable plight, as frights the lookers on:  
 In such a stupefied estate, *Achilles* sate to see,  
 So unexpected, so in night, and so incredible,

*Priam enters  
 Achilles tent.*

*Simile.*

*Priam to  
Achilles.*

Old *Priams* entrie; all his friends, one on another star'd,  
 To see his strange lookes, seeing no cause. Thus *Priam* then prepar'd  
 His sonnes redemption: See in me, O godlike *Thetis* sonne,  
 Thy aged father; and perhaps, even now being outrunne  
 With some of my woes; neighbour foes, (thou absent) taking time  
 To do him mischief; no meane left, to terrifie the crime  
 Of his oppression; yet he heares, thy graces still survive,  
 And joyes to heare it; hoping still, to see thee safe arrive,  
 From ruin'd *Troy*: but I (curst man) of all my race, shall live  
 To see none living. Fiftie sonnes, the Deities did give,  
 My hopes to live in; all alive, when neare our trembling shore  
 The *Greeke* ships harbor'd; and one wombe, nineteene of those sons bore.  
 Now *Mars*, a number of their knees, hath strengthlesse left; and he  
 That was (of all) my onely joy, and *Troyes* sole guard; by thee  
 (Late fighting for his countrey) slaine; whose tenderd person, now  
 I come to ransome. Infinite, is that I offer you,  
 My selfe conferring it; exposde, alone to all your oddes:  
 Onely imploring right of armes. *Achilles*, feare the gods,  
 Pitie an old man, like thy sire; different in onely this,  
 That I am wretcheder; and beare, that weight of miseries  
 That never man did: my curst lips, enforc't to kisse that hand  
 That slue my children. This mov'd teares; his fathers name did stand  
 (Mention'd by *Priam*) in much helpe, to his compassion;  
 And mov'd *Æacides* so much, he could not looke upon  
 The weeping father. With his hand, he gently put away  
 His grave face; calme remission now, did mutually display  
 Her powre in eithers heavinesse; old *Priam*, to record  
 His sonnes death; and his deaths man see, his teares, and bosome pour'd  
 Before *Achilles*. At his feete, he laid his reverend head.  
*Achilles* thoughts, now with his sire, now with his friend, were fed.  
 Betwixt both, Sorrow fild the tent. But now *Æacides*,  
 (Satiat at all parts, with the ruth, of their calamities)  
 Start up, and up he raisd the king. His milke-white head and beard,

*Achilles remorse  
of Priam.*

With pittie he beheld, and said; Poore man, thy mind is scar'd,  
 With much affliction; how durst, thy person thus alone,  
 Venture on his sight, that hath slaine, so many a worthy sonne,  
 And so deare to thee? thy old heart, is made of iron; sit  
 And settle we our woes, though huge; for nothing profits it.  
 Cold mourning wastes but our lives heates. The gods have destinate,  
 That wretched mortals must live sad. Tis the immortall state  
 Of Deitie, that lives secure. Two Tunnes of gifts there lie  
 In *Joves* gate; one of good, one ill, that our mortalitie,  
 Maintaine, spoile, order: which when *Jove*, doth mixe to any man;  
 One while he frolicks, one while mourns. If of his mournfull Kan  
 A man drinks onely; onely wrongs, he doth expose him to.  
 Sad hunger, in th' abundant earth, doth tosse him to and froe,  
 Respected, nor of gods, nor men. The mixt cup *Peleus* dranke,  
 Even from his birth, heaven blest his life; he liv'd not that could thanke  
 The gods for such rare benefits, as set foorth his estate.  
 He reign'd among his *Myrmidons*, most rich, most fortunate.  
 And (though a mortall) had his bed, deckt with a deathlesse Dame.  
 And yet with all this good, one ill, god mixt, that takes all name  
 From all that goodnesse; his Name now, (whose preservation here,  
 Men count the crowne of their most good) not blest with powre to beare  
 One blossome, but my selfe: and I, shaken as soone as blowne.  
 Nor shall I live to cheare his age, and give nutrition  
 To him that nourisht me. Farre off, my rest is set in *Troy*,  
 To leave thee restlesse, and thy seed. Thy selfe, that did enjoy,  
 (As we have heard) a happie life: what *Lesbos* doth containe,  
 (In times past being a blest mans seate:) what the unmeasur'd maine  
 Of *Hellespontus*, *Phrygia* holds; are all said to adorne  
 Thy Empire; wealth, and sonnes enow: but when the gods did turne  
 Thy blest state to partake with bane; warre, and the bloods of men,  
 Circl'd thy citie, never cleare. Sit downe and suffer then;  
 Mourne not inevitable things; thy teares can spring no deeds  
 To helpe thee, nor recall thy sonne: impacience ever breeds



*Priam to  
Achilles.*

Ill upon ill; makes worst things worse; and therefore sit. He said,  
Give me no seate (great seed of *Jove*) when yet unransomed,  
*Hector* lies ritelesse in thy tents: but daigne with utmost speed  
His resignation, that these eyes, may see his person freed;  
And thy grace satisfied with gifts. Accept what I have brought,  
And turne to *Phthia*; tis enough, thy conquering hand hath fought,  
Till *Hector* faltred under it; and *Hectors* father stood

*Achilles angry  
with Priam.*

With free humanitie safe. He frown'd, and said; Give not my blood  
Fresh cause of furie; I know well, I must resigne thy sonne;  
*Jove* by my mother utterd it; and what besides is done,  
I know as amply; and thy selfe, (old *Priam*) I know too.  
Some god hath brought thee: for no man, durst use a thought to go  
On such a service; I have guards; and I have gates to stay  
Easie accesses; do not then, presume thy will can sway,  
Like *Joves* will; and incense againe, my quencht blood; lest nor thou,  
Nor *Jove* gets the command of me. This made the old king bow,  
And downe he sate in feare; the Prince, leapt like a Lion forth;  
*Automedon*, and *Alcymus*, attending; all the worth  
Brought for the body, they tooke downe, and brought in; and with it,  
*Idæus* (herald to the king,) a cote embroderd yet,  
And two rich cloakes, they left to hide, the person. *Thetis* sonne  
Cald out his women, to annoint; and quickly overrunne  
The Corse with water; lifting it, in private, to the coach;  
Lest *Priam* saw; and his cold blood, embrac't a fierie touch,  
Of anger, at the turpitude, prophaning it; and blew  
Again his wraths fire to his death. This done; his women threw  
The cote and cloake on; but the Corse, *Achilles* owne hand laide  
Upon a bed; and with his friends; to chariot it convaide.  
For which forc't grace (abhorring so, from his free mind) he wept;  
Cried out for anger, and thus praide: O friend, do not except  
Against this favour to our foe (if in the deepe thou heare)  
And that I give him to his Sire; he gave faire ransome; deare  
In my observance, is *Joves* will; and whatsoever part

Of all these gifts, by any meane, I fitly may convert  
 To thy renowne here; and will there; it shall be pour'd upon  
 Thy honour'd sepulcher. This said, he went, and what was done,  
 Told *Priam*, saying: Father, now, thy wils fit rites are paide,  
 Thy sonne is given up; in the morne, thine eyes shall see him laid  
 Deckt in thy chariot, on his bed; in meane space, let us eate.  
 The rich-hair'd *Niobe*, found thoughts, that made her take her meate;  
 Though twelve deare children she saw slaine: sixe daughters, sixe yong sons.  
 The sonnes, incenst *Apollo* slue: the maides confusions  
*Diana* wrought; since *Niobe*, her merits durst compare  
 With great *Latonas*; arguing, that she did onely beare  
 Two children; and her selfe had twelve; For which, those onely two  
 Slue all her twelve; nine dayes they lay, steept in their blood: her woe  
 Found no friend, to afford them fire; *Saturnius* had turnd  
 Humanes to stones. The tenth day yet; the good celestials burnd  
 The trunkes themselves; and *Niobe*, when she was tyr'd with teares,  
 Fell to her foode; and now with rockes; and wilde hils mixt she beares  
 (In *Sypilus*) the gods wraths still; in that place, where tis said,  
 The Goddesses Fairies use to dance, about the funerall bed  
 Of *Achelous*; where (though turn'd, with cold griefe, to a stone)  
 Heaven gives her heate enough to feele, what plague comparison  
 With his powers (made by earth) deserves: affect not then too farre  
 Without griefe, like a god, being a man; but for a mans life care,  
 And take fit foode: thou shalt have time, beside to mourne thy sonne;  
 He shall be tearefull; thou being full; not here, but *Ilion*  
 Shall finde thee weeping roomes enow. He said, and so arose;  
 And causd a silver-fleec't sheepe, kill'd; his friends skills did dispose  
 The fleaing, cutting of it up; and cookely spitted it;  
 Rosted; and drew it artfully. *Automedon* as fit  
 Was for the reverend Sewers place; and all the browne joynts serv'd  
 On wicker vessell to the boord; *Achilles* owne hands kerv'd;  
 And close they fell too. Hunger stancht; talke, and observing time  
 Was usde, of all hands; *Priam* sate, amaz'd to see the prime

*Their mutuall  
 observation of  
 eithers fashions  
 at the table.*

Of *Thetis* sonne; accomplisht so, with stature, lookes, and grace;  
 In which, the fashion of a god, he thought had chang'd his place.  
*Achilles* fell to him as fast; admir'd as much his yeares;  
 (Told, in his grave, and good aspect;) his speech even charm'd his eares:  
 So orderd; so materiall. With this food feasted too,  
 Old *Priam* spake thus: Now (*Joves* seed) command that I may go,  
 And adde to this feast grace of rest: these lids nere closde mine eyes  
 Since under thy hands fled the soule, of my deare sonne; sighes, cries,  
 And woes; all use from food, and sleepe, have taken: the base courts  
 Of my sad Pallace, made my beds; where all the abject sorts  
 Of sorrow, I have varied; tumbl'd in dust, and hid;  
 No bit, no drop of sustenance toucht. Then did *Achilles* bid  
 His men and women see his bed, laid downe, and covered  
 With purple Blankets; and on them, an Arras Coverlid;  
 Wast coats of silke plush laying by. The women strait tooke lights,  
 And two beds made, with utmost speed; and all the other rites  
 Their Lord nam'd, usde; who pleasantly, the king in hand thus bore:

*Priam to  
Achilles.*

*Achilles to  
Priam.*

Good father, you must sleepe without; lest any Counsellor  
 Make his accesse in depth of night; as oft their industrie  
 Brings them t' impart our warre-affaires; of whom should any eye  
 Discerne your presence, his next steps, to *Agamemnon* flie;  
 And then shall I lose all these gifts. But go to, signifie,  
 (And that with truth) how many daies, you meane to keepe the state  
 Of *Hectors* funerals: because, so long would I rebate  
 Mine owne edge, set to sacke your towne; and all our host containe  
 From interruption of your rites. He answerd; If you meane  
 To suffer such rites to my sonne; you shall performe a part  
 Of most grace to me. But you know, with how dismaid a heart,  
 Our host tooke *Troy*; and how much *Feare*, will therefore apprehend  
 Their spirits to make out againe, so farre as we must send  
 For wood, to raise our heape of death; unlesse I may assure,  
 That this your high grace will stand good; and make their passe secure;  
 Which if you seriously confirme; nine daies I meane to mourne;

The tenth, keepe funerall and feast: th' eleventh raise, and adorne  
My sonnes fit Sepulcher. The twelfth (if we must needs) wee le fight.

Be it (replyed *Æacides*) do *Hector* all this right;  
He hold warre backe those whole twelve daies: of which, to free all feare,  
Take this my right hand. This confirm'd, the old king rested there.  
His Herald lodg'd by him; and both, in forepart of the tent;  
*Achilles* in an inmost roome, of wondrous ornament;  
Whose side, bright-cheekt *Briseis* warm'd. Soft *Sleepe* tam'd gods and men;  
All, but most usefull *Mercurie*; *Sleepe* could not lay one chaine  
On his quicke temples; taking care, for getting off againe  
Engaged *Priam*, undiscern'd, of those that did maintaine  
The sacred watch. Above his head, he stood with this demand.

*Mercurie appears  
to Priam in his  
sleepe.*

O father, sleep'st thou so secure, still lying in the hand  
Of so much ill? and being dismiss, by great *Æacides*?  
Tis true, thou hast redeem'd the dead; but for thy lifes release  
(Should *Agamemnon* heare thee here) three times the price now paide,  
Thy sonnes hands must repay for thee. This said; the king (affraid)  
Start from his sleepe; *Idæus* cald; and (for both) *Mercurie*  
The horse, and mules, (before losde) joyn'd, so soft and curiously,  
That no eare heard; and through the host, drave; but when they drew  
To gulphy *Xanthus* bright-wav'd streame, up to *Olympus* flew  
Industrious *Mercurie*. And now, the saffron morning rose;  
Spreading her white robe over all, the world. When (full of woes)  
They scourg'd on, with the Corse to *Troy*; from whence, no eye had seene  
(Before *Cassandra*) their returne. She, (like loves golden Queene,  
Ascending *Pergamus*) discern'd, her fathers person nie;  
His Herald, and her brothers Corse; and then she cast this crie  
Round about *Troy*; O *Trojans*, if ever ye did greet  
*Hector*, return'd from fight alive; now, looke ye out, and meet  
His ransom'd person. Then his worth, was all your cities joy;  
Now do it honour. Out all rusht; woman, nor man, in *Troy*  
Was left: a most unmeasur'd crie, tooke up their voices. Close  
To *Scæas* Ports they met the Corse; and to it, headlong goes

*Cassandra to the  
Trojans.*

The reverend mother; the deare wife; upon it, strowe their haire,  
 And lie entranced. Round about, the people broke the aire  
 In lamentations; and all day, had staid the people there;  
 If *Priam* had not cryed; Give way, give me but leave to beare  
 The body home; and mourne your fils. Then cleft the preasse; and gave  
 Way to the chariot. To the Court, Herald *Idæus* drave,  
 Where on a rich bed they bestow'd, the honor'd person; round  
 Girt it with Singers; that the woe, with skillfull voices crownd.  
 A wofull *Elegie* they sung, wept singing, and the dames,  
 Sigh'd, as they sung: *Andromache*, the downeright prose-exclames  
 Began to all; she on the necke, of slaughterd *Hector* fell  
 And cried out: O my husband! thou, in youth badst youth farewell,  
 Left'st me a widdow: thy sole sonne, an infant; our selves curst  
 In our birth, made him right our child; for all my care, that nurst  
 His infancie, will never give, life to his youth; ere that,  
*Troy* from her top, will be destroy'd; thou guardian of our state;  
 Thou even of all her strength, the strength; thou that in care wert past  
 Her carefull mothers of their babes, being gone; how can she last?  
 Soone will the swolne fleete fill her wombe, with all their servitude,  
 My selfe with them, and thou with me (deare sonne) in labours rude,  
 Shalt be employd; sternely survaid, by cruell Conquerors;  
 Or rage not (suffering life so long;) some one, whose hate abhorres  
 Thy presence; (putting him in mind, of his sire slaine by thine;  
 His brother, sonne, or friend) shall worke, thy ruine before mine;  
 Tost from some towre; for many *Greeks*, have eate earth from the hand  
 Of thy strong father: In sad fight, his spirit was too much mann'd;  
 And therefore mourne his people; we; thy Parents (my deare Lord)  
 For that, thou mak'st endure a woe; blacke, and to be abhorr'd.  
 Of all yet, thou hast left me worst; not dying in thy bed;  
 And reaching me thy last-raisd hand: in nothing counselled;  
 Nothing commanded by that powre, thou hadst of me; to do  
 Some deed for thy sake: O for these; never will end my woe;  
 Never my teares cease. Thus wept she; and all the Ladies closde,

*Andromaches  
 lamentation for  
 her husband.*

*Andromaches  
 lamentation for  
 Hector.*

Her passion with a generall shrieke. Then *Hecuba* disposde,  
 Her thoughts in like words: O my sonne, of all mine, much most deare; *Hecubæ lamentation.*  
 Deare, while thou liv' dst too, even to gods: and after death they were  
 Carefull to save thee. Being best; thou most wer't envied;  
 My other sonnes, *Achilles* sold; but thee, he left not dead.  
*Imber* and *Samos*; the false Ports, of *Lemnos* entertain'd  
 Their persons; thine, no Port but death; nor there, in rest remain'd,  
 Thy violated Corse; the Tombe, of his great friend was spher'd  
 With thy dragg'd person; yet from death, he was not therefore rer'd.  
 But (all his rage usde) so the gods, have tenderd thy dead state;  
 Thou liest as living; sweete and fresh, as he that felt the Fate  
 Of *Phæbus* holy shafts. These words, the Queene usde for her mone;  
 And next her; *Hellen* held that state; of speech and passion.

O *Hector*, All my brothers more, were not so lov'd of me,  
 As thy most vertues. Not my Lord, I held so deare as thee;  
 That brought me hither; before which, I would I had bene brought  
 To ruine; for, what breeds that wish (which is the mischief wrought  
 By my accesse) yet never found, one harsh taunt; one words ill  
 From thy sweet cariage. Twenty yeares, do now their circles fill,  
 Since my arrivall; all which time, thou didst not onely beare  
 Thy selfe without checke; But all else, that my Lords brothers were;  
 Their sisters Lords; sisters themselves; the Queen my mother in law;  
 (The king being never but most milde) when thy mans spirits saw  
 Sowre, and reprochfull; it would still, reprove their bitternesse  
 With sweet words. And thy gentle soule. And therefore thy deceasse,  
 I truly mourne for; and my selfe, curse, as the wretched cause;  
 All brode *Troy* yeelding me not one; that any humane lawes  
 Of pitie, or forgiveness mov'd, t'entreate me humanely,  
 But onely thee; all else abhorr'd, me for my destinie.

*Hellens lamentation.*

These words, made even the commons mourn; to whom the kings said, Friends  
 Now fetch wood for our funerall fire; nor feare the foe intends  
 Ambush, or any violence; *Achilles* gave his word,  
 At my dismissal; that twelve dayes, he would keepe sheath'd his sword,

*Priam to the Trojans.*

And all mens else. Thus oxen, mules, in chariots strait they put;  
Went forth; and an unmeasur'd pile, of Sylvane matter cut;  
Nine daies emploide in cariage; but when the tenth morne shinde  
On wretched mortals; then they brought, the-fit-to-be-divin'd,  
Forth to be burn'd: *Troy* swum in teares. Upon the piles most height  
They laid the person, and gave fire; all day it burn'd; all night.  
But when th'eleventh morne let on earth, her rosie fingers shine,  
The people flockt about the pile; and first, with blackish wine  
Quencht all the flames. His brothers then, and friends, the snowy bones  
Gatherd into an urne of gold; still powring on their mones.  
Then wrapt they in soft purple veiles, the rich urne; digg'd a pit;  
Grav'd it; ramb'd up the grave with stones, and quickly built to it  
A sepulcher. But while that worke, and all the funerall rites  
Were in performance, guards were held, at all parts, dayes and nights,  
For feare of false surprise before, they had imposde the crowne  
To these solemnities. The tombe, advanc't once, all the towne,  
In *Jove*-nurst *Priams* Court partooke, a passing sumptuous feast;  
And so horse-taming *Hectors* rites, gave up his soule to *Rest*.

THUS FARRE THE *ILIAN* RUINES  
I HAVE LAID  
OPEN TO *ENGLISH* EYES.  
IN WHICH (REPAID  
With thine owne value;) go unvalu'd Booke  
Live, and be lov'd. If any envious looke  
Hurt thy cleare fame; learne that no state more hie  
Attends on vertue, then pin'd *Envies* eye.  
Would thou wert worth it, that the best doth wound;  
Which this Age feedes, and which the last shall bound.



**T**HUS WITH LABOUR ENOUGH (THOUGH  
WITH MORE COMFORT IN THE ME-  
RITS OF MY DIVINE AUTHOR) I HAVE  
BROUGHT MY TRANSLATION OF HIS

*Iliads to an end. If either therein, or in the harsh utterance, or matter of my Comment before; I have, for haste, scatterd with my burthen (lesse then fifteene weekes being the whole time, that the last twelve bookes translation stood me in) I desire my present will, and (I doubt not) hability (if God give life) to reforme and perfect all heareafter, may be ingenuously accepted for the absolute worke. The rather, considering the most learned (with all their helpes and time) have bene so often and unanswerably, miserably taken halting. In the meane time; that most assistfull and unspeakeable spirit, by whose thrice sacred conduct and inspiration, I have finished this labour, diffuse the fruitfull horne of his blessings through these goodnesse-thirsting watchings; without which, utterly dry and bloodlesse is whatsoever Mortality soweth.*

*But where our most diligent Spondanus ends his worke with a prayer to be taken out of these Mæanders; and Euripian rivers (as he termes them) of Ethnicke, and prophane writers (being quite contrarie to himselfe at the beginning) I thrice humbly beseech the most deare and divine mercie (ever most incomparably preferring the great light of his truth in his direct, and infallible Scriptures) I may ever be enabled, by resting wondring in his right comfortable shadowes in these; to magnifie the clearenesse of his almighty apparance in the other.*

*And with this salutation of Poesie given by our Spondanus in his Preface to these Iliads. (All haile Saint-sacred Poesie; that under so much gall of fiction, such abundance of honey doctrine hast hidden; not revealing them to the unworthy worldly; wouldst thou but so much make me, that amongst thy Novices I might be numbred; no time should ever come neare my life, that could make me forsake thee.) I will conclude  
with this my daily and nightly prayer;  
learn'd of the most learned  
Symplicius.*

SUPPLICO TIBI DOMINE, PATER, & DUX  
RATIONIS NOSTRÆ; UT NOSTRÆ NO-  
BILITATIS RECORDEMUR QUA TU NOS  
ORNASTI; & UT TU NOBIS PRÆSTO SIS,  
ut iis qui per sese moventur: ut & a corporis contagio, brutorum-  
que affectuum repurgemur, eosque superemus, & regamus, &  
sicut decet, pro instrumentis iis utamur. Deinde ut nobis adju-  
mento sis, ad accuratam rationis nostræ correctionem; conjun-  
ctionem cum iis quæ vere sunt, per lucem veritatis. Et tertium,  
Salvatori supplex oro; ut ab oculis animorum nostrorum caligi-  
nem prorsus abstergas, ut (quod apud *Homerum* est)

Norimus bene qui Deus, aut  
mortalis habendus.

*Amen.*

FINIS.

*To the Right Gracious and worthy, the Duke of Lennox.*

AMONGST th'Heroes of the Worlds prime years,  
Stand here, great Duke, & see them shine about you:  
Informe your princely minde and spirit by theirs,  
And then, like them, live ever; looke without you,  
For subjects fit to use your place, and grace:  
Which throw about you, as the Sunne, his Raies;  
In quickning, with their power, the dying Race  
Of friendlesse *Vertue*; since they thus can raise  
Their honor'd Raisers, to *Eternitie*.  
None ever liv'd by *Selfe-love*: Others good  
Is th' object of our owne. They (living) die,  
That burie in them selves their fortunes brood.  
To this soule, then, your gracious count'nance give;  
That gave, to such as you, such meanes to live.

*To the Most Grave and honored Temperer of Law, and Equitie,  
the Lord Chancellor, &c.*

THAT Poesie is not so remov'd a thing  
From grave administ'ry of publike weales,  
As these times take it; heare this Poet sing,  
Most judging Lord: and see how he reveales  
The mysteries of Rule, and rules to guide  
The life of Man, through all his choicest waies.  
Nor be your timely paines the lesse applyed  
For Poesies idle name; because her Raies  
Have shin'd through greatest Counsellors, and Kings.  
Heare Royall *Hermes* sing th'Egyptian Lawes;  
How *Solon*, *Draco*, *Zoroastes* sings  
Their Lawes in verse: and let their just applause  
(By all the world given) yours (by us) allow;  
That, since you grace all vertue, honour you.

*To the Most Worthie Earle, Lord Treasurer, and Treasure of our Countrey,  
the Earle of Salisbury, &c.*

VOUCHSAFE, great Treasurer, to turne your eye,  
And see the opening of a Grecian Mine;  
Which, Wisedome long since made her Treasury;  
And now her title doth to you resigne.  
Wherein as th' Ocean walks not, with such waves,  
The Round of this Realme, as your Wisedomes seas;  
Nor, with his great eye, sees; his Marble, saves  
Our State, like your Ulyssian policies:  
So, none like HOMER hath the World enspher'd;  
Earth, Seas, & heaven, fixt in his verse, and moving;  
Whom all times wisest Men, have held unper'd;  
And therefore would conclude with your approving.  
Then grace his spirit, that all wise men hath grac't,  
And made things ever flitting, ever last.

*An Anagram.*      Robert Cecyl, Earle of Salisbury.  
Curb foes; thy care, is all our erly Be.

*To the Most Honor'd Restorer of ancient Nobilitie, both in blood and vertue,  
the Earle of Suffolke, &c.*

JOINE, noblest Earle, in giving worthy grace,  
To this great gracer of Nobilitie:  
See here what sort of men, your honor'd place  
Doth properly command; if Poesie  
(Profest by them) were worthily exprest.  
The gravest, wisest, greatest, need not, then,  
Account that part of your command the least;  
Nor them such idle, needlesse, worthlesse Men.  
Who can be worthier Men in publique weales,  
Then those (at all parts) that prescrib'd the best?  
That stird up noblest vertues, holiest zeales;  
And evermore have liv'd as they profest?  
A world of worthiest Men, see one create,  
(Great Earle); whom no man since could imitate.

*To the Most Noble and learned Earle, the Earle of Northampton, &c.*

**T**O you, most learned Earle, whose learning can  
Reject unlearned Custome, and Embrace  
The reall vertues of a worthie Man,  
I prostrate this great *Worthie*, for your grace;  
And pray that Poesies well-deserv'd ill Name  
(Being such, as many moderne Poets make her)  
May nought eclipse her cleare essentiall flame:  
But as she shines here, so refuse or take her.  
Nor do I hope; but even your high affaires  
May suffer intermixture with her view;  
Where *Wisedome* fits her for the highest chaires;  
And mindes, growne old, with cares of State, renew:  
You then (great Earle) that in his owne tongue know  
This king of Poets; see his English show.

*To the Most Noble, my singular good Lord, the Earle of Arundell.*

**S**TAND by your noblest stocke; and ever grow  
In love, and grace of vertue most admir'd;  
And we will pay the sacrifice we owe  
Of prayre and honour, with all good desir'd  
To your divine soule; that shall ever live  
In height of all blisse prepar'd here beneath,  
In that ingenuous and free grace you give  
To knowledge; onely Bulwarke against Death.  
Whose rare sustainers here, her powres sustaine  
Hereafter. Such reciprocall effects  
Meete in her vertues. Where the love doth raigne,  
The Act of knowledge crownes our intellects.  
Where th' Act, nor Love is, there, like beasts men die:  
Not Life, but Time is their Eternitie.

*To the learned and Most Noble Patrone of learning  
the Earle of Pembroke, &c.*

ABOVE all others may your Honor shine;  
As, past all others, your ingenuous beames  
Exhale into your grace the forme divine  
Of godlike *Learning*; whose exiled streames  
Runne to your succour, charg'd with all the wracke  
Of sacred Vertue. Now the barbarous witch  
(Foule *Ignorance*) sits charming of them backe  
To their first Fountaine, in the great and rich;  
Though our great Soveraigne counter-checke her charmes  
(Who in all learning, reignes so past example)  
Yet (with her) *Turkish Policie* puts on armes,  
To raze all knowledge in mans Christian Temple.  
(You following yet our king) your guard redouble:  
Pure are those streames, that these times cannot trouble.

*To the Right Gracious Illustrator of vertue, and worthy of the favour  
Royall, the Earle of Montgomrie.*

THERE runs a blood, faire Earle, through your cleare vains  
That well entitles you to all things Noble;  
Which still the living Sydnian soule maintaines,  
And your Names ancient Noblesse doth redouble:  
For which I needs must tender to your Graces  
This noblest worke of Man; as made your Right.  
And though *Ignoblesse*, all such workes defaces  
As tend to *Learning*, and the soules delight:  
Yet since the sacred Penne doth testifie,  
That *Wisedome* (which is *Learnings* naturall birth)  
Is the cleare Mirror of Gods Majestie,  
And *Image* of his goodnesse here in earth;  
If you the *Daughter* wish, respect the *Mother*:  
One cannot be obtain'd, without the other.

To the Most Learned and Noble Concluder of the Warres Arte, and  
the Muses, the Lord Lisle, &c.

NOR let my paines herein (long honor'd Lord)  
Faile of your ancient Nobly-good respects;  
Though obscure *Fortune* never would afford  
My service show, till these thus late effects.  
And though my poore deserts weigh'd never more  
Then might keepe downe their worthlesse memorie  
From your high thoughts (enricht with better store)  
Yet yours, in me, are fixt eternally;  
Which all my fit occasions well shall prove.  
Meane space (with your most Noble Nephewes) daine  
To shew your free and honorable love  
To this Greeke Poet, in his English vaine.  
You cannot more the point of death controule;  
Then to stand close by such a living soule.

To the great and vertuous, the Countesse of Montgomrie.

YOUR Fame (great Lady) is so lowd resounded,  
By your free Trumpet, my right worthy frend;  
That, with it, all my forces stand confounded,  
Arm'd, and disarm'd at once, to one just end;  
To honor and describe the blest consent  
Twixt your high blood and soule, in vertues rare.  
Of which, my friends praise is so eminent,  
That I shall hardly like his *Echo* fare,  
To render onely th'ends of his shrill Verse.  
Besides; my Bounds are short; and I must, meerely,  
My will to honour your rare parts, rehearse;  
With more time, singing your renowme more clearly.  
Meane-time, take *Homer* for my wants supply:  
To whom adjoyn'd, your Name shall never die.

*To the happy Starre, discovered in our Sydneian Asterisme; comfort of all learning, Sphere of all the vertues, the Lady Wrothe.*

WHEN all our other Starres set (in their skies)  
To Vertue, and all honor of her kind;  
That you (rare Lady) should so clearely rise,  
Makes all the vertuous glorifie your mind.  
And let true Reason, and Religion trie,  
If it be Fancie, not judicall Right,  
In you t'oppose the times Apostasie,  
To take the soules part, and her saving Light,  
While others blinde and burie both in Sense;  
When, tis the onely end, for which all live.  
And, could those soules, in whom it dies, dispense  
As much with their Religion; they would give  
That as small grace. Then shun their course, faire Starre;  
And still keepe your way, pure, and circular.

*To the right Noble Patronesse and Grace of Vertue, the Countesse of Bedford.*

TO YOU, faire Patronesse, and Muse to Learning;  
The Fount of learning and the Muses sends  
This Cordiall for your vertues; and forewarning  
To leave no good, for th'ill the world commends.  
Custome seduceth but the vulgar sort:  
With whom, when *Noblesse* mixeth, she is vulgare;  
The truly-Noble, still repaire their Fort,  
With gracing good excitements, and gifts rare;  
In which the narrow path, to Happinesse,  
Is onely beaten. *Vulgar pleasure* sets  
Nets for her selfe, in swinge of her excesse;  
And beates her selfe there dead, ere free she gets.  
Since pleasure then with pleasure still doth waste;  
Still please with vertue Madame: That will last.



*To the Right Noble and most toward Lord in all the Heroicall vertues,  
Vicount Cranborne, &c.*

NEVER may honor'd expedition  
In grace of *Wisedome* (first in this booke arm'd  
With *Joves* bright shield) be Nobly set upon  
By any other; but your spirit charm'd  
In birth with *Wisedomes* vertues; may set downe  
Foote with the formost. To which honor'd end  
(Deare Lord) I could not but your name renowne  
Amongst our other Worthies; and commend  
The grace of him that all things good hath grac't  
To your faire count'nance. You shall never see  
Valour, and vertue in such Tropicks plac't,  
And moving up to immortalitie,  
As in this worke. What then, fits you so fairely,  
As to see rarest deeds, and do as rarely?

*To the Most Honord, and Judiciall honorer of retired vertue,  
Vicount Rochester, &c.*

YOU that in so great eminence, live retir'd  
(Rare Lord) approve your greatnesse cannot call  
Your judgement from the inward state requir'd  
To blaze the outward; which doth never fall  
In men by chance raisd, but by merit still.  
He seekes not state, that curbs it being found:  
Who seekes it not, never comes by it ill;  
Nor ill can use it. Spring then from this ground,  
And let thy fruits be favours done to Good,  
As thy Good is adorn'd with royall favours;  
So shall pale Envie famish with her food;  
And thou spread further by thy vaine depravours.  
True Greatnesse cares not to be seene but thus;  
And thus, above our selves, you honour us.

*To the Right Valorous and virtuous Lord, the Earle of South-hampton, &c.*

IN CHOICE of all our Countries Noblest spirits  
(Borne slavisher barbarisme to convince)  
I could not but invoke your honor'd Merits,  
To follow the swift vertue of our Prince.  
The cries of *Vertue*, and her *Fortresse*, *Learning*,  
Brake earth, and to *Elysium* did descend,  
To call up *Homer*: who therein discerning  
That his excitements, to their good, had end  
(As being a Grecian) puts-on English armes;  
And to the hardie Natures in these climes  
Strikes-up his high and spiritfull alarmes,  
That they may cleare earth of those impious Crimes  
Whose conquest (though most faintly all apply)  
You know (learn'd Earle) all live for, and should die.

*To my exceeding good Lord, the Earle of Sussex: with duty alwaies  
remembred to his honor'd Countesse.*

YOU that have made, in our great Princes Name  
(At his high birth) his holy Christian vowes;  
May witnesse now (to his eternall Fame)  
How he performes them thus far: & stil growes  
Above his birth in vertue; past his yeares,  
In strength of Bountie, and great Fortitude.  
Amongst this traine, then, of our choicest Peeres,  
That follow him in chace of vices rude,  
Summon'd by his great Herald *Homers* voice;  
March you; and ever let your Familie  
(In your vowes made for such a Prince) rejoyce.  
Your service to his State shall never die.  
And, for my true observance, let this show,  
No meanes escapes when I may honour you.

*To the Right Noble and Heroicall, my singular good Lord, the Lord of  
Walden, &c.*

NOR let the vulgar sway *Opinion* beares  
(Rare Lord) that Poesies favor shewes men vaine,  
Ranke you amongst her sterne disfavourers;  
She all things worthy favour doth maintaine.  
Vertue, in all things else, at best she betters;  
Honour she heightens, and gives Life in Death;  
She is the ornament, and soule of letters:  
The worlds deceit before her vanisheth.  
Simple she is as Doves, like Serpents wise;  
Sharpe, grave, and sacred: nought but things divine,  
And things divining, fit her faculties;  
(Accepting her as she is genuine.)  
If she be vaine then, all things else are vile;  
If vertuous, still be Patrone of her stile.

*To the Most truly - Noble and Vertue-gracing Knight  
Sir Thomas Howard.*

THE true, and nothing-lesse-then sacred spirit  
That moves your feete so farre from the prophane;  
In skorne of Pride, and grace of humblest merit,  
Shall fill your Names sphere; never seeing it wane.  
It is so rare, in blood so high as yours  
To entertaine the humble skill of Truth;  
And put a vertuous end to all your powres;  
That th'honor Age askes, we give you in youth.  
Your Youth hath wonne the maistrie of your Mind;  
As *Homer* sings of his *Antilochus*,  
The parallell of you in every kind,  
Valiant, and milde, and most ingenious.  
Go on in Vertue, after Death and grow,  
And shine like *Ledas* twins; my Lord and you.

*Ever most humbly and faithfully devoted to you,  
and all the rare Patrons of divine Homer.  
Geo. Chapman.*

*To the Right Grave and Noble Patrone of all the Vertues,  
Sir Edward Philips, maister of the Roles, &c.*

THE Lord not by the house must have his grace:  
But by the Lord the house; Nor is a man  
Any thing betterd by his eminent place;  
But his place, by his Merits. Neither can  
Your last place here, make you lesse first in honor,  
Then if you stood first. Perfect Honor ever  
Vertue distinguishes; and takes upon her  
Not place but worth; which place abaseth never.  
So much you know of this; so much you show,  
In constant gracing, for it selfe, each Good,  
That all Forme, but the matter which I owe  
To your deserts, I still leave understood.  
And if this first of workes, your grace you give,  
It shall not be the last shall make you live.







